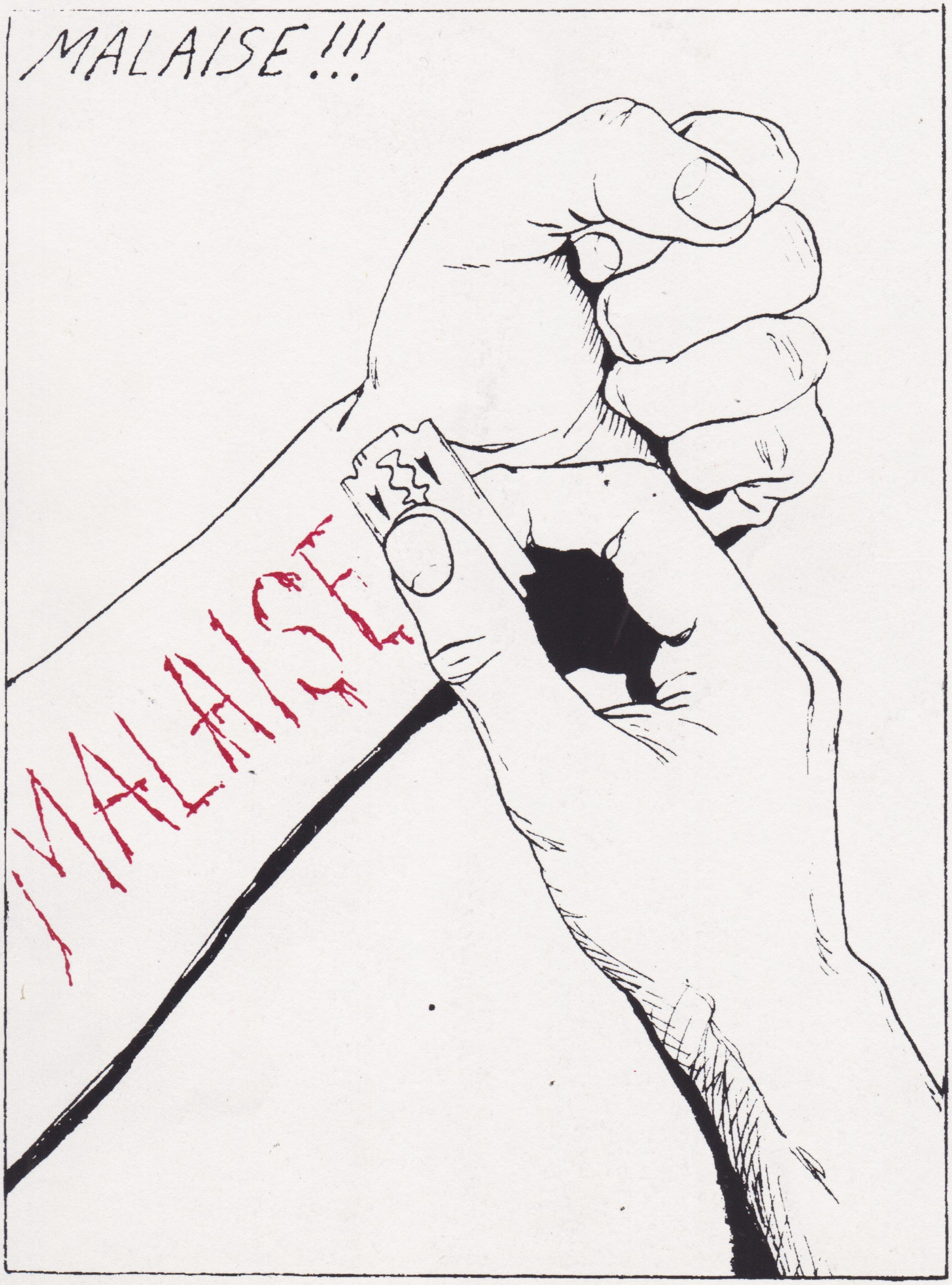
MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

#304 / SEPTEMBER 2008


MALAISE!!!
MALAISE
Raymond Pettibon

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

#304/SEPTEMBER 2008 $4.00 US/CAN

Raymond Pettibon

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

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BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE: #153, 156 pts. 1 & 2, 161, 175, 179-181, 184, 186-197, 199-201, 204, 206-210, 214-215, 218, 221-225, 227, 229-236, 238-303 **See page 4 for pricing and other info.**

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TOP 10

For what it's worth, here's some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

JUSTIN BRIGGS

STRAIGHTJACKET NATION-Cheap Kicks-EP
LIMP WRIST-LP / LEBENDEN TOTEN-live & tape
MELVINS-Mangled Demos From 1983-2x10"
STAGNATION-Destruction-EP
DUSTHEADS-LP / WARKRIME-Tighten Up-EP
HATRED SURGE-Servant/Bestial-45
SYPHLITIC VAGINAS-Black Motor Covenant-EP
JOHNS TOWN ALOHA-We Painted the Last Guilt-EP
CATATONIC YOUTH-Piss Scene-EP
ILLYA-demo / MORPHEME-demo

TIM BROOKS

FRUSTRATION-Relax-CD
DOWNTOWN RIOTS-demo
GRACE ALLEY/SKIN LIKE IRON-split EP
SUSPECT PARTS-Seventeen Television-EP
THE PETS-LP / COCK SPARRER-45
WORLD BURNS TO DEATH-The Graveyard of Utopia-LP
NOBUNNY-LP / BURNT CROSS-EP
REPTILIAN CIVILIAN-EP / TRADITIONAL FOOLS-LP
POTENTIAL JOHNS/SKIN LIKE RON-live
V/A-Emergency Room Vol. 1-LP

MITCH CARDWELL

THE PETS-Misdirection-LP
NOBUNNY-Love Visions-LP
LOVE TAN-This Land Is No Good-7"EP
THE ANALS-Commando of Love-EP
VIVIAN GIRLS-Tell The World-EP
LIVE FAST DIE-Bandana Thrash Bloopers-EP
PIERCED ARROWS-LP
YOUNG OFFENDERS-7" & live
WOMEN-Own the Night-EP
CATATONIC YOUTH-Piss Scene-EP

PAUL CURRAN & ARIEL AWESOME

ANTI MOB-New Change-EP
HARPOON GUNS-Nanonii-EP
JUANITA Y LOS FEOS-CD
KULTURKAMPF-LP
LIMP WRIST-LP
SAY BOK GWAI-Chink in the Armor-CD
STATUES-Terminal Bedroom-CD
STRAIGHTJACKET NATION-Cheap Kicks-EP
THIS BIKE IS A PIPE BOMB-Convertible-CD
BRUISE VIOLET-live / LEBENDEN TOTEN-live

JONATHAN FLOYD

ARGY BARGY-The Likes Of Us-CD
THE FOCUS-Explode-EP
FRUSTRATION-Relax-CD
GRACE ALLEY/SKIN LIKE IRON-split EP
JUANITA Y LOS FEOS-CD
THE MANIKINS-Crocodiles-LP
THE SESS-Agendum-CD
STATUES-Terminal Bedroom-CD
TRADITIONAL FOOLS-LP
VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL-Unlucky-CD

LAYLA GIBBON

CATATONIC YOUTH-Piss Scene-EP
MASSHYSTERI-Paranoid-45
MELVINS-Mangled Demos From 1983-2x10"
LIMP WRIST-LP
STRAIGHTJACKET NATION-Cheap Kicks-EP
WINNING LOOKS-What A Shame-EP
HARPOON GUNS-Nanonii-EP
VIVIAN GIRLS-Tell The World-EP
REPTILIAN CIVILIAN-Dog Factory-EP
LEBENDEN TOTEN/SEXVID-live

CHRIS HUBBARD

SCREAMING FEMALES-45
EXTORTION-Sick-LP
CATATONIC YOUTH-Piss Scene-EP
HARPOON GUNS-Nanonii-EP
TEMPLARS-45 / MASSHYSTERI-Paranoid-45
HATRED SURGE-Servant/Bestial-45
ACTS OF SEDITION/SURRENDER-split EP
WARKRIME-Tighten Up-EP / PETS-Misdirection-LP
SEX VID/GUN OUTFIT/THINK FAST/
BUKKAKE BOYZ/DEEP SLEEP-live

KENNY KAOS

DEAD RINGERS-I Want Out-EP
THE ZIP GUNS-Dirty Pictures-EP
THE PETS-Misdirection-LP
THE DETROIT COBRAS-The Original Records-LP
THE MANIKINS-Crocodiles-LP
COCK SPARRER-True to Yourself/Chip on My Shoulder-45
INTELLECTUALS-Miss Johnny-45
SUSPECT PARTS-Seventeen Television-EP
MASSHYSTERI-Paranoid-45
BROKEN STRINGS-LP

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL IS A MONTHLY PUBLICATION. ALL WORK IS DONATED AND NO ONE RECEIVES ANY SALARY. ALL PROCEEDS ARE EITHER INVESTED IN TECHNOLOGICAL IMPROVEMENTS OR GO TO OTHER SIMILARLY NOT-FOR-PROFIT PROJECTS. ANYONE IS WELCOME TO REPRINT ANYTHING FROM MRR, BUT ONLY IF IT'S NOT-FOR-PROFIT.

TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl, CD-only , or demo releases to the address on the previous page.

CAROLYN KEDDY

SUMMER VACATION!!!

RAY LUJAN

THE JOLTS-Haute Voltage-CD
DEAD MECHANICAL-A Great Lie-EP
THE MANIKINS-LP / VIVIAN GIRLS-EP
HADDONFIELD-Bar Brawls and Downfalls-CD
TEAM STRAY-Gender Studies-CD
THE STEINWAYS-Gorilla Marketing-CD
STATUES-Terminal Bedroom-CD
SECOND BASE-Recover-CD / CUTTING CLASS-CD
THE GO-SHEILAS-Greatest Hits Vol.1-CD
PLASTIC STARS-Sheena Gets Around/Shut Up-45

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

YOUNG OFFENDERS-Big Man Small House/Saints-45
SUSPECT PARTS-Seventeen Television-EP
MASSHYSTERI-45 / COCK SPARRER-45
VIVIAN GIRLS-EP / TRADITIONAL FOOLS-LP
ACTS OF SEDITION/SURRENDER-split EP
BURNT CROSS-Brian Haw-EP
FAKE FICTIONS-Krakatoa-CD
CHARLES DE GOAL-Restructuration-CD
BROKEN STRINGS-LP / NOBUNNY-LP
POTENTIAL JOHNS-live

NICK MANGEL

ANTI MOB-New Change-EP
CORPUS DEI-10"
DESASTRE-Procuranda Saida-CD
END OF ALL-The Art of Decadence-CD
MASSMORD/SHADES OF GREY-split CD
SARCASM-Noise Bastards Vol. 1-CD
MEKHAGO NT-LP
STAGNATION-Destruction-EP
SYPHLITIC VAGINAS-Black Motor Covenant-EP
VIOLENT HEADACHE-The Singles Collection-CD

BRUCE ROEHRS

WARKRIME-Tighten Up-EP
TEMPLARS-Out Of The Darkness-EP
GRACE ALLEY/SKIN LIKE IRON-split EP
COCK SPARRER-45
ANTiSEEN-The Best of"-2xCD
YOUNG OFFENDERS-Big Man Small House/Saints-45
BILL BONDSMEN-Swallowed by the World-LP
WORLD BURNS TO DEATH-The Graveyard of Utopia-LP
PRIMA LINEA/S.S.S.P.-split EP
SKIN LIKE IRON/YOUNG OFFENDERS-live

CISSIE SCURLOCK

LIMP WRIST-LP / MELVINS-2x10"
STAGNATION-Destruction-EP
JOHNS TOWN ALOHA-We Painted the Last Guilt-EP
PAINTBOX-Both LPs
WARKRIME-EP / YOUNG OFFENDERS-45
HATRED SURGE-Servant/Bestial-45
ACTS OF SEDITION/SURRENDER-split EP
STRAIGHTJACKET NATION-EP / DUSTHEADS-LP
V/A-PDX-EP / PIERCED ARROWS-live
LEBENDEN TOTEN-live & tape

MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

SCORING RECORDS IN JAPAN

ZINE TOP TEN

Axe Wound: Gender in the Horror Genre
Dumb Hardcore #2
Father Son & Holy Smokes! #1
The Match! #106
Mean Punk #1
Oly Olly Oxen Free - Dice Games #4
Profane Existence #57
Shit Sheet #1
Storm Warning #53
The Worst - A Compilation Zine on Grief and Loss

MRR SHITWORKERS

Aragorn!
Sam Alvarado
Peter Avery
Ariel Awesome
Judy Balmin
Michelle Barnhardt
Julia Booze
Tim Brooks
Dan Butler
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Scott Moore
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Mark Murrmann
Paco Mus
Jon Off A Building
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A WHOLE CRAPLOAD OF MRR BACK ISSUES...

#153/Feb ‘96. Snort, Hatchetface, Little Ugly Girls, ADZ, Oxymoron, NOTA, Stun Guns, Surfin' Turnips, Gutfiddle, Karen Monster, Dimestore Haloes.

#156 pt 1/May ‘96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splash 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids.

#156 pt 2/May ‘96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal.

#161/Oct ‘96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts.

#175/Dec ‘97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes.

#179/April ‘98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May ‘98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June ‘98. Grapefruit, Druggies, DDI, Bonecrusher, Normals, All Bets Off, Stiletto Boys, Summerjack, Cell Block 5.

#184/Sept ‘98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Ümlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys.

#186/Nov ‘98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec ‘98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, 3rd Party, No Class.

#188/Jan ‘99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb ‘99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar ‘99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April ‘99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#192/May ‘99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs.

#193/June ‘99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets.

#194/July ‘99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts.

#195/Aug ‘99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres.

#196/Sept ‘99. Hopscotch, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone ‘90-’99".

#197/Oct ‘99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#199/Dec ‘99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil.

#200/Jan ‘00. American Steel, Curse, Gee Vaucher, Hers Never Existed, Aaron Cometbus, Active distro, Toxic Narcotic, MRR catalogue #100-200.

#201/Feb ‘00. Beerzone, Towards An End, Daybreak, "Best Punk Singles of the ‘90s," the WTO riots in Seattle.

#204/May ‘00. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People.

#206/July ‘00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#207/Aug ‘00. Harum Scarum, Raw Power, Unseen, Pekinska Patka, Hudson Falcons, Dementia 13, Confine, Allergic to Whores.

#208/Sept ‘00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct ‘00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#210/Nov ‘00. J Church, Profane Existence, Pezz, Pre-Teens, Templars, This Machine Kills, Subtonix, OB.

#214/Mar ‘01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#215/April ‘01. No Means No, Vitamin X, Injections, Y, Dils, Last In Line, Don Austin, Deranged Records

#218/July ‘01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#221/Oct ‘01. The G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#222/Nov ‘01. Dios Hastio, Tragedy, Four Letter Word, *Salad Days* author Charles Romalotti, Very Metal, Maurice's Little Bastards, the Rotters, MDC Brazilian tour diary, the Cravats, JR Ewing, Dutch scene, extended news section, "Globalization Rhetoric & Reality,"

#223/Dec ‘01. "US Policy in the Middle East," "Revisiting 1948," Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimenen Kolonna, Bluebloods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#224/Jan ‘02. "Legislation Since Sept. 11, Rendencion 9.11, Metro Youth, Severed Head of State, Piranhas, Paraf, Backstabbers, Inc, An Albatross, Citizen Fish Tour, SPAM Records, the Virus, Action Time.

#225/Feb ‘02. Lengua Armada, Breaker Breaker, 3 Yrs. Down, Scrotum Grinder, Turun Tauti, Flux Of Pink Indians, Holding On, Pauki, 86'd, See You In Hell, Red Light Sting, Nazis From Mars, Scare Tactic.

#227/Apr ‘02. Bellrays, Rhinos, Wasted, Kristofer Pasanen, Business, Assert, DS 13 tour report, Life Set Struggle, Iowaska, Zounds.

#229/June ‘02. Countdown To Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou, Kill Devil Hills, Sound Of Failure, E.T.A., Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, The Sinyx.

#230/July ‘02. Bitchin', Redencion 911, Phantom Limbs, Secretions, Holy Molar, Sharp Knife, Mighty John Waynes, A Global Threat, Groovie Ghoulies, Reproach, Annie Anxiety.

#231/Aug ‘02. Epoxies, Puppy Vs. Dyslexia, Koro, Blocko, Amdi Petersen's Armé, Piss & Vinegar Zine, Schizophrenic Records, Toys That Kill, Give Us Barabbas, Dirt.

#232/Sept ‘02. "No Future" article, Lost, Fartz, Sell Outs, Razors Edge, Stakeout, Dillinger Four, All or Nothing HC, Fleshies, Bridge Nine Records, Akashic Books, Liberty.

#233/Oct ‘02. "All Ages" article, Scholastic Deth, Runnamucks, Sinners & Saints, Panic, Gasolheads, Jewws, Futures, Michael Landon's Commandos, Storm the Tower, Against Me!, Balance of Terror, Class Assassins, Spazm 151.

#234/Nov ‘02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#235/Dec ‘02. Anti-war Special Issue. Articles: "Reading for Democracy," "War on Iraq?" "Unfinished American Revolution," Resource Guide, "US Involvement in Iraq,""Axis of Empire." Long Island DIY Scene, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour part 2, Smalltown, Kylesa, Crash & Burn.

#236/Jan ‘03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, *Artcore*, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#238/Mar ‘03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/Apr ‘03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May ‘03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June ‘03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July ‘03. Pensacola & San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, *Snakepit* zine , Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug ‘03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept ‘03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, *Trust* zine.

#245/Oct ‘03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov ‘03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec ‘03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#248/Jan ‘04. Discharge, Superhelicopter, Jed Whitey, Black Friday ‘29, Find Him And Kill Him, The Lids, Impratical Cockpit, Face Up To It, History Of Maximum Rocknroll Radio.

#249/Feb ‘04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#250/Mar ‘04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, "La Villita: Chicago Pilsen Scene," Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

#251/April ‘04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl, Vrah.

#252/May ‘04. Fucked Up, Firestarter, Inepsy, Laukaus, Great Clearing Off, Radio Reelers, Extreme Noise Records, 46 Short, The State, John The Baker, Free Verse, Chrystaei Branchaw photos.

#253/June ‘04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Vöetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July ‘04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, scene reports from Portland, Boston and Germany.

#255/Aug ‘04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep ‘04. The Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct ‘04 The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, The Boss Martians, Reactionary Three, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/Nov ‘04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, The Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/Dec ‘04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, AI, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan ‘05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/Feb ‘05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March ‘05. Kärnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scenes.

#263/April ‘05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May ‘05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June ‘05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July ‘05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report, photos.

#267/August ‘05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech and New Zealand scene reports.

#268/September ‘05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October ‘05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November ‘05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oil!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschrist, Scene reports: Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

#271/December ‘05. Besthöven**,** Abductee SD, Tractor Sex Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick'n'Punch Records. Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois.

#272/January ‘06. Conga Fury, Let's Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hrydjuverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, *Baboon of Sickness* zine. Scene reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

#273/February ‘06. Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

#274/March ‘06. Best of 2005, Formaldehyde Junkies, Brutal Knights, Kansan Uutiset, Hatred Surge, A-Heads, Manikin, Upinatem, Hips, Boston scene report, Punk photo spread.

#275/April ‘06. History of ABC No Rio (Part One), Ringers, Missbrukarna, ‘90s garage punk scumpit, Anatomi-71, After the Bombs, Rubella Ballet, RIP Pig Champion, Ricky Adam interview and photographs, Sean McGhee, Hard Skin US tour diary.

#276/May ‘06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part One), History of ABC No Rio (Part Two), Vitamin X Asian Pacific tour diary, Soviet Valves Suburban Death Machine, Frustrations, George Hurchalla, Scene reports: Czech Republic and Greece.

#277/June ‘06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), "How to Make It Big!" by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland.

#278/July ‘06. Billy Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insuiciety, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pics.

#279/August ‘06. Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest, Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Slicks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umeå, Sweden scenes.

#280/September ‘06. Hjerte Stop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Bicycles, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, APF Brigade, Disconvenience, Southkore Fest photo spread, Rosenbombs, Up the Voltage, Euro photo spread, Svartenbrandt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports.

#281/October ‘06. Out With a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rat Traps, Blood Robots, The Scarred, Gilbert Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports.

#282/November ‘06. The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violet, *Trust* fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rat City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports.

#283/December ‘06. Jay Reatard interview & photos, Crimes Against Humanity Records, A Touch of Hysteria, Doris Fanzine, Kvoteringen, ‘90s Punk Scumpit Part II, Black Chrome, The Dirty Water Club, photos, Tokyo scene report.

#284/January ‘07. Margaret Thrasher, 924 Gilman at 20 Years, Order of the White Rose, Regress, Subhumans (UK) Part One, Blank Its, Condenada, Genetic Control, photos, Syracuse & San Diego scene reports.

#285/February ‘07. Randy "Biscuit" Turner of the Big Boys & the early Texas punk scene, Lemuria, Ruin, Subhumans (UK) Part Two, The Blinds, Tranzistors, ANS, Riot This, La Piovra, Bay Area scene pics, Barcelona, Spain scene report.

#286/March ‘07. Best of 2006, Smartut Kahol Lavan, Electric Kisses, Holy Shit!, Lost Cherrees Part One, Go!, Kraljevo, Serbia, and Bakersfield, CA scene reports.

#287/April ‘07. Alicja Trout, Keith Rosson (*Avow* zine), Crap Corps, The Vicious, Scum System Kill, Lost Cherrees Part Two, Restless Youth, SBV, Australia, Kyiv, Ukraine, and Pittsburgh, PA scene reports.

#288/May ‘07. Clockcleaner, Pisschrist, The Rats (Sweden), Conflict (US), The Viletones, Violent Tumor, Czech Republic and East Texas scene reports.

#289/June ‘07. Ultimo Resorte, Kursk, Masstrauma, Social Circkle, Final Approach, Post Punk Kitchen, Southern Death Cult, Portland Drummers, Timisoara, Copenhagen, and Pampanga scene reports.

#290/July ‘07. Stormcrow, Merkit, Solid Decline, Monster Squad, Sex Vid, Vivisick, Warkrime, Top Ten, *We're Gonna Fight* zine, White Cross, Berlin scene report.

#291/August ‘07. *MRR* 25th Anniversary Issue. Martin Sprouse, Tim Yohannon, No Slogan, Ruidosa Inmundicia, Chinese Telephones, Vaseline Children, Anti-System, Dave Roche, 6-page retrospective photo-spread, Kawakami/Disclose obituary, Brazil scene report.

#292/September ‘07. New Bloods, Chronic Seizure, Outraged, Geriatric Unit, Active Distribution, Gruk, The Mods, No Defences, The Fakes, Trashies Tour Report, Mexico scene report.

#293/October ’07. Punk and Immigration Theme issue w/ interviews, articles, and stories. Anti-You, Loser Life, Political Asylum, Olympia scene report.

#294/November ’07. The Hipshakes, Neverending Party, Punk & Immigration article, Finally Punk, La Lucha Para La Justicia en Guatemala, Leftover Crack, AOA.

#295/December ’07. Surrender, What If Gods Lie?. The Crawlers, 2:20, The Joneses, Libertario Magazine, Bad Samaritans, Shrapnel, Untermensch.

#296/January ’08. Hellshock, Mario Panciera, Anathema, The System, Eddy Current Suppression Ring, The Voids, Cinecyde, Kyklooppien Sukupuutto, Punch In The Face, BSA.

#297/February ’08. Marie Kanger-Born, Thrillhouse Records, Contaminators, Oi Polloi, Obstruction, I Walk the Line, Utopia

#298/March ’08. Best of 2007, Autistic Youth, White Lung, Karma Sutra, Clusterfuck, Sharon Cheslow, Slaughter of the Innocent.

#299/April ’08. Government Warning, Age, Off With Their Heads, Guided Cradle, Go It Alone, Fy Fan, Daily Void, Hungarian Scene history.

#300/May ’08. NorCal Punk Special: Fix My Head, Black Rainbow, Tank Crimes, Young Offenders, Church Police, Traditional Fools, Six Weeks/Short Fast & Loud, Ecoli.

#301/June ’08. Underground Railroad to Candyland, Straightjacket Nation, Red Dons, Spectres, Dean Dirg, Kola, Los Violadores, the Sears, Tentacles of Destruction, Antibodies, Head on Collision.

#302/July ’08. Giuda, Wasted Time, Reality, Sin Orden, Teenage Head, Antidote, La Urss, Canadian Rifle, Seasick, Israel & Japan scenes.

#303/August ’08. Double Negative, Burnt Cross, Masapunk, Chicago Clitfest, Intifada, Nuclear Death Terror, Raw Power, Unlovables, Waste, Chaos In Tejas photospread, Houston and Grand Rapids scene reports.

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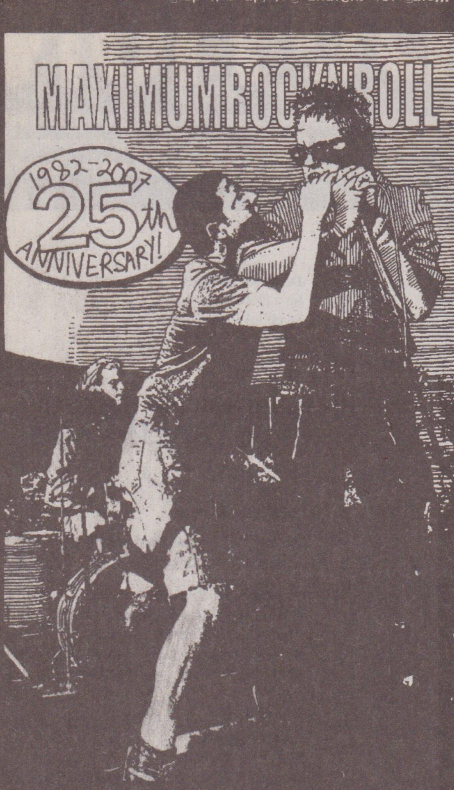
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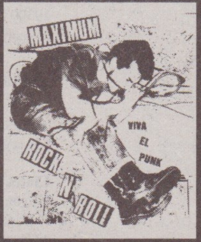
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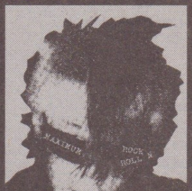
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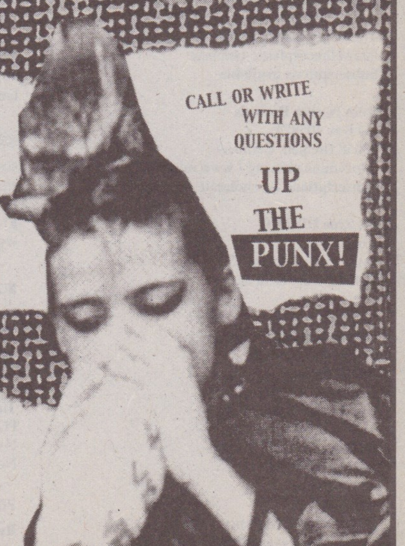

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LETTERS

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Dear MRR—

I hate the PC police as much as anyone, and I know at least one other guy had a problem with the Don't Try column in the past, but now I feel the need to chime in. In issue # 302 Don't Try gives free promotion to Moribund Records, the label that's released albums by the Nazi band Grand Belial's Key. (GBK denied any such political views after their European tour was canceled, but they went on to cover songs by the Nazi band Chaos 88.) Moribund also releases Meat Shits albums. As with Rupture, the best way to deal with the Shits is to ignore them. They're pitifully trying to offend half of the small group of people who will ever even hear of them and sell records to the rest. However, any label that releases albums like *Violence Against Feminist Cunts* and *Sniper at the Fag Parade* clearly does not agree with *MRR*'s vision.

The band being mentioned in the column, I Shalt Become, are featured on nsbm.com, a site for nationalist socialist black metal-ers. Their other album is on No Colours Records. No Colours takes on a second meaning when you realize they support outspoken Nazi bands like Graveland and Thor's Hammer (not to be confused with Thorr's Hammer). I believe No Colours was raided by the German police, but I don't know the outcome, as the label is still going strong.

Many big-name black metal bands flirted with fascism when they started out in order to sound more evil, only to deny their statements when they realized it hurt their sales. Other Black metal bands have discovered that being racist actually makes them more "kult" and gives them a built-in audience, so they're free to spew their bile. Of course some bands aren't racist but racism is tolerated and prevalent in the Black metal scene and very few bands, fans, and labels take a stand against these ignorant viewpoints. If you like the style research the bands and labels before you buy, and stop giving money and support to hate mongers.

Thanks,
—Steve Greanis

Hi Steven—

I'll try to address this as best I can. Regarding Moribund Records—they have released records by Grand Belial's Key. I have heard in the past that this band was connected to the racist scene, but I never explored beyond that. I do know that aside from them the Moribund roster consists of your "usual" types of black metal bands. I do not know the Moribund folks as people so I cannot comment as to their personal belief systems, but in my view they are not outwardly supporting any kind of agenda. As for the Meatshits, I've never heard their music, but looking at their titles and covers it seems more like a juvenile attempt at upsetting the easily offended, much like Anal Cunt or GG Allin.

Regarding I Shalt Become—I had not heard they were connected to NSBM (National Socialist Black Metal). I did an internet search and it seems they get lumped in with that crowd at times, maybe because they sound like Burzum. But so does Xasthur who has no connection to NSBM that I know of. The website you listed nsbm.com, also listed Motörhead, Slayer, and Repulsion as "NS influenced" bands, and links to (among others) the Earth First! website. So it's likely that some of what's mentioned there is inaccurate to say the least, although many of the bands listed are legit NS as well. Certainly, Motörhead is not aware of its apparent status as NSBM torchbearers.

Regarding No Colours Records—the vast majority of the bands on the label have nothing to do with NSBM. I do believe they were raided by German authorities at one point due to releasing bands like Graveland and Thor's Hammer. I have not ever covered No Colours releases in the Don't Try column, and that is deliberate, despite some of those bands being only "guilty by association."

Although I have referenced Burzum in the column before when trying to make some comparisons, I have never reviewed his music despite recently being given a "best-of" for review purposes. When I first became aware of Burzum's music, Varg Vikernes was not a known racist or murderer. The fact that he is now warrants his projects not being covered in MRR. I personally do listen to the early Burzum records, but I understand it's not appropriate in this magazine.

I am definitely not in favor of giving monetary and promotional support to those who support an ideology of hatred and violence toward people of any particular race, class, or economic background. Of course to do so completely means we all need to stop paying taxes as well. Doesn't it?

Everyone needs to draw their own lines of what's acceptable and what's not. People should make that choice for themselves. Nonetheless, MRR has a policy about what can be covered in terms of ideologies and content and I respect that and have done my best to work within those boundaries (especially since my own boundaries are largely the same). The line can become blurry sometimes, and in those cases I have to be my own censor because the MRR staff probably isn't going to explore every band mentioned in this column. Thus far, I do not feel I have (knowingly) crossed any lines or strayed outside the content parameters.

—Dave Adelson

MRR—

How goes it? Just dropping a note to ask about a review of *Riot 77* #12 that appeared in issue #302 of the magazine. The reviewer mentions that the zine is from Ireland and the address for the zine is also Ireland, but in the review it goes "…that are not limited to the UK." I just want to make sure that the reviewer is aware that Ireland is not a part of, or owned by, the UK. This happens quite a bit when bands, zines, and magazines are mentioned in publications and distros around the world relating to Ireland, and is pretty annoying, if not offensive. Just wanted to mention it.

Thanks and keep up the good work,
—Willie

MRR—

Consider this a letter. This is why *MRR* should never become online-only, because to go online you have to have:

1. A computer/ access to a computer
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5. *MRR* print will not fry your eyes like a computer.
6. All you need for *MRR* mag is $4. You don't have to plug it in. You don't have to have an internet provider, electric bill, or an infrastructure.
7. Computers are boring and books are good.
8. The poor and homeless punks will be edged out, as they may not have access to the above-mentioned infrastructure.
9. *Omni*, my fave science/SciFi mag, went online-only and disappeared. It was a great mag—at least until it was taken over by alien abduction geeks.
10. *MRR* is dark and dirty. Computers are clean, with a slight whispering hum.

—Pearl

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Greedy bastard
JEN BAKER 1999

I had a discussion recently about the difference between being cynical and being negative. Some folks will lump these two traits together, but in truth they are barely even linked. Cynicism would be the opposite of naiveté. A cynical person will take data from pools of experience and common sense, and make a judgment on future events based on this. The problem comes when someone naïve is in the room. This sort of person loves to call out prejudice or negativity on cynical views, and if they're really naïve, they'll deny that cynical was the right plan all along when things add up to exactly what the cynical told them it would. Someone who is negative will probably end up not even trying, and it's not based on their being cynical or naïve.

Let me give you a good example of this difference, set in action. Last year one of my bands, LOST LOCKER COMBO, participated in something called Make Music NY; which is based around a music festival they have every year in Paris, where on the first day of summer, musicians gather to play on the streets all day long. Now, being cynical, I didn't have high expectations of this event or performing in the middle of Bedford Avenue right after rush hour. Being a positive person, I was willing to coordinate thirteen people (THE SHEMPS were slotted to play as well), bring a PA (which I told the event planners I would show up early with so others could use), and generally spend an entire day so we could play for free without much hope of any direct benefit. The event, although never attempted before, seemed like an interesting thing to be a part of—even if it turned out to be some minor disaster. It turned out somewhat of a magical disaster, when just as we started playing it poured rain harder than anything. We suffered some pretty powerful electric shocks (tip: don't grab a parking meter while holding a microphone plugged into a 500 watt PA), and probably had some damage to our amps and guitars (oh, and the floor top head warped and popped off), but I have to say the memory of the day and the YouTube video that came out of it was pretty worth it. Someone who was negative would probably still be complaining about it a year later.

So this year, I receive an email explaining that someone had the bright idea of having all punk bands play on Governors' Island instead of random streets, like everyone else. One positive thing is that the first day of summer falls on a Saturday this year.

Governors' Island is a National Park that lies about 500 yards off the tip of Manhattan. It originated around 200 years ago as two forts, and was a military installation until the mid-1960s, when it became headquarters for the US Coast Guard. A couple of years ago it was made a national landmark, and it sounds like some day they'll push tourists to go there. Right now it's a lot of dusty crumbling government office buildings and a hell of a lot of dragonflies.

So lets make a list of reasons to be cynical about playing this show. A negative person would call this a list as to why to not even think about doing this; but I am a very positive person, and I believe while some activity may seem annoying and somewhat wasteful, if 50% of it has the potential to be entertaining or fun, it's worth trying for. Here's what I was up against going in:

The first request for us to play was an email two and a half weeks before the event; the woman running the show had a 203 area code. In my mind this means:

She lives at least an hour away from NYC, and it's probably a bad idea for her to be coordinating something with city, state and federal officials involving punk bands playing on a national landmark.

She's rich and probably goes to NYU.

Reagan Youth (or whatever that current entity would be) is mentioned as the headliner, like this is expected to draw a crowd. This puts an air of cluelessness to the entire operation.

All of or some combination of the above.

The second request was made one and a half weeks before, from someone in a band playing, and it was still not quite known who would be playing on their "stage."

It's bad enough when something's being called a "fest," but when it's mentioned that you'll be on one stage, and Reagan Youth will headline the "Main Stage," it doesn't sound very promising.

Six days before, I was informed that our stage had no "speakers," only mics.

Two days before, the capacity of my speakers was requested. I suggested that everyone take the ferry—it's not recommended to travel via waterway in my speaker expecting to use it as a speaker afterward,

I was asked to show up to the island at noon the Friday before, for a meeting about how the event would be set up. This indicates that no one involved has a job.

I was told to drive to the island at noon the Friday before the show to drop off all my gear. It was not explained how I would get my gear off, or when.

The person who seemed to be promoting this event is That Guy. You know, that guy who always stage dives when there's a pop band playing to seven people, or decides to set off a fire extinguisher at the taco stand in lieu of leaving a tip for the server.

The band you're playing with has been around for fifteen years, wears black nail polish and fishnet shirts, is each wearing their own bands t-shirt, has rarely played out of Queens, has a two person camera crew; their singer sends one camera crew guy home to Queens on the ferry bus and train to retrieve the wireless mic he forgot—then he protests that our "stage" is filled with unpopular loser bands—the band packs up and leaves, only to return later because…

The one guy running the show is someone I recognize from when I was in high school, as the dude who smelled bad, wore a kilt all the time and supposedly drank liquid LSD. He pulls up in a golf cart, hangs a Sam Ash banner, and is talking on his cell about how he is certain someone brought some extra PA systems; he just needs to find them and borrow them for the stages that forgot to bring one.

Some big doofus with a football Mohawk is overheard asking where the good white power bands are playing.

One of the stages is for Staten Island bands only.

So to clarify: I kept a cool head about this undertaking from the start. Yes, I had to say things like, "I'm sorry, but if I'm bringing the PA and backup gear for everyone and showing up at 8 a.m., my band is not playing at 11 a.m." I was told that all gear would be provided, except the PA; I wasn't naïve enough to believe this, and brought enough amps and drums to facilitate anyone's band. To tell you the truth, I didn't really expect those running this to have power (I did lose my extension cord to a locked window).

Looking back at this: I spent fourteen hours so my band could play for fifteen minutes, and five bands could show up with an hour left, demanding to use my PA, and cut the remaining bands sets, because they were the headliners on some stage that didn't think that you needed something to plug in a microphone to play a show outside. It was really worth it. Even though it was mostly kids whose idea of punk is still some '80s TV movie—who found themselves unable to drink, mixed in with a civil war re-enactment and the US Army fife and drum marching band—I made a bunch of new friends, had a load of laughs, and generally enjoyed a pleasant afternoon on the dusty would-be tourist attraction. The other thing is, although the bands we played with are ones I generally would not think or know about, most of them were actually pretty good—or at least entertaining. This is something I really didn't think I would take away from this.

A negative person would probably not have played, for one, talked shit about it even though they didn't go, and told people not to bother next year. Being cynical is a lot more fun and a lot more honest, and in general can have very positive results. Life is a joke, you may as well listen to it or you won't get the punch line.

My Mother
Wears
Combat Boots
Jessica Mills

The Wild Family Book and Music Tour
June 2008: 2200 miles in Florida

When Travis—fellow *MRR* contributor, punk rawker, zinester, public librarian and long-time friend—invited me to come back home to Gainesville, Florida to speak as the "Featured Author" of the month for the Alachua County Library District, I didn't hesitate to accept. I had actually been planning on inviting myself, so it was cool that he beat my procrastinating self to the asking. What I hadn't dreamed of in a million years was that The Friends of the Library group would actually gift me what they call in the library biz an "honorarium."

With it, I'd be able to afford to bring not only myself round-trip from New Mexico, but also both my kids (think airplane, not Greyhound!). And there would still be a little left over! It seemed only right to scheme an entire DIY book tour around the main event. I mean, for the three of us to come so far for just a one-hour book talk seemed like a waste of Library Friends travel dough. So I started scheming.

Remembering the not so distant past book tour events I'd done solo made me wince. Every time, when it was just my book and I in front of anyone, I'd gotten anxious, borderline nauseous, butterflies along with sweaty palms and a desert-like mouth. I much preferred doing these book and zine reading events with others, like I'd done in the Bay Area few months prior with China (*The Future Generation* zine Book), Rahula (*Joybringer* zine) and Tomas (*Rad Dad* zine).

So without hesitation, I called upon my dear friend Samantha to join me on a Florida tour—her playing her solo music, me doing book readings, and our kids in tow. With her booking three shows and me booking the other three at whatever local cafes, DIY spaces or info shops that would have us, we rented a mini van with the leftover Library Friends honorarium, planned our route, begged the amazing Caroline Paquita to draw a tour poster for us and recruited Neil and his kids to come along to help with corralling the toddlers while we were putting on what we dubbed The *Wild Family Book and Music Tour.*

Never were we sure that what we were endeavoring was not absolutely fucking nuts.

June 2, 2008—Running in circles packing bags, getting organized, shopping for snacks and dinner, trying to fix a dying cell phone, I question my sanity, organizing this trip with my girls, aged eight and two, the way I am. My big girl took her tub of mealworm larva to the neighbor to tend in her absence. I arranged for a friend to cover my community garden commitments and mailed more flyers and posters to places in Florida. I withdrew the carefully budgeted food and gas money and took my big girl to her gymnastics class. Samantha and I call each other three times for the third day in a row. We're both uncertain about what we're embarking on, but ready to go for it. I'm already exhausted.

June 3, 2008—Flying with a toddler is never that much fun, no matter how many adult hands are present to help lighten the load. But doing it as solo mama along with my big girl is even less fun. Two-year-old Maya-Rae does not nap until the end of the nearly four-hour flight.

During her one screaming tantrum (because I'd blocked her from running up and down the length of the plane for the third time), the mom sitting behind us popped a gargantuan-huge-toddler-fist-sized lollypop in Maya-Rae's hand. *Uh, thanks?!?!* Do I give it back to the mom who had not even asked me first if it was okay, because I don't want my kid given an artificial color and flavor hunk of corn syrup and sugar as a reward for her tantrum? Do I ask for another because it's not fair that my big girl didn't get one too? No matter what my thoughts were on that one (because the mom did pop another monster lolly into my big girl's hand five minutes later), not only was Maya-Rae back to her frantic behavior, but also now we were covered in her slobbery stickiness—our row of seats and hair included.

We finally landed. Both of the car seats I'd checked as baggage were lost. The airline said they were required to only give me one loaner. After eventually getting the rest of our bags and the rental van, I started driving the two-hour stretch to Gainesville with Maya-Rae in her loaner seat and my big girl thrilled at not having her booster seat. Wanting to call Samantha to let her know what time to expect us, I turned my cell phone on only to find that I hadn't fixed it after all; it was now most certainly dead.

June 5, 2008: Show #1 in Gainesville—After our swimming trip to the Rum Island Springs yesterday (just Samantha and I, with five kids in our charge)—when Maya-Rae stood in the biggest ant hill ever and was consequently swarmed by the pissed off critters who bit her up real good, where I felt right at home among the familiar Florida rednecks, and where I snacked on corn nuggets and fried okra from Bev's drive thru for lunch—I started wondering exactly why I was currently living so far from here, the place I consider home.

Once at the show at the 2nd Street Bakery, I kept wondering. The day had been perfect; sharing child care among us so Samantha could burn the screen for our tour shirts and I could get some writing done on the computer. Neil and I had the kids outside in the garden, in the hammock and in the kiddo summertime splash pools. I grew up here—where you have to work extra hard to breath the thick humid hot air—and being here again now, I could still feel all my growing pains.

I snapped from wonderment to being overwhelmed. Mid-sentence, two separate times, I was overwhelmed to tears. Looking around at the gaggle of twenty plus kids together (some of whom I was meeting for the first time), and looking around at so many loved friends gathered to hear me read and Samantha sing, a lifetime of community familiarity bum-rushed me into feeling sorry for myself living thousands of miles away, among a community of strangers.

In the end, all the kids got wild as hell: dancing, screaming, running and falling down as we put on our show the best we could; parents taking turns with kids inside and outside, and Samantha silk-screening a bunch of shirts right there in the parking lot. We rushed back to Samantha's house for her to shower and pack, and the eight of us hit the road at 11 p.m.—five kids and three parents.

June 6, 2008: Show #2 in Pensacola—I did 100% of the driving from Gainesville to Pensacola, 11 p.m. until 5 a.m. Maya-Rae had the toughest time of it, crying for nearly an hour at one stretch. Finally in Pensacola as the sun was rising, I was so wired from two cans of coke that I sat up with Samantha's sister-in-law and started drinking beer. I managed a three-hour nap before the kids woke me up.

Painfully tired, but doing okay, I went swimming with Maya-Rae until she was ready for a nap. We slept for three more hours. Jackpot!

We all headed to the End of the Line Café, where Rymodee runs the place with his partner, Jen. The place flat out rules! Healthy vegan food at decent prices, political and DIY punk evidence everywhere, an outdoor hang out area the kids explored, and a really nice crowd.

Like the previous night, there were a lot of folks with kids. Emma-Joy and Anaya dubbed themselves aluminum foil sculptors, and adorned their hair, teeth and arms with some space-age robotic-looking kid creations. The little kids ran in circles playing harmonicas.

Samantha's family showed up, and she played some of my favorite of her songs. Given the atmosphere, I gave my "Social Justice Begins at Home" ten-point talk, and read the "3 Generations March for Choice" chapter. Afterwards, Samantha's mom Maggie tells me how proud of us she is for doing what we're doing with our kids along; how only yesterday, "You and Sammy were just kids yourselves."

At sunset with the kids, we walked the train tracks across the street from the Café before heading to Samantha's brother's house to sleep.

June 7, 2008: Show #3 in St. Augustine—We were on the road by 8:15 a.m., no small feat with eight of us in a mini van—three of them toddlers. But to put it into perspective, on a kid-free band tour, it's a near impossible task to get eight hung-over grown punks out the door that early!

We left early so we would have time to chill with the kids at the half-way point in Tallahassee at Torreya State Park, where the toddlers ran around naked, splashing in a hand-operated water pump; the big girls had their own water fight, and we all ate lunch.

Just like we hoped would happen, all the kids slept the second leg of the drive. In Gainesville, dropping Anaya off for summer camp, we grabbed bean tacos from El Indio and drove the additional hour to St. Augustine.

Tonight was a house show at the Freedom House, with The Nervous Dogs, Solid Pony, and us, put together thanks to Rich Diem. Given the atmosphere of a room full of childless scenesters, I gave the "How to be a Non-Parent Ally" talk: including highlights on how not to write off your parent friends for not being as involved in the scene once becoming parents, and how to help them stay involved instead! Afterwards, a handful of folks thanked me for the insights, and admitted that they'd never even considered ways to keep parents and their kids active in their scene and community. I confessed that before becoming a parent, I hadn't either.

Maya-Rae was too tired to hang any longer at a really loud house show, and Emma-Joy announced, "I'm over the show!" So we loaded up and drove an hour and a half to my sister-in-law's house. Pensacola, Gainesville, St. Augustine and Orlando in one-day equals: Sleep, What's That?

June 11, 2008: Show #4 in Lake Worth —After three days with family in Orlando and Daytona Beach, we were back on I-95, headed south to Lake Worth, the northern edge of the Florida tropics. The kids got cranky with June's heat and humidity, and we parents got short on patience.

Staying with Cara (We like to call her Commissioner Jennings, our own friendly neighborhood openly anarchist-elected City Commissioner!), the kids explored her back yard, all of it a green space. Emma-Joy was not stoked on the house's composting toilet—no flushing an option here.

We loaded the kids up and hit the West Palm public library, joined by Jessica Rockstar, her kid Nia, and another mama Tiffany and her kid Marlin. After a thunderstorm passed, we all hit the big splash fountains outside for a Wild Family Splash Fest. Cara fed us tacos; she is a most amazing host and non-parent ally!

Back at Cara's while the toddlers napped, I wrote my last month's column. The heat woke the kiddos too early, and they were cranksters. Getting ready to head to the show at Les Beans Coffee House, Avi and Maya-Rae broke a few glasses and Rainer cut his mama Sammy's thumb open with sewing scissors. I stepped on an unswept shard of glass with my bare heel.

Blood flowing, the show went on. A nice mix of strangers showed up, both parents and younger punk non-parents. Samantha was able to still play with her thumb bleeding through a bandage. The kids were a slight handful. Maya-Rae cried when Neil took her outside while I did my talk. "No talk, Mama!" she protested.

Sleep did not come too soon. And in the morning—waking up with little ants crawling on her—Emma-Joy demanded a swift departure.

June 12, 2008: Show #5 in Hollywood—We headed to my friend Lisa's house in Coral Springs for swimming, PB&J sandwiches and toddler nap time. Then we hit the road to Hollywood. We arrived an hour early, but somehow still managed a late start for the show.

Samantha played only a short time. The crowd of kids, ranging in age from crawling baby up to eight-years-old, was out of fucking control. They outnumbered us; running laps through different rooms of the building and fully enjoying pummeling each other. We closed ourselves in one room for the show, and stationed two parents at either end of the hallway (where the kids were contained in the other rooms and hallway), like lookouts for the wild ass Lord-of-the-Flies style free-for-all. It's truly amazing that not one of them got hurt and that nothing got broken.

Go figure that Maya-Rae would not leave my side. I gave my "Social Justice Begins at Home" talk while nursing a standing-up Maya-Rae. In front of a room full of my mama peeps, I felt comfortable doing so. They encouraged me to be able to do it at other shows, too, even if out of familiar company. I sure do miss them, my Hollywood mama community, as well as bizarro Hollywood Beach—but not South Florida itself one damn bit.

After getting the melted-down kids to bed at Adriana's, five of us stayed up late laughing, talking, drinking, laughing and drinking some more.

June 14, 2008: Show #6 in Orlando—Spent yesterday swimming, eating lunch and dinner at my favorite little local places with my favorite Hollywood people, partying at Isaac's seventh birthday bash, stopping by the Food Not Bombs serving, and riding the Hurricane wooden rollercoaster with Emma-Joy. There, a jerky middle school aged boy said he would pray for me to not die on the rollercoaster on this Friday the 13th. I told him not to bother with praying. He harassed my blasphemy: "What? You don't pray and believe in God? You teach your kid that?" "No," I replied, "My kids are free to make up their own minds." Emma-Joy whispered to me, "God's about as real as Santa Claus."

Today, eight a.m. came too early, as I peeled my less-than-six-hours-of-sleep self up from the bed I shared with Maya-Rae. It was another big driving day, this time with lots of rain. Driving North on I-95, I somehow missed the exit at Okeechobee for the Florida Turnpike, and instead wound up on the scenic Florida Cracker Trail. Absolutely old-Florida nostalgia and part of me to the core, I soaked up its sights and smells, enjoying every last minute of the extra hour it added to our drive.

We met Ben at Ethos vegan café, where he treated the lot of us to lunch before herding us to the Black Box Collective where he'd set up the show for us. It was sparsely attended, but we, and all those who came, were happy. While Samantha and I did our thing, Neil had an eye on the kids. Maya-Rae spent her time in the dirt lot collecting pieces of colorful broken glass. Emma-Joy watched the different groups of graffiti artists spray paint fresh murals around the warehouse perimeter. Avi and Rainer pushed each other about on a skateboard.

The Wild Family Book and Music Tour ended. We drove to Daytona where we'd left Neil's car at my parent's house, and I stayed up super late planning my big library talk for the next afternoon. I never would have guessed that our tour would have paid for itself, but it did, and we totally broke even! Thanks to the tour shirts Samantha silk-screened along the way, and the scammed-copy zine distro that Neil provided, both slung out for donations, the books I sold and the CDs Samantha sold, we paid for 2,200 miles of gas during the most expensive gas summer ever!

Almost every day Samantha, Neil and I would ask each other, "Are we crazy? Why in the hell are we torturing ourselves all over Florida with these tortured kids stuck too long in a van?" And almost every night, after a show, we'd have answered our own question, *Because becoming a parent recreates who you are, we have to create new ways of doing what we love. Because we need to get out there with our families together, building community, so we're not stuck recreating the family models of our own childhoods.*

Punk parents, get in touch!
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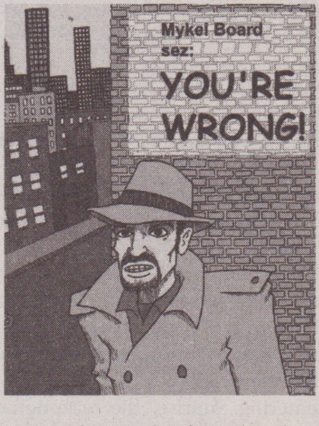


"Always go to other people's funerals, otherwise they will not go to yours." —Yogi Berra

Mom died yesterday, or the day before maybe. I don't know. In the morning I go to the gym. I come back home, take a shower, check my voicemail. Three calls: First—from my sister, Gayl. Tearful. "You gotta call me."

Second—from the hospice lady taking care of Mom. "You gotta call me."

Third—from the hospice lady taking care of Mom. "I hate to leave this on your voicemail, but I know it's the only way to contact you. Your mother passed this morning—or last night—in her sleep. She was very peaceful. They're coming to pick up the body at around 1 p.m. I'm very sorry."

I must be in shock. I don't cry. I don't do anything but think.

Why do you hate to leave the message on my voicemail? I'd LOVE to leave such a message on voicemail. Somebody dies? I don't want to break the bad news. I don't want to sit there while the embarrassed receiver chokes back tears to thank me for telling him something horrible.

Last time I cried for a death was when Timmy Yohannon bit the big one. George Tabb left the message on my voicemail.

Stutter dial tone. That's what they call it. Instead of a BAAAAAAAAAAAA, it's a BAH BAH BAH BAH BAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA. You know you have a message. Shock. Then the tears. Did George want to listen to that? I don't think so.

Leave a message—the truth, all the facts. Not some mystery I'll agonize about until I finally reach someone.

Family wiped out in a terrorist attack? Leave a message. I've got cancer? Leave a message. End of the world? Leave a message. The last thing I wanna do is blubber to the messenger. Tell it to the machine.

I call my sister. Dad's alone with a dead body. Somebody has to be there. She has a car and is twenty minutes away. I have to rent a car and drive an hour. I call her cell phone. Before she speaks, I hear what sounds like an announcer over a loud speaker, then her voice.

"It's me," I say.

"Oh," she says, "I'm at the ballpark. I took Josh [her son] to the ballgame. Dad's okay, I talked with the people at Sunrise." (That's the old folks home where my parents have been living).

"You what?" I don't say. "You took the kid to a ballgame when your mother's lying dead and your father's 'sitting the body? You went to a ballgame? Holy existential batman! That's harsh."

"Mykel," says Gayl, "are you okay? You don't sound too good."

I hang up, call the rabbi—get his voicemail. Whew!

"Mom died this morning," I tell his voicemail. "I'm heading to Sunrise now. Could we meet at 1 or 2?"

I call Hertz and make an on-the-spot reservation. I'm in New Jersey in an hour. As I pull into the parking lot at Sunrise, the rabbi calls me. "I'll give you a few minutes alone with your Dad. Then I'll come over."

On entering Sunrise, the receptionist gives me a hug, then the attendants, one by one—"My condolences," in Tagalog, Spanish, Chinese accents.

Each hug brings tears. I'm dry-eyed, in control, until I get a "my condolences," hug. Then the tears flood and the snot drips.

Dad sits by himself in the corner of the group living room. He's slumped in his wheelchair, maybe asleep. His blackening gangrene food is propped up in front of him. Multiple strokes, final stage diabetes, on and off dementia; I thought he'd be the one to go first.

I wake him with a kiss on the top of the head. He looks at me, and smiles. Then come his tears. Then come mine.

"I feel like my whole insides are being torn out," he says. "They woke me up this morning and said they had bad news. I thought they were going to tell me I died. They said, 'We're sorry, but your wife died.' I thought they must have been wrong. It was me who died. I've never felt like this in my life."

One of the attendants comes over to me. "Your mother is in the other room. We took your father out right away. You want to go in?"

I excuse myself from Dad and walk into the room. Mom is the most peaceful I've seen her in years. Looks like she's sleeping. I expected the smell of death: the shit released from uncontrolled bowels, the piss from a useless bladder. But there's nothing. Just like she's sleeping. I heard that dead people are cold, but when I put my lips against her forehead, Mom's skin feels warm. Not hot, kinda neutral.

"Bye Mom," I say.

Then I leave the room, not crying, but furious. I call my sister. Luckily her voicemail answers, "If you're not too busy at the ballgame," I say, "your mother is dead and your father is in pretty bad shape. If you could make it over here, it would be much appreciated."

"We called your sister this morning," says Carmalita, Dad's favorite attendant. "We scheduled someone to pick up the body as late as possible, but they will be here soon. You have to sign some papers."

She gently places a pile of papers in front of me. I look for blank lines and sign all of them. Who knows, they could be knocking on the door tomorrow to take this computer. Maybe I'm giving 'em permission. Show me a line. I'll just sign.

Dad and I just sit quietly for some time. Tears flow a bit. I get up to find tissues. Not finding any, I bring some paper towels from the kitchen. They'll do.

The body snatchers come at around 1 p.m. They wrap Mom in a red blanket—head-to-toe—and wheel her out through the living room where I'm sitting next to Dad.

"Is that her?" asks Dad.

"Yes," I tell him.

They go out the back door. Dad and I sit quietly. What's there to say?

In a few minutes the door to the living room opens again. It's the rabbi. There, open arms, a big hug. I start crying again, pressing my head into his chest—like that famous picture of John McCain with George W. The rabbi is younger than me. He's a Chassid, with fringes and a long brown beard. No gray in it, unless he too uses *Just For Men*. After we separate, he comes over to Dad. Hugs him. And sits with us.

"How are you feeling?" asks the rabbi.

"Like someone took all my insides out," says Dad. "I've never felt like this. I want to yell, but who can I yell at?"

"You can yell at me," says the rabbi. "If you need someone to yell at, you can yell at me."

Dad doesn't say anything.

"Look at what you're using on your eyes and nose," says the rabbi. "Don't use paper towels. You'll hurt your nose. I'll get some tissues. You shouldn't use that."

From somewhere, he scrounges up a box of tissues and returns to us. We take the box and use it.

"I don't even know what was wrong with her," says Dad.

"Maybe it was time," I said. "Maybe it was time and she knew it."

"You know," says the rabbi, "we once had a neighbor, an old woman. One day, she went door-to-door, all over the neighborhood. She was just saying goodbye. We thought she was crazy. But the next day she was dead. She knew. You know, I think. You know a few days before. You just know."

"I feel like my insides are being torn out," says Dad.

"Your wife's Hebrew name is Hannah, right?" asks the rabbi.

"That's right," answers Dad.

"I remember," he said, "when I visited before. Your wife was not always so happy. But when I called her Hannah, her face lit up. Like she suddenly recognized something."

An attendant came over to us. She gave me a big hug. She gave Dad a big hug. Then she reached for the rabbi. He raised his hand to decline.

Orthodox rabbis are not allowed to touch women. I'm not sure of the reason. I think it's related to the Hebrew idea of *building a wall* around the law. Adultery is forbidden. But then, you need to avoid temptation—a single touch may be all it takes. A rabbi has to be especially careful. Can't even look funny.

This *building a wall* idea you see a lot in Orthodox Judaism. You can't say the name of G-d. Or even write: G-O-D. So The Bible uses only the Y H initials. But the initials are close to the real name. You know, like the J*h*v*'s Witnesses say it. Jew've got to say it in a way that means "our lord," not using the original pronunciation.

When you're not reading the bible, you need to take an extra step back—another wall of protection. You say "our Name" meaning the name of the name of G-d, substituted for the *real* name of G-d that you're not allowed to say. Layers of protection—like *Depends* under rubber underwear.

I'm not *sure* that's the reason Orthodox rabbis don't touch women, but I *think* it's the reason.

The door to the common room opens. It's a family visiting a relative. It *is* Father's Day, after all.

Time passes. Dad cries. I cry. The rabbi doesn't cry, but often puts his arm around Dad and I. More time passes. The door to the common room opens again. A man about ten years older than me enters. He's visiting his mother... for Father's Day.

Time passes. Dad cries. I cry. The rabbi doesn't cry, but often puts his arm around Dad and I. The door to the common room opens. It's my sister.

The caregivers around come and give her a big condolence hug. She walks over to Dad and me. I'm not so warm.

"How was the game?" I don't ask.

"I didn't tell Josh yet," says Gayl. "Presley [my niece] knows."

"They took Mom away an hour ago," I say as icily as I can manage. Then she starts crying.

"You look like you need a hug," says the rabbi. "I wish I could do it. Wait. Let me call my wife."

He takes out his cell phone. There's discussion. The rabbi's wife knows my father, but not the rest of the family. I met her for the first time the week before at the local Torah dedication. You can read about that in my diary blog if you want.

In half an hour, the rabbi's wife arrives, giving Gayl a big hug. I don't know if I'm allowed to touch her or not. I don't.

[Aside #1: When Mom went into a hospice I suggested that Rabbi Lewis officiate at her funeral.

"I don't want an Orthodox funeral," my sister said. "My friends would feel uncomfortable—all that separation. My rabbi is on call. He'll take over when something happens."

For the uninitiated, Jewish funerals have to take place soon after death. We don't embalm. Ashes-to-ashes, y'know? It's the original recycling program. Even the coffins are 100% biodegradable. No metal handles. They take too long to go back to the earth.

Without embalming, bodies, like fish, get pretty rank after a couple days. We need quick funerals. Move fast. Today is Sunday. Tomorrow would be best. End of Aside.]

"I couldn't do it Monday," says the rabbi. "I just have too much I've agreed to do. My sister just had a baby. My own daughter is sick. Urinary tract infection."

"That's okay," says Gayl, pulling out her cell phone. "I'll call *my* rabbi."

[Aside #2: Although I was raised a Reform Jew, I never felt comfortable in the sect. It's a kind of *Jew Lite*.

The movement started out copying the church. They changed services from Saturday to Sunday. The first prayer books used "Minister" rather than "Rabbi."

Reform introduced choirs and organs. Most heinously, they installed an American and an Israeli flag right in front, where the Torah is, as if to prove their dual patriotism. Reform Jews are the most pro-Israel fanatics, but least *Jewish* of the Jews.

It's weird. The most fanatic of the Muslims are the most religious: the prayer-mat-kneeling, robe-wearing, play-music-and-die zealot. For Jews, the most fanatic are the *least* religious: the I'm-a-Jew-because-I-eat-a-bagel folks. They are the flag-wavers, the kill-all-the-Arab bigots. Someday I might figure out why. Not today, though.

Another reason I dislike Reform Judaism is all that English. Hebrew is mystical, and cool sounding. But when you know what all that walla walla really means—all that *cut down my enemies, earth swallows them up, stone them for working on the sabbath* shit. Oy. I don't want to hear that! It's awful. The worst kind of religion is one you actually understand. I'll take gobbledygook any day. End of aside.]

My sister stands up and walks to the other side of the room. In a few minutes, she's back.

"He can't do it until Wednesday," she tells us.

"Do you want me to do it?" says the rabbi.

"Actually," I say, "my sister said she'd be uncomfortable with an Orthodox funeral. Our family has a lot of people raised in a Reform tradition, and…"

"The service is the same," says the rabbi. "There's no separation. It's almost the same service as reform."

"No, it's fine with me," says Gayl, looking helpless.

"What do you think?" she asks me.

"I say yes," I tell her.

"There are a few important things," says the rabbi. "One is a ritual body washing, Tahara. The Chevra Kadisha will take care of it, but you must ask the funeral home. I'll do it if you like. They do it for free."

Gayl hands her cell phone to the rabbi. She gives him the number of the funeral home. She made all the arrangements earlier in the day. Handled the bookkeeping, all the phone stuff that needed to be done.

"It's the only funeral home in Rockland County," she tells me. "Can you believe it? A third of the county is Jewish and they only have one funeral home!"

"You'd better check on the prices," says Dad. "They always try to stick you with extra charges... and I thought it was *me* who was dead. I thought they were coming to tell me."

"Don't worry Dad," I tell him. "The bath is for free."

The rabbi makes the call and arranges for Mom's last bath.

[As it turns out, dad is right. Although the bathing is for free, the funeral home charges $500 for the use of the facilities.]

"And another thing," the rabbi says. "I know in Reform the rabbis tear a piece of ribbon and give it to the mourners to symbolize mourning. But Jewish tradition is to tear a garment. A pinned-on piece of cloth is like a pinned-on grieving. I recommend you wear an old sweater or something that can be torn then thrown away. But you need the tearing, like your heart is tearing."

"My insides are tearing," says Dad.

The rabbi and his wife leave. My sister and I leave, dividing up the tasks. I arrange for the wheelchair van to pick up my father. My job is to set up the schedule for the next day. Gayl, the kids, the rabbi and my cousin Barb will meet at the old folks home along with the van.

Gayl does all the relative-calling and the arrangements for obituaries. She's got the hard part. I *hate* the telephone—I don't think I could manage.

I don't have space to write about the actual funeral. My father collapsed in the middle of it and had to leave in an ambulance. I rode with him to the hospital.

"Yo," I ask one of the EMS guys. He looks like a college jock: crew cut, muscles out to here, "you guys ever have a pick-up at a cemetery before?"

"Happens all the time," he tells me.

Flash ahead: It's the Saturday after the funeral. Jews are supposed to go say a special prayer, the Kaddish, every Friday and Saturday for the year following a funeral. I originally had classes scheduled for Friday, but I decide I'll feel like shit if I abandon Mom right in the first week.

I cancel my classes, learning that "a death in the family," can get you out of a whole lot. Friday night, I go to the local homogogue—the gay synagogue. It's the one I go to on the high holidays every year. Usually, I go with one of the many girls I've turned into lesbians. It's not exactly Reform, but it's *like* Reform, with the organ and the flags.

The homogogue has its temporary quarters in a church just north of Chelsea, the rich gay area of Manhattan.

I walk in, my shirt torn (I did *not* go for the ribbon). My face wears a suitably grieving look. Working hard to exude a Mom-just-died smell from my armpits, neck, anywhere I can exude, I choose a seat on the right, toward the back.

The only other person in the row is a large black human of indeterminate gender. Grief-strickenly, I smile at her/im and sit down. S/he flashes me a tight-lipped acknowledgment and adjusts her/is yarmulke.

A few seconds later, s/he taps the shoulder of the young attractive guy sitting in front of her/im. He leans back in his chair. They whisper for a minute. Then, my row-mate gets up and moves to the seat next to the good-looking guy.

For the first part of the service, I'm alone in my row.

Later, out of the corner of my eye, I see someone slowly moving up the aisle. I turn to look at the oldest human I've ever seen on two legs. Agonizingly slow, he shuffles one foot forward, then the other. He's bent nearly double at the waist.

SHHHHH SHHHH SHHHH SHHHH, he shuffles. The soles of his shoes never leave the floor. He won't make it another row. I'm sure. He'll die right there in front of me. Two dead bodies in a week—it's more than I can take.

I pat the seat next to me. He looks at me, smiles and sits down. At the end of the service he hugs me, giving me a big kiss on the cheek. That's the only human contact I have at the place.

No one spoke to me, let alone touched me in this *open-inclusive* house of worship.

Up to now, the only physical contact I've had since I got back from the funeral has been my two local bums, the homeless guys on the corner. They hugged me until I cried. Their comfort was worth more than all the quarters I've ever given them.

I walk out the front door, past a couple of very butch girls, and down the front steps of the de-goyified church. On the corner is a street sign reminding me where I am.

Holy Hoegarten, Batman! I'm right down from *The Blarney Stone,* one of the two or three *real* dive bars left in the city (As opposed to faux dive-bars, filled with punks or college kids). I head right for the place.

Linda, the bartendress, has been there eight years; the rest of the clientèle look like they were born there.

Linda is blond and heavily cleavaged. Her accent is so thick I understand less than half of what she says. For her, 'day' and 'flea' rhyme.

"Hello, Mykel," she says. "Yer not a-lookin' so feen t'dee. You be wantin' a beer?"

"I just buried my mother," I tell her. "Gimme something stronger. Irish whiskey."

She pours me one. Then puts one leg on a crate under the bar and fixes her body in a story-listening position.

"Wenn did she dee?" she asks.

I drink and talk. Soon the tears begin falling and the snot runs from my nose to my mustache. The woman next to me—about 50, big, black—rubs my back. The Puerto Rican guy next to her puts his hand on my shoulder.

I never saw these people before and here they are, worshiping with me at the synagogue of the bottle. They hug me, tell me their names, April and Roberto, and then tell me about their own losses—their parents, a brother and a sister. They give me their phone numbers. Tell me to call if I need anything.

Somehow, my glass is never empty. I just cry. Drink. Hug my neighbors. Repeat. Linda tells me my money's no good. She's taking care of everything.

"I learned something really important tonight," I say, drinking up my fifth glass of whiskey.

"What's that?" asks April, her arms cradling me like a baby.

ENDNOTES: [email subscribers (god@mykelboard.com) or website viewers (www.mykelboard.com) will get live links and a chance to email-comment on the column.]

—>*1984 in 2008 dept:* Holy shit! They're trying to market it as a "cure for social phobia." Yeah right.

Here's the (edited) press release:

A nasal spray that increases our trust for strangers is showing promise as a treatment for social phobia, say scientists from Zürich University.

They found that people who inhaled the "love hormone" oxytocin continued to trust strangers with their money—even after they were betrayed.

Nicknamed the "cuddle chemical," oxytocin is a naturally produced hormone, which has been shown to play a role in social relations, maternal bonding, and also in sex.

Lead researcher Dr. Thomas Baumgartner said: "We now know for the first time what exactly is going on in the brain when oxytocin increases trust. We found that oxytocin has a very specific effect in social situations. It seems to diminish our fears."

Yikes! Wait till the government and corporate America get a little *Trust Us* spray! You know you're gonna put this in *The Air.* Fox 5 News'll spray it from the back of trucks. It's the beginning of the end!

—> *Steal my number, please dept:* Entrepreneur Todd Davis has dared criminals to try stealing his identity: Ads for his fraud-prevention company, LifeLock, offer his real Social Security number next to his smiling face and name.

Now, Lifelock customers in Maryland, New Jersey and West Virginia are suing Davis. They claim his service didn't work and he knew it wouldn't. It failed even him.

Davis acknowledged in an interview with *The Associated Press* that his stunt has led to at least 87 instances in which people have tried to steal his identity. At least one succeeded: a guy in Texas used Davis' Social Security number to dupe an online loan company into giving him $500.

—> *At first it seems like a tough choice dept: Americans United for Separation of Church and State* filed a friend-of-the-court brief when a Pennsylvania public school refused to allow a parent to read from The Bible for a "Parents Reading" event.

Seems like a violation of free speech, huh? That's what the right-wing *Alliance Defense Fund* said when they sued.

Here's the test. You allow The Bible. I'll read from *The Satanic Bible*. Howie's mom will read from the *Marquis de Sade*. If all that is allowed, I say, why not the Bible? But if you've got any censorship at all, then the school is right. The Bible should go. It's the most dangerous of all those books.

—> *Daddy's at The Office Killing People dept: Newsweek* reports that *Sesame Street* has a video package for the children of soldiers. In one clip, "little Rosita asks how she can still dance with her dad even though his legs *don't work like they used to.*" The answer? Rolling to the beat—in Daddy's wheelchair.

According to *Newsweek*, "The DVDs leave out some of the complexities of war, such as where Daddy is going or who hurt him. Instead, Daddy Elmo simply tells his son that he must leave to do "grown-up work." Yowsah!

—> *Another reason to stay free from KIDS dept: Bottom Line Health* reports that childless men are 16% less likely to be diagnosed with prostate cancer than their progeny-encumbered counterparts. The reason is unknown.

ALL FOREIGN JUNK

In my mind, Amdi Petersens Arme were one of the most important bands of the last ten years, because they seemed to capture everything great about the energy and spirit of the early '80s hardcore punk bands that they were no doubt influenced by, but they didn't have the corny 7 Seconds or Sham 69 'Young & Angry' bullshit attached to it that turns my stomach (as a side note: the very excellent Danish band Young Wasteners certainly were guilty of this kind of hokum, but it was far more camp and over the top than either of the aforementioned overrated dweebs could have managed).

Who was the biggest scam pulled on rock 'n' roll? The Who was the biggest scam pulled on rock 'n' roll. Those ugly Brit fucks could have been the best band ever if they had lived up to their "hope I die before I get old" horseshit and blown the fat fuckin' noses off their dials Cobain-style. But, you know, they got old and rich from this faux-nihilistic garbage that all the union jack twats would rally around, hepped up on blues in the backstreets of Bramshire.

All that "My Generation" bullshit makes me sick. Being young sucked. My youth disgusts me: a black hole of damaged relationships, mental illness, unemployment, chronic diet problems, petty crime and self-hatred. Life was unbearable for years as results of stupid decisions I made when I was a teenager. When people talk about "no regrets" and argue, "Hey man, you shouldn't regret things because no matter how shitty they were, they made you the person you are today," I feel like murder.

Fuck that earnest earth toned facial piercing nautical star tattooed positive outlook on life. Regret is useful. But it means I can't listen to music glorifying "youth" and all of the shitty attributes of being young without thinking of this shit.

It's irrational at times, but often it makes perfect sense. See, when I hear older people talk about being part of "the kids," it's like they've attained their first erection in years and have blown a stale, weak puff of ejaculate into their pants as they stare laconically and misty-eyed into the looking glass of their own youth brigade; like some pathetic pederast who masturbates to the image of himself as a young child. I get chills. Any armchair psychologist will be able to tell when anyone says, "I hate the kids," that they are expressing something bordering on self-hatred. And if you wanna crinkle your brow on that one in my direction, feel free, because if I could get my hands on the throat of myself ten years ago I wouldn't be writing this shit today.

I hate children.

Being excited about being "young" is reasonable for people who don't shave or plug their cunts once a month, or who haven't had to work a 40-hour week or have yet to be in a serious relationship. Being proud of "youth" is reasonable for people who haven't had to produce anything of value, who haven't even cooked a meal they've sweated for, who haven't been arrested or been in a fistfight or had a drug overdose. If you are young, it's your duty to be pissed off and angry about being young, so feel free to give those pathetic cadavers who attempt to relate to you a good kick on the way down.

At this point, a lot of the bands that made me feel "part of something meaningful" in high school produce feelings of disgust in me: Youth Of Today is a good example, of course. All of this is why I hate The Who and The Clash and Youth Brigade (LA) and bands like them—bands that are calculated for mass appeal and whose music is weak, but for whatever reasons (opportunism, political or financial connections, erroneous rock historians, all of the above), they are considered "important" and relevant to punk.

Red Kross and the Germs are the idealized presentation of young punk rock. Red Kross for obvious reasons, the Germs because they wanted to be like the Weirdos, who offer primarily mediocre pop punk tunes; because they were younger, louder and snottier, they were able to almost erase them from collective consciousness.

But, it seems young people don't listen to Red Kross and the Germs in 2008. Old people listen to those bands, and young people listen to Hot Water Music or Against Me. Shame, but fuck it.

So, back to Amdi Petersens Arme: they came out of nowhere, released a demo and two flawless punk 7"s, and then broke up. The members would all go on to play in the best of the Copenhagen punk scene: Gorilla Angreb, No Hope For The Kids, Young Wasteners. And one name that keeps popping up is Peter Bonneman, or PJ Bonneman.

Peter has been writing and recording the songs for his debut EP for quite some time, and it's out now on Spild Af Vinyl. I sent Peter some interview questions, and we exchanged for quite some time. Here is what came out of it.

"The songs for the solo project was actually meant for Gorilla Angreb, but some people in the band laughed at one of the songs—the best one even—and I decided to do it myself. That's not why the band ended though, but I was ready to do something new, and when Mai said she was gonna quit, it was over. For a while Simon and Tommas tried to convince me that we should find a new singer and go on, but to me it didn't seem right, and I could tell that it was all over for me too, but it's hard to quit something you have been doing for about eight years. The solo project probably won't last that long either.

"I have plans for a second 7" and maybe a US tour this summer with Red Dons, and hopefully an Australia tour sometime. I don't plan on quitting music, but I think I'll do it as small projects—recording and then maybe play a few shows, and then move on to something new. I have a big stack of tapes with all kinds of different stuff on them that I wanna record again, and then put it out. Maybe some of it will turn into a more long-term band, who knows?

"I recorded those songs so long ago. I don't know if I even have that many feelings in it anymore. I still think it came out pretty good though. It's just recorded on a four-track cassette tape recorder. It's under the name PJ Bonneman, which is my name. I thought about making up some band name and making up fake names for it, so it would seem like an actual band, and no one would know who these people were, but then I thought (this was before people like Jay Reatard had done their solo stuff, or at least before I had heard of it) I would use my own name and make it a solo record, hoping that people would say that I was a pretentious wanna be rock star for doing a solo record. The title is *Jeg kendte dem ikke*, which means, "I didn't know them.

"The sound? It sounds like shit!!! No, it's a pretty low-fi recording, but it sounds good I think. Kind of '60s-like, I think due to the way it was recorded: with just one mic on the drums, one guitar, one on bass and recording the vocals in the bathroom of the practice space. The songs were originally meant for Gorilla Angreb, but it wasn't really right for it, so I went solo. Wooooooo!

"It's more rock 'n' roll sounding, I guess. More garage-band-like. The second song on side A, "Hey Ronni," my older sister actually liked so much that I had to give her a copy of the CD before we sent it off to be mastered. Now if that is good or bad, I can't say, but I'm glad she likes it. It's being released by myself and Spild af vinyl. I helped pay for it and he is gonna distribute it. I think it will be a nice little record, only three songs. Don't ask me why it has taken so long. I think we might just be lazy, and on top of it the test press we received was fucked up, so a bit longer, but it's out of our hands now."

If you play punk, hardcore, garage noise or any music with a bit of grit and rawness to it, or if you write a fanzine that loosely covers the same sonic territory, and you *don't* live in the US, Japan or Sweden, get in touch. My address is Daniel Stewart: PO Box 239, North Carlton Victoria, 3054, Australia. If you'd like to email me, try distorttheworld@gmail.com.

ROCKET TO NOWHERE

ONLY THE NAME HAS CHANGED...
WITH GRAHAM BOOTH
NOD-OUT INCORPERATED

You know, last week I thought I was finally starting to chill out on this whole collecting thing. I'd actively been trying to buy less for a coupla weeks, and was actually offloading albums by the boxload to be sold or traded in. Then Tuesday rolls around and all of a sudden I'm on full tilt again. What should've been a mellow three day 4th of July weekend became a nerve-wracking game of wits and nail biting. In just a few short hours all of that should hopefully end...but will it?

You see, I have these saved searches on eBay. Oh yeah, eBay! If you hate hearing about eBay, you should stop reading now, because this story is basically an eBay spazzout story. Yeah yeah yeah, it suxx that eBay is pretty much integral to any crazy record story these days, because it's pretty much the most *boring* and non-story-telling-friendly way to acquire a record. Try being me for a month—or a few years—it is really hard to make double clicking and sending a *Paypal* payment over the internet into a good read. I mean, what the fuck? Surely by now I have written this exact same story in a previous month. This is the internet age goddamn it!

So yeah, eBay search thing. I'm at work. It's like 5:00 p.m. The boss is out of town and I'm slacking, and whoa, it's been like eighteen minutes since I did my last eBay search. Better do another search! So I do it and see some retarded sounding "punk" 45 from Maine. RICKY DERICK BRADLEY 45 RPM—EAB 11357 Maine Punk Rock $12.95. This is a "Buy it Now." Like, you click "Buy it Now," and you just bought it for $12.95, plus postage. I looked at the auction. The songs are called "Obstacles Operator b/w Ricky." I cannot tell how old it is, there is no picture sleeve, just a label. I think it is from 1981 or 1982. I think this seller probably has no fucking clue what "Punk Rock" *should* sound like. It is probably a dumb novelty record.

But there aren't really Maine punk records from pre-1982. Like, there's the STAINS *Feel Guilty* EP (Gutterworst) which is kinda punk, but it's more just kinda shitty lo-fi DIY trash music that I never really liked that much. According to Collectorscum.com, there are also 45s from THE DONNS "Kinda arty / post-punky, not punk" and SAME BAND, which I think has been described as wave punk (and I think the band may even still have copies if you do a Google search for SAME BAND "Radiation"), but I'm pretty sure that record suxx also.

Basically the "known" punk records from pre-1982 Maine are kinda sucky at best. So my thought is, RICKY DERICK BRADLEY probably made a really shitty not-punk record circa 1981-82, but even if it isn't good, if it is remotely new wave or punkish sounding, it will still be a relative high point for punk in Maine. There are only three other "punk" records from Maine! At worst it's the number four "punk" record from Maine. I am a sick, sick man, so $12.95 is hardly a price to pay for the fourth best punk record from Maine. I can prolly get ten dollars back even if it sucks. So I take the plunge and Buy it Now. *What would you do?*

Whenever you Buy it Now, you *have* to look at the rest of the seller's inventory. If you can pad out your order with two to three more records, it will make the five dollars you just spent on postage seem like less and less on a per item basis. That is also a great way to fill up your house with unneeded records. So I look. The store just updated their inventory, and there is a ton of Maine stuff. Hey, lookie here, another record on RICKY DERICK BRADLEY's label, and, what's this, it's a *Country* record?? Hey, look, there's another one on the same label, and, Hey! Another *Country* record! Hey, I wonder if RICKY DERICK BRADLEY is a Country record? Please kill me.

Among the Country records, I also came across some hard rock lookin' 45 from 1982 Maine called AXIS. I have this little side thing where I sell obscure hard rock and heavy metal records from the 1980s to pay for punk and powerpop records. I do really well with the hard rock 45s, so I take a lot of chances on cool looking shit if the price is pretty nice (like five to ten dollars.) I did Buy it Now for fifteen dollars on AXIS and didn't look back. Probably it is just garbage AOR hair metal stuff. Those are the risks I am willing to take.

I already padded out the order a little, but what do we have here? CHOSEN FEW FROM ST. MICHAELS 45 RPM, Vermont Psyche—$30. That label looks really familiar, what is that? That must be some 60s garage record or something. But $30 is kinda steep. I've gotta do some *research*!

Time for Google: "CHOSEN FEW" "ST. MICHAELS" 45; looks like CHOSEN FEW was on the *DIGGIN' FOR GOLD Volume 10* compilation LP. *DIGGIN' FOR GOLD* is a *NUGGETS / PEBBLES* type garage compilation that's lesser known, but highly coveted by garage aficionados. Prolly long out of print—if you ever see them in a store for $10-15, you should get them. They're either awesome or you can sell 'em for $25-30. But CHOSEN FEW? So what, they're on one compilation. Keep lookin'.

I went to the gold standard for garage 45s, the G45 Legends website (just google "G45 Legends"). Run by a well-to-do Australian with a punk past (he was in Aussie's famed PSYCHO SURGEONS), Mark Taylor has painstakingly assembled the finest and most comprehensive collection of garage 45s in the world. And boy has it cost him! Just this week the eBay world watched him drop a hefty four figures on one of the most rare Chicago garage 45s on the infamous (Orlyn) label.

Oh, (Orlyn) aside, being from Chicago, (Orlyn) tantalizes my collecting instincts. The label was some Chicago Battle of the Bands thing in the 1960s. When a band won the Battle, they got a (Orlyn) recording contract. But the crazy part is, bands had to pay for their own records! That's right, "You Win! Now give us $500 (in 1960s dollars) to release your record!" Needless to say, the bands that coughed up for a record didn't pay to press more than 100-500 45s. It's no wonder that 40 years later these are the most difficult local 45s to turn up in Chicago. (Orlyn) also released some coveted Northern Soul records.

Where was I? G45 Legends is totally rad, since Mark and about a dozen garage mavens compiled a list of *Top 1000 Best & Rarest US Garage 45s.* They worked out some crazy algorithm to organize records in numerical order, but they also say that any record on the list is worth a listen. Right now only the Top 300 are online. They are reorganizing the whole list, and even the Top 300 are in flux. These same experts have been painstakingly assembling a comprehensive US Garage Discography Book. I can't wait, but it's still a few years off.

So this CHOSEN FEW FROM ST. MICHAELS—umm, yeah. *Number nine on the Top 1000 list!!!* Here's the excerpted review: "Two copies suspected one of them is in vg- condition. Never comp'ed, despite the frantic efforts of Italian bootleggers. The dense and chaotic reverberation can't mask the blood-curdling screams which elevate this disc to cult status...Cool also uncomp'ed b-side is called 'JTB'" Number nine? Thirty dollars Buy it Now? *Done.*

Now what? Pay for it and get the record, right? Well, with eBay that's not always the case. A lot of time passes between the moment you pay and the moment the record gets dropped off at the post office. It' s plenty of time, actually, for some vengeful competitor to check your completed items and try and buy it out from under you. Someone could easily come along and offer 300 dollars to the seller, still get a raging deal, and you *know* that seller wouldn't think twice about risking a Negative Feedback for 250 dollars. *That* is the disconnect between the real world and the internets—that painful time lag that causes millions to lose sleep fretting in anticipation. This shit's *serious*!

At 6:00 p.m. (9:00 p.m. in Maine) Tuesday, I was far from being in the clear. First I had to make it to Wednesday. Did the item come up in anybody's Saved Searches? Some garage collector *must* have CHOSEN FEW in their Saved Searches. Would they spot the auction minutes after I bought it? Or would someone notice this new seller in Maine's other auctions? He's selling some other obscure garage and "psyche" [sic] 45s, maybe someone will click on one of those and then check the seller's completed items? Or maybe an eBay rival will check my completed items and contact the seller? And if so, would the seller contact me if something were awry? What the fuck?! I need sleep, but...

Wednesday morning: I have to go to work. God, I hope he mailed my record. I check my email and have messages from friends. You know, I just *had* to tell somebody. The resounding response, "Did you pay for *Express Mail*?" Uhhh, wow, that makes sense. Uhhh, why was I such a cheap-wad? Damnit—I need this record here *now.* The gears start grinding, and I figure, hey, a Postage Upgrade—that's a great reason to call the seller directly and make sure everything's already in the mail! Yes! Time to find a phone number.

I could have found the seller's phone number in my eBay invoice, but I had to confirm a lurking suspicion I had. I wondered if his phone number was easily findable on the internet. It's one thing to try and contact the seller through eBay, which is not a totally reliable method, since the seller may decide not to respond at all—a phone call is another story. Especially with some of the shady smooth talkin' record collectors out there. What do you know? The seller is all over Google. His phone number listed, plus he has a private website with direct contact info. Noooooooo! My greatest fears are confirmed! Welp, here goes nothing. I dial the number. It rings. It rings again. "Hello?"

Me: "Umm Hi. I bought some 45 records on eBay from you last night, and I was calling to see whether they have been mailed yet."

The Guy: "Mailed yet? Well you bought them last night after we closed, so no. We pack up our mail at the end of the day, and it goes out the following morning. So your records won't go out until Thursday morning. [Nooooooo!] Why, is there some urgency?"

Me: "Well, sort of. Actually, I was thinking about upgrading to the Express mail, and I wanted to make sure you hadn't sent it yet."

The Guy: "Well, you already paid for it through our checkout system? Hmmm. Well what I could do is send you an invoice for a shipping upgrade? But I should warn you: it is going to be something like twenty dollars. Is this okay? Or I could send you an invoice to upgrade to Priority mail that would be cheaper. Or I could send you two different invoices for both Express mail *and* Priority mail, and you can decide which way to go?"

Me: "Um, no. I will just go with the Express mail."

The Guy: "Well, because I'm in Maine and you're in Los Angeles, and I'm not even sure they can send it Overnight, Express mail may take two days for such a long distance."

Me: "Oh, well, I'm not really worried about that. Express mail is fine."

The Guy: "OK, well then I can send you an invoice for a shipping upgrade and you can decide if you want to go that route, and I should be able to pack it up later today."

Me: "Great, yeah, if you can send that invoice that would be great."

The Guy: "You bought the CHOSEN FEW?"

Me: [Aaaagggghhhh!] "Um, yes, that was one of the records I bought. Why do you ask?"

The Guy: "Wow, you bought that one pretty quick! It was barely up there for an hour before you snapped it up!"

Me: "Oh, well, you know, I have some saved searches for things so I can keep track of newly listed items of interest, and that's how I came across your auctions so quickly."

The Guy: "What is your interest in the CHOSEN FEW?"

Me: [Double Aaaaaggggghhh!] "Well, you know, I collect garage and punk music, and the CHOSEN FEW is the kind of music I am looking for."

The Guy: "Do you have an interest in Maine artists or something?"

Me: "Well, not specifically. I mean, well, I like artists from all over the country. Maine is no exception. Although the fact that they are from Maine is interesting to me, because, you know, there isn't a lot of documentation of Maine artists in general, so it is interesting to me in that way also."

The Guy: "So it is an interest in the music then?"

Me: "Yeah, definitely the music."

The Guy: "Oh. That's interesting. Well, I will send you the invoice and get this out first thing in the morning. Nice speaking with you, and let me know if there is anything else we can do for you."

In case you weren't following the underlying subtext of our exchange, the entire conversation I am waiting for him to tell me that someone else had contacted him, and he knows that the record is worth several hundred, if not several thousand dollars. Every question felt like it could be a set up for a major spoiler, and I was clinching my gut waiting for him to go off on me. That didn't happen. I don't think anyone had contacted him.

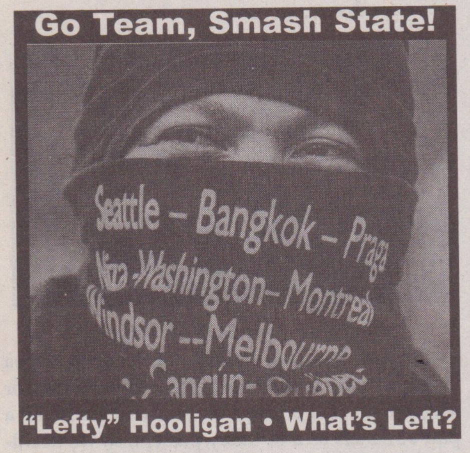
But, it was barely even Wednesday morning. I now had to make it through another 24 hours to be sure the record was dropped off at the post office Thursday. *Ulcer time*! The rest of the morning at work, I waited and waited and waited for a Postage Upgrade invoice. With each passing minute I concocted more and more elaborate scenarios wherein someone else intervened on my eBay deal of the century. This was huge. All I needed was some old garage hound to break in on me, rendering the stuff of legend into a sad tale of what could have been.

After lunch the invoice shows. I pay. A bit later I get a shipping confirmation email. Yes! But the postmark is for Thursday, not Wednesday. I have to wait. Tomorrow. I think I'm in the clear, but there is still plenty of time for something to go wrong. Oh yeah, and Friday is the Fourth of July, so Express mail can't get delivered until Saturday. And on Saturdays my PO Box is closed, so even if it does show up, I can't even get it. So now I have to wait until Monday? *I cannot deal*!

After another excruciating night, it's Thursday morning. I am on the USPS website clicking refresh every fifteen minutes. I need to know my record was dropped off. If the package is out of his hands, I am basically in the clear. Refresh. Refresh. This is taking forever! Refresh... Finally at 12:00: "The parcel was received at 10:00 a.m. Thursday." I am convinced the guy will get a $500 offer, rush to the post office and plead with them to give him the package back. What can I do? It is out of my hands. I think it is coming.

And now the long wait: Friday. Holiday. Yay. Saturday. Gotta at least try and check the PO Box. No Dice. Sunday. God that thing better be here tomorrow. Keep checking that USPS tracking number. I cannot believe no one has spotted this thing.

Monday! That's today! Let's go to the post office! I check the box. Nada. WTF!!! That thing shoulda been here on Saturday. This is *Express mail*, folks! *Where is it? Do I need to remind you it is Monday and my package should be here*?? I am friendly. I plead with my postal peeps to check in the back for me. Nothing. Wait, there's some more things coming off the truck? Maybe! NOOOOoooo. *I am so late for work! I have to go. Where is my package? Its two days late! What is happening? Was it intercepted*? I'm sorry…it will have to wait until Tuesday. *Fuck*!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"Lefty" Hooligan • What's Left?

I was having flashbacks.

I laid out the columns for MRR #302 at the end of May. As I sat in front of a computer in the Mother Ship—MRR HQ—the soundtrack playing was '60s rock'n'roll, protopunk, garage, psychedelia, whatever you want to call it. The Seeds, 13th Floor Elevators, Them, on vinyl of course. Yet, other than myself, no one listening had been born when that music was first produced.

Intellectually, I understand the impact that Sky Saxon, Roky Erickson, Van Morrison and their break-out bands had on the music that followed, up to the present day. Emotionally, however, I was asking myself, why the hell does anybody listen to this crap? That's because the music threatened to invoke nostalgia. I'm no fan of nostalgia, even on the best of days.

For me, nostalgia is pitiable emotion conjured up by less than accurate memory. I'm particularly repelled by nostalgia for the "good old days" of the 1960s because, in my opinion having lived through the decade, very little was changed by the unrest and ferment of those years. Recently, I listened to a Brecht Forum panel discussion on Obama and the Left put on by the *Nation Magazine* and broadcast on NPR. I couldn't help shaking my head, and chuckling out loud. For all our pipe dreams of revolution and overthrowing the Establishment in the '60s, in America today the Left is a joke. I recognize that we were delusional at the time, but it still makes me sad, and not a little angry, to realize how pathetically insignificant the Left, not to mention the left of the Left, is at present. And how out-and-out reactionary this society remains.

Which is weird because conservatives in this country believe exactly the opposite, that the Left *won* what they call the Culture Wars of the 1960s. For them, the remnants of LBJ's Great Society welfare state and the much curtailed countercultural hedonism of sex, drugs and rock'n'roll are signs that the Antichrist triumphed some forty years ago, which conservatives have been assiduously fighting to overturn ever since. The Right has successfully used affirmative action, feminism, liberal media, abortion, gay rights, school prayer, *et al*, to distract people from the reality that corporate capitalism is fast reducing the United States to a Third World banana republic.

Geoffrey Wheatcroft summarized popular attitudes to that contentious decade in a *Guardian Weekly* opinion piece ("It was fun, but 1968's legacy was mixed," 9/5/08) when he wrote:

> *[André Glucksmann] now sees les événements de mai as "a monument, either sublime or detested, that we want to commemorate or bury," which is one way of putting it. Another is that 40 years ago were sown the seeds of the story since, when "the right has won politically and the left has won culturally." Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive, but not for long.*

Wheatcroft proceeds to systematically demolish the myths of 1968, beginning by comparing Paris 1968 to Europe in 1848, using the analogy of sexual orgasm followed by post-coital depression. "Even at the time, as Paris was brought to a halt by rebellious kids, there was an awful lot of play-acting." He quotes the French Communist Party's analysis of those events as "street party, not revolution," and favorably mentions AJP Taylor's comment about 1848: "it's a sure sign of political backwardness when any movement is led by students."

The list of '60s veterans who have become part of the establishment, even right-wingers, is disheartening, and not at all "amusing, if unkind" as Wheatcroft puts it. But he is particularly cogent when he discusses the political consequences of 1968:

> *The copains believed they would bring down Charles de Gaulle, but they didn't. When he did resign the next year, he was succeeded by Georges Pompidou, and the Elysée palace has been occupied by the right for 26 of the past 40 years. Likewise, British youths jeered at Harold Wilson, who was duly replaced two years later by Edward Heath, and the Tories were in power for 22 of the next 27 years.*
>
> *Across the Atlantic, 1968 saw assassination, riot and antiwar protest; the year ended with Richard Nixon's election, and Republicans have been in the White House for 28 of the 40 years since. It's true that the US eventually left Vietnam; that country now has an explosive capitalist economy—not quite what those who chanted "Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh, We will fight and we will win!" had in mind.*

Margaret Thatcher, Ronald Reagan and the collapse of Soviet Bloc Communism heralded the political and economic victory of the Right, as foreshadowed in 1968. Yet, with respect to the cultural ("or emotional or sexual") victory of the Left, Wheatcroft contends that "even there, the story is ambiguous." For, as he points out, the 1960s cultural upheavals were profoundly individualistic, even libertine, and that "since 1968, the West had grown not only more prosperous but more sybaritic and self-absorbed" as a consequence of the Left's cultural successes. "The 'bourgeois triumphalism' of the Thatcher (and Blair) era, the greed is good ethos and our materialistic individualism might just have had their roots 40 years back." I consider myself a proxy soixante-huitard, yet I heartily agree with Wheatcroft's rather bleak assessment of the legacy of 1968. I'm even inclined to second Eric Hobsbawm's comment that "the revolution is puritan," by which "[h]e meant that the sex-drugs-and-rock hedonism of the 1960s was not only not the same thing as changing the foundations of society, it might be actively inimical to doing so."

Damn, I'm getting old.

This analysis doesn't take into account that the rebellions of the 1960s had two disparate sources; the hippie counterculture and the student New Left. Hippies were often proudly anti-political, whereas New Leftists frequently dismissed the counterculture as escapist. Wheatcroft is essentially saying that while the counterculture nominally won, the New Left was resoundingly defeated. Another way to look at this period is to see both counterculture and New Left going down to defeat, with the ruling elite of the day then selectively recuperating elements from each camp in order to stave off future rebellion. Had these two aspects of the '60s truly triumphed to any degree, we might have seen a creative fusion that could have shaped a stunningly libertarian socialism to shame Stalin's gulags and Mao's reeducation camps. But this is the stuff of science fiction and alternative history, not of thoughtful analysis.

As I write this column the San Francisco Mime Troupe begins a new season of free theater in the city's parks. The current production, called "Red State," has as one of its themes that the US economy is becoming so bad that the Right can no longer bamboozle the American public with social and moral issues. The sleight-of-hand trickery that stirred up people with the red flags of gay marriage, teenage abortion, reverse discrimination against whites, and welfare mothers on crack so that they voted, and acted, against their economic interests, is no longer working. Economic issues are once more coming to the fore, and overshadowing the rabidly repressive social agenda of the conservative movement. We should comprehend and encourage this potential, instead of futilely pining for the "good old days" of the '60s.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligentsia @mac.com.

FELIX HAVOC
FIN DE SIÈCLE ANGST

After about six months, I'm back in the finger-blackening pages of *MRR*. I didn't go to jail or drop out of hardcore or anything—I was just very busy with some projects outside of hardcore (perhaps more about that later).

For now, lets talk about hardcore. I wanted to turn our lost-hardcore-gem spotlight on some 7"s that thus far haven't been re issued or bootlegged (at least not as of this writing).

Really Red: *New Strings For Old Puppets*

This is a band with three distinct periods. They seem to be pretty well known with the KBD (Killed by Death) crowd for their earlier, more punk-sounding 7"s, most notably *Crowd Control* and *Modern Needs*. Their later material leaned more towards arty or post-punk, but they left us one totally raging hardcore 7" that fires on all cylinders. The cover of the *New Strings for Old Puppets* EP features a cowboy saddle and a dangling noose hanging over the gate of a Western corral. That graphic, being on a four-color sleeve, set it apart from a lot of the cut and paste, Xerox hardcore sleeves of the time period. The EP is on the late/great CIA records—one of several early cult Texas labels.

The story is, CIA records named itself after the guy who owned then-popular indie label IRS records. His father was a high-ranking CIA officer who used the family's connections to get started in the music business. True or not, it's a good rumor that I'm going to keep alive many years after both labels have folded.

Really Red dropped five ragers on this EP—all short and pretty fast-paced for that time period. The thing that has always drawn me to this 7" is the lyrical content. My copy lacks a lyric sheet (and was bought for ten dollars in the early '90s), but unlike a lot of hardcore today, the vocals are clear through the mix, and you can't help but sing along to rippers like "I Refuse to Sing," "Suburban Disease" and the anthemic "I was a Teenage Fuck Up." Like most of the best hardcore, these songs strike me as well thought-out; played by some guys with legit chops on the instruments that didn't fit into the whole late '70s early '80s mainstream vibe. The lyrical themes of alienation and not wanting to participate are of course timeless, but you probably would have had to live in late-70s Texas to feel just how much of an outsider or a misfit someone into punk must have been in those days. Houston has always struck me as one of the must stifling and banal cities in the USA, and it's not surprising that some cats who didn't fit in created some great hardcore punk in that environment. I'm rather surprised that some Germans haven't bootlegged this one yet. Top shelf. Because of the unusual cover art, this is one I think you might still find "in the wild" (underpriced). As noted before, most collectors seem to be after the first 7"s, with this one being the most common and least sought after. Although the way things are going these days, it will probably be fetching three digits on eBay shortly.

Overkill: *Hell Keeps Getting Hotter*

There are a lot of bands called Overkill. This one was from Southern California, and released a 7" on SST in 1982. It's amazing that with all the resources at SST's disposal, this has never been reissued, except on a cassette in 1985 (*7 Inch Wonders of the World*), which collected several out of print SST-label 7"s. This four-song ripper is one of my all time favorites of SoCal hardcore. The guitar tone is just right, with vocals delivered with the snotty swagger copped from old UK punk. The lyrics are pure angst and rebellion; lacking the lyrical sophistication of the Really Red 7" I spoke of above, this one makes up for it in pure punch. "Burn the Schools," "Our War," "Don't Wanna Be Told" and "Hell Keeps Getting Hotter" are some wicked hot blasts of teen rage against the conformity of whatever was happening in their part of SoCal in 1982. For some reason I always spin this one back to back with Social Unrest, *Making Room for Youth* and/or Authorities, *Soundtrack for Trouble*—as the three 7"s somehow share some common ground for me. This is a record that probably doesn't sell for a lot despite its quality and rarity. It seems like one that's sort of fallen through the cracks as far as collector obsession seems to go, so snag the next copy you see.

Social Unrest: *Making Room For Youth*

This band got very popular in the mid '80s, and it seems like they were always getting write-ups in *Flipside*. Their LP *Rat In a Maze* is the stuff of legend. I wasn't too into their later LPs and never saw them live; and although I hear they've reformed, haven't kept up on their revived career. That said, what I want to talk about is Social Unrest's first 7", *Making Room For Youth*—a three-song blast of primitive and raw young hardcore that is still mind blowing, despite all that has come to pass since 1981. The title track is a catchy stomper in the California hardcore tradition, with some great call and response chorus and a really crunchy guitar tone. The flip "Rush Hour" is more of a slow droning number, but again with great vocals and a sick guitar crunch. Vocalist Kretin K-os had a really distinct, wavering sort of vocal style that came out more on *Rat in a Maze* but still sounds pretty cool on this EP. Again, this is one that's escaped re-issue except on a CD discography that I haven't seen around in a long time. I bought my copy at a record swap in the '80s, and as far as I know it's always been rare, so expect to pay a premium for an original.

Because I always seem to listen to it at the same time as the two 7"s mentioned above, I'm going to give some honorable mention to the Authorities, *Soundtrack for Trouble*. I think I actually wrote about this one in a column a few years ago. Either way, it's such a classic that it's never too late to revisit. This one is more of a hardcore punk record to me, but seems to have more of a cult following with the KBD collector crowd due to it's inclusion on some of those comps, and its demented lyrical content. We all know the story of how this EP originally got blackballed at *MRR*, because Tim thought the lyrics to "I Hate Cops" said "niggers," when it in fact said "piggers." Regardless, this Stockton, CA band had some great catchy songs with ridiculous lyrics. No one can disagree with a punk song called "I Hate Cops," but "Radiation Masturbation" is either a deeply thought-out social commentary on the horrors of nuclear war, or just plain silly. All four songs on this EP rip, and although most people know "I Hate Cops" and "Radiation Masturbation" from comps, "Shot in the Head" and "Achtung" are great too

There was an Authorities discography LP of sorts released some years ago, called *Puppy Love*, that's worth tracking down, because the original EP has gotten pretty expensive.

—> www.havocrex.com

This is Just *Beyond* Ironic

Ellen and I were recently at a Portland Sea Dogs game up in Maine. They're a Red Sox minor league club, and a friend of mine had given me a pair of tickets as a birthday present, so we decided to make a weekend out of it. It's always great spending quality time with my lovely wife: even though it was raw, miserable and rainy most of the first day, even though the allegedly "Mexican" restaurant's idea of a burrito was essentially chili wrapped in a flour tortilla with no rice, and even when the "non-smoking" room at the dingy motel we stayed in still reeked of stale smoke, and no room exchange was possible because the motel was booked solid. Enough whining. The weather did clear up in time for the game. Hadlock Field is one of those charming minor league ballparks where there really isn't a bad seat in the house, and tickets are a fraction of what you pay in Boston.

As with most minor league games I attend, between each inning there's some sort of contest or event: a kid running the bases in a race with the mascot where the kid always wins (I smell a *fix!*), trying to catch rubber lobsters in a lobster trap, or trying to pitch a baseball at a target. You get the idea. And, for each of these diversions, there's a sponsor. For one of the events, the sponsor was the Barbara Bush Children's Hospital—as in the former first lady, Bush the Elder's wife, and the current moron-in-chief's mother.

When I heard that hospital mentioned, I damn near did a double-take. It was one of those "What the fuck?" moments. Here's a woman who showed incredible insensitivity after Hurricane Katrina in 2005, with a hospital bearing her name. Let me jog your memory or fill you in, if you weren't aware of what happened. After the hurricane, many of the evacuees (if that's the correct term—victims? Displaced people?) were relocated, at first, to the Superdome in New Orleans and, after that, some of them ended up being sent to Texas and housed in the Houston Astrodome.

Here's what Mommy Bush had to say about the people housed there: *"What I'm hearing, which is sort of scary, is they all want to stay in Texas. Everyone is so overwhelmed by the hospitality. And so many of the people in the arena here, you know, were underprivileged anyway, so this is working very well for them."* She made that statement on NPR's *Marketplace* program. If you listen to the audio (search around for it), you can hear her chuckle before the "so this is working..." line.

Let's break this down—it's scary that they want to stay in Texas? How so? Because it would have increased the population of "undesirable" people, i.e. poor people of color? Bill Maher, on his HBO show, referred to this as "unintentional racism," where people don't even know they're being racist. Or maybe she does. Either way, it doesn't translate too well, does it? Also, "working out very well for them"? An Associated Press story reported on the conditions at the Superdome: *"With no air conditioning and little electricity, the heat and stench inside the Superdome were unbearable for the nearly 25,000 refugees housed there. As the water pressure dropped lower and lower, toilets backed up. The stink was so bad that many medical workers wore masks as they walked around."* Reports indicated conditions weren't much better in the Astrodome, either.

Even after three years, many of the victims of the hurricane are still struggling, living in FEMA-supplied trailers. It was just discovered that many of those trailers were contaminated by formaldehyde, which could cause respiratory ailments and cancer. The *Washington Post* reported: *"The new findings appear to confirm the role that manufacturers' practices and weak federal regulation played in the public health disaster after the August 2005 storm."*

"Weak federal regulation" stands out in that quotation—the Republicans are always trying to weaken *any* regulation, whether it's food or medication or anything else that interferes with the free market.

This isn't the first time Babs has inserted her foot in her mouth. In 2003, just before the invasion of Iraq, she was on *Good Morning America*, talking about how she doesn't watch TV news, and how most of it is "supposition," anyway. She went on to say, *"But why should we hear about body bags, and deaths, and how many, what day it's gonna happen, and how many this or what do you suppose? Or, I mean, it's, it's not relevant. So why should I waste my beautiful mind on something like that?"* I don't know *what* the hell she was thinking when those words came out of her mouth.

As much as I'm sure the Barbara Bush Children's Hospital provides quality care, it's ironic that her name's on it, given the cavalier attitude she's expressed towards the people affected by Hurricane Katrina, as well as not wishing to hear about the casualties of her son's illegal military action.

By the way, everyone should try to see Spike Lee's documentary about Katrina, *When The Levees Broke*, originally aired on HBO. It's heartbreaking and poignant, and you won't easily forget the imagery of the death and destruction. I found it upsetting, but I'm glad I saw it because it effectively points out the government's obscene neglect of this disaster, and their complicity in its aftermath.

Good Riddance to Redneck Trash

Meanwhile, as I prepare to submit this column, the news has broken that former North Carolina Senator Jesse Helms died on July 4. Bush lauded the late senator as a *"kind, decent, and humble man. So it is fitting that this great patriot left us on the Fourth of July."*

Really kind and decent—much like when Jerry Falwell died last year. Where to begin with this guy? This racist/homophobic/regressive individual's views and actions contaminated American politics a lot longer than they should have, but the rednecKKKs from his home state kept sending him back to office. The margins of victory weren't always that big but he ultimately won.

His first job in politics was as an aide to segregationist Senator Willis Smith. He was a vociferous opponent of the civil rights movement. Later on, he opposed the Martin Luther King holiday. A piece in the *New York Times* about Helms's passing noted how he filibustered *"against making Martin Luther King Jr.'s birthday a national holiday, Mr. Helms called him a practitioner of 'action-oriented Marxism' whose principles were 'not compatible with the concepts of this country.'"*

Helms' nickname was "Senator No," a handle he gleefully relished. It fit—in addition to civil rights, he opposed most economic social programs, arts funding, gay rights, abortion rights—basically anything that would push this country in any sort of progressive direction.

Racism was a hard habit for Helms and his handlers to break. There was a particularly contentious campaign in 1990, when an African-American named Harvey Gantt opposed Helms, who became engaged in shameless race-baiting. The low point was an ad that showed white hands crumpling a rejection letter while the voice-over intoned,*"You needed that job, and you were the best qualified, but they had to give it to a minority, because of a racial quota. Is that really fair? Harvey Gantt says it is."* Helms won the election by a narrow margin.

In 1993, Helms wanted to pass legislation that would have renewed the patent on a United Daughters of the Confederacy's insignia featuring the Confederate flag. The Senate Judiciary committee refused to do so. On that committee was an African American Senator from Illinois, Carol Moseley-Braun. To make a long story short, Helms continued to attempt the renewal of the patent. Moseley-Braun filibustered on the Senate floor, exhorting that the Confederate flag was a symbol of racism. During this controversy, Helms, according to news reports at the time, *"ran into Moseley-Braun in a Capitol elevator. Helms turned to his friend, Sen. Orrin Hatch (R-Utah), and said, 'Watch me make her cry. I'm going to make her cry. I'm going to sing 'Dixie' until she cries.' He then proceeded to sing the song about the good life during slavery to Moseley-Braun."* Another fine moment in American political history.

It wasn't just black people at whom Helms directed his racism. After being confronted by protesters during a 1986 trip to Mexico, Helms said, *"All Latins are volatile people. Hence, I was not surprised at the volatile reaction."*

Homophobia? Helms had this to say about AIDS: *"The government should spend less money on people with AIDS because they got sick as a result of deliberate, disgusting, revolting conduct."* He said gay people were *"weak, morally sick wretches."*

I don't have the time or space (or inclination, really—it's too depressing) to completely detail the hatred this vile human being expelled for most of his life, but you get the idea. I don't even care if he softened his stance on AIDS a bit in his final years, when "enlightened" by the obnoxious Bono—speaking of whom, I mean, for cryin' out loud, U2 made one passable album in 1980 ("Boy") and this insufferably unctuous clown's fame is long past its expiration date. But, even if Helms tried to make amends, it was too little too late, if I can use such a hackneyed phrase. No doubt he'll be paid tribute by the troglodytes on the right, who are still unafraid to peddle ignorance and bigotry. To quote one of Helms' early campaign slogans, a dig at his opponent, who was of Greek descent, "He's one of us!"

Still, here's something to consider: I'm sure many readers here aren't into celebrating Independence Day, with all its jingoism, flags and the like. That's not my thing either, of course. I do like this time of year, though— barbecuing, watching baseball, enjoying the long, warm days. There are usually a lot of good bands on tour, as well. I guess it's a celebration of summer, more than anything else. But, now, you can associate July 4 with the day that Jesse Helms died. Maybe it's "being one of them" i.e. being a heartless scumbag by celebrating someone's death, but then there was never much compassion in Jesse Helms' heart—just cold, hard prejudice.

Sounds of Fury

I'll take a break from trying to find songs that mention Helms in a critical light to bring you this month's selection of notable sounds. I'll start with the first full album from the BILL BONDSMEN, *Swallowed By The World* (Dead Beat, PO Box 361392, Cleveland, OH 44136, www.dead-beat-records.com). These Michigan guys have always possessed the trigger-finger animosity of other compatriots from their native Midwest region. The guitar buzz certainly sounds like some of the wanton Cleveland acts, like 9 Shocks Terror or the Inmates. Add to that the pure rage of MassHoles (that's a term of endearment for people from Massachusetts) Out Cold, with whom they shared a split 7" last year. It's not a musical carbon copy, but it's all in the attitude and feel, and the Bondsmen still manage to add their own stamp onto it. Lyrically, it doesn't present all that cheery a picture. These songs scream about lousy jobs, making mortgage payments, paying for prescriptions, having the electricity shut off when they can't pay the bill. These guys *know* the score. Instead of going for any sort of slick sound, things sound rougher, especially with the vocals. To my ears, the production on those sound cruder, and that's meant in a positive sense, since it enhances Gabby's larynx-rending utterings.

Speaking of Midwest bands, the latest release from Gloom Records (1463 Ocean Ave Apt 2 B, Brooklyn, NY 11230, www.gloomrecords.com) is a 7" EP, *In To Hell*, by three Clevo crazies who call themselves SATANIC THREAT. It's a dark side tribute to, well, you can probably guess the subject of the tribute, but if not, visualize DC and pay attention to titles like "Guilty of Hating Christ" or "Don't Follow Him." The over-the-top vocals, though, are from more of the Pat Dubar (Uniform Choice) school and best taken in short doses. They nail the old-school hardcore sound; scorching songs and scorching sentiments taking a dim view of religious topics. Packaged inside a six panel sleeve with two overlaps, and there ain't a lot left so move on it.

Two of my current favorite bands have each unleashed their debut 12" vinyl slabs. First up is the self-titled scorcher by NIGHTSTICK JUSTICE. As I mentioned last time, the first copy that showed up was warped and that's now been rectified (thanks Noel!). The mode remains the same—pulverizing hardcore punk done right. One change, though, is in the production. The thick bottom end on previous recordings is muted and the recording has a slightly cleaner sound. That doesn't negate the band's power—the hot guitar licks emerge from the speakers like poisoned tentacles, and equally poisonous or venomous or what-have-you is Jeff Corso's vocal agitation. *"Calling you out, bringing you down/black and blue... callin' you out/now it's coming back to you."* Paraphrasing Slapshot, ain't no friend of his! This record has become a friend of mine, though, having spent a fair amount of time on the turntable, already. (Even Worse: www.geocities.com/evenworserecords, or Way Back When: www.waybackwhenrecords.com)

The other 12" is courtesy of Aussie band STRAIGHTJACKET NATION, who just completed a US tour. I had to travel to NYC to see them play, but it was worth the drive. *Cheap Kicks* is an apt title. This band kicks, punches and engages in other attacks of brutality. That's in the figurative sense, although seeing this band live brought out quite a physical reaction, partly provided by their vocalist Daniel. He howls his way through these rampaging compositions. I could just say "old school" influence and leave it at that but to put a finer point on it, there's a strong nod to early Boston hardcore on some of these songs. There's no need to put a fine point on it. There's nothing fine—it's quite blunt in execution. If you have any interest in current hardcore punk, you *need* to hear this band. (PO Box 239, North Carlton, Vic. 3054, Australia, www.culthardcore.org/straightjacketnation)

I got a few packages from Profane Existence (PO Box 18051, Minneapolis, MN 55418, www.profaneexistence.com) and I'm still working my way through everything they sent, but here are a few reviews: There have been changes since the last IMPERIAL LEATHER album, *Something Out Of Nothing*. On the new one, *Do You Know Where Your Children Are*, they've shed the twin vocalist lineup and tweaked the sound a bit. Guitarist Kenko contributes secondary vocals but Amyl Nitrate becomes the focal point, and there's a raspy grittiness that wasn't there before. And, for want of a better term, the musical approach sounds a tad more stripped down. Jarring punk with an older California vibe and garage/riot grrrrl tandem and Amyl's commanding vocals. Lyrics expressing disillusionment, disappointment with the human condition—that's a rather catch-all description, but it fits for several songs here, and the words seem to be directed at specific individuals without naming names. Wedded to a musical performance that's taut, edgy and muscular-sounding.

I wasn't nearly as enamored with STATE OF THE UNION's *To The Bitter End...A Discography*, documenting the band's '92-'01 existence. Lumbering, drawn-out compositions drawing from the well of Neurosis, especially with the gloomy, ominous intros. Heavy and plodding, with harsh, throat-rending vocals, metallic guitar riffs and a rhythmic undercurrent that does hit a solid groove. This 79-minute disc features an unreleased album recorded in 2000, plus an earlier LP and trio of EPs. In all honesty, none of the material here, earlier or later, is all that scintillating. The differences are in the recording quality, with the earliest songs sounding muddy and the performances less-refined—if refined is an appropriate term. Whatever the appropriate description, the results are tedious, in spite of the nimble musicianship.

On a more positive note, Profane are distributing the new MOB 47 EP, *Dom Ljuger Igen*, released in Sweden on Communichaos Media. There's always skepticism/controversy/what have you when a band with "legendary" status gets back together. What are these guys thinking? Shouldn't they leave their legacy alone and not tarnish it? Out with old, in with the new. Well, if I didn't know this eight song EP was a new Mob 47 release, I'd still think it's a ripper. Pillaging hardcore going over the rails, the drums scamper but things somehow stay together. "Brutal Nedladdning" works in more "Dis"-ability (sorry) than the other songs, a very slight change of pace. The production isn't raw distort but not slick, either. Whatever the motives, these songs hold up on their own merits.

The next two discs are from Portland, OR bands. SQUALORA's self-titled CD (Repetitively Futile/Wantage USA, PO Box 8681, Missoula, MT 59807, www.wantageusa.com) was released in late '07. Squalora consists of guys from Ass End Offend, now transplanted from Montana. This is visceral hardcore with some crust elements. Thick slabs of riffage, dished out at both a raging pace along with the heavier crush. "Sugar Coated Submission" has a weighty, ominous tone, yet doesn't get bogged down in the mire. The same description could apply to the intro of "Identity Crisis," before turning on the speed attack: a prevailing doominess, an appropriate sonic setting for the lyrical mood, yet avoids an oppressive murkiness.

As for THE ESTRANGED, and their album *Static Thoughts* (Dirtnap, 8615 SE Clinton, Portland, OR 97202, www.dirtnaprecs.com), it's one of the better albums I've heard lately. Considering they're from Portland and are a trio, Wipers comparisons have been inevitable. It's not really accurate, although "The Message" veers into that territory. There's definitely emotionalism in the vocals, and Mark Herman's voice also has a similarity in timbre to Clint Conley from Mission of Burma. I could mention a plethora of bands that give the Estranged inspiration—early '80s US and UK post-punk, mainly—but there's a harder-edged undercurrent. On this album, they assimilate it into something striking and contemporary-sounding. The playing is tight as fuck and the songs engaging, blending power with strong hooks.

Back to the hardcore for the *2003-2007* discography CD by SEE YOU IN HELL (Not Very Nice, PO Box 2, Bloomfield Hills, MI 48303-0002, chaosnonmusic@gmail.com). This band from the Czech Republic dishes out solid hardcore punk with some '80s-era European influences, but still manages not to sound dated. Metal leads pop up from time to time, and that adds some flair to the proceedings, but it's not a constant element. Ripping, full-bore material. On the inside of the sleeve, it says to "play loud," and I recommend you obey that command.

Another Michigan label besides Not Very Nice, is Punks Before Profits (PO Box 1148, Grand Rapids, MI 49501, www.myspace. com/punksbeforeprofits), which has put out a 7" compilation, *Fuck Detroit, This Is Grand Rapids*. The comp was done in one day, with eight different bands recording one song apiece at the same locale, namely Ryan from PBP's living room. The results are widely varied. The thud-core of Final Word is quite wretched, for instance. The best song (by far) comes from The Real Bitters, who dish out their straightforward punk with gritty aplomb. Attention Span's raw hardcore comes across fairly well, as does the twin vocal/speed attack of Jesus Crisis—definitely no love for religion on some of these songs. Religious SS Disorder has a similar musical vibe to I Object, Ryan's former band (they also have a demo available). Overall, the performances are competent but, for the most part, not a lot that transits into anything that blows me away.

Finally, there's *Outsider*, the latest from UK vets THE RESTARTS (Rodent Popsicle, PO Box 1143, Allston, MA 02134, www.rodent popsicle.com). Tough, catchy, '82 inspired punk punctuated by gruff vocals (low 'n' high), buzzsaw riffs and pealing melody lines. I can even live with the ska songs here, since they've got a punk pulse to 'em. One ironic thing, though, and this isn't blaming the band—they've got a song on here called "Bored," which talks about how *"as soon as we get a venue, the council shuts us down."* The Restarts recently played Welfare Records

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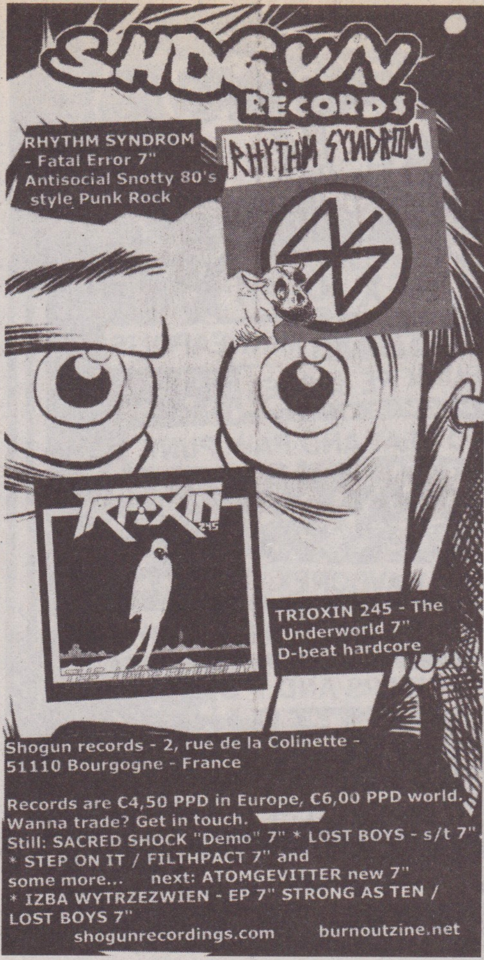

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around here and, due to the stupidity of some of the show's attendees (people drinking outside, sneaking in booze, etc.), it ended up being the last show there. So perhaps their audience should consider those words. In any case, some good 'ol headbangin' punk rock here.

Al Quint, PO Box 2746, Lynn, MA 01903/email: suburbanvoice@earthlink.net/Sonic Overload radio: http://sonicoverload.moocowrecords.com
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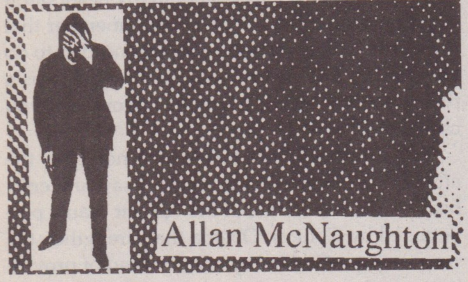


I know it's a far from controversial opinion, even in the era of the digital download, but the 7" single is by far the most superior format for recorded music ever invented. That's not to say that all 7" singles are great, but done correctly (e.g. one perfect, two-and-a-half minute pop nugget on the A-side, and a carefully chosen B-side—especially an equally great non-album track), it cannot be beaten. (Due to the comparative shortness of most hardcore songs, the EP naturally becomes the preferred format, but still on a 7" please.)

That said, I came to this realization pretty late in the game. My introduction to collecting music came via cassettes, as we didn't have a record player in the house. I went through a succession of cassette players that my dad bought off some guy in the pub. The first one came with a Johnny Cash tape—the first piece of music I ever owned. My wee brother and I played it over and over again. I don't know if it occurred to us that we could go out and get more tapes. Those songs are embedded in my memory, never to be forgotten. It could have been worse, I suppose. My mind boggles at the thought of the utter garbage that *could* have been on a tape deck bought off some random boozer in the Pine Lodge. (Later, in a moment of desperation for blank tapes, I recorded The Stupids' *Peel Session* over the Johnny Cash tape. Still got it though.)

Eventually I got a cassette player that also had a radio, exponentially expanding my musical exposure. I spent the summer listening to BBC Radio 1 all day, and taping the hits off the Top 40 rundown on Sunday afternoons. Inevitably, I ended up listening to the radio into the late evenings, when the pop DJs went home and the night shift came on–Tommy Vance with his metal, Janice Long with her weird indie stuff, and of course John Peel. I'd hear all sorts of stuff that I didn't understand, or thought was too weird (or, in the case of "White Riot" by The Clash, too fast. Too fast? Have you listened to that song lately? It plods along).

At some point a record player turned up in our house. It was a behemoth of a thing. It probably weighed 50 pounds and came equipped with a non-functioning 8-track player, which was already completely out of vogue by then—so much for taping records for friends.

I had started buying albums on tape, but now I could finally purchase vinyl. I continued to buy LPs though. For a while, I was especially fond of singles collections, greatest hits albums, and *Now That's What I Call Music* compilations. I viewed these releases as offering the best value for money: all hits, with minimum filler. Given that I was spending my hard-earned paper round money, that was a huge consideration. Singles just didn't cut it: two songs for a quid, when you could get a whole album for a fiver, or sometimes less? Do I look thick?

It took several years of buying albums with two or three good songs (the singles, naturally) and a bunch of tossed-off piss takes for me to realize the error of my ways. I still couldn't bring myself to spend a lot of money on records, though. Luckily, I discovered the joys of the Woolworth's 50p record box. The slightly out-of-date hits of the '80s at 1970s prices! I snapped up singles by Madness, The Jam, and Adam & The Ants, as well as a few guilty secrets I won't mention. And while you were in there, you could help yourself to as many Kola Kubes and Strawberry Bon-Bons as you could stuff in your mouth from the Pick'n'Mix (or Pick'n'Nick) aisle. (After a considerable dry spell in the mid-'80s, Woolies' cheapo box later yielded scores along the lines of Public Enemy and Run DMC singles).

Once I started getting into harder-to-find punk and hardcore, my main sources were taping stuff off the John Peel show, and trading tapes with friends, both locally and through the post. Amongst the few of us in our area that shared similar tastes, it was unheard of for all of us to buy the same record. One person would buy an LP and at least five of us would get a tape of it. There are some albums that I consider among my favorites to this day that I still only have on the tape someone made me in 1985. It still throws me off to hear some of those records played somewhere, and not to hear the extra tracks tacked on by Sandy at the end to fill the space on the C90.

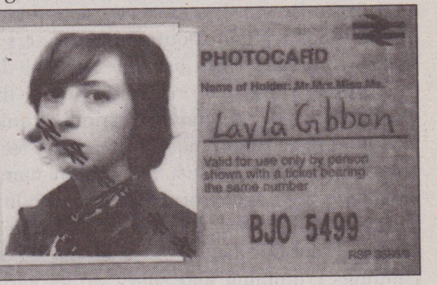
This process of acquiring music led to many disappointing purchases, and the discovery of second album syndrome. Someone would tape me a copy of some band's blistering first LP, and then I'd see a later record by said band in the shop. Since I liked the album I had on tape, I'd dutifully purchase this later release, only to get home and discover that the band "crossed over" in between the two records. Suicidal Tendencies' *Join The Army* and *You Got It* by Gang Green are two purchases that particularly smarted at the time.

I was still passing up any singles that weren't in the bargain bin at this time, on the grounds of value for money. I eventually started gravitating towards singles and EPs, but only when they were fairly cheap. I've never been much of a record collector. For most of my music-loving life, I've been pretty happy just to have the music, in whatever format. Nowadays, that's become easier than ever.

For a while, I found myself "sharing" (ahem) the complete discographies of bands I already liked—filling my hard-drive with album after album I already possessed in some form or another, whether on a cassette dub, CD, or LP. I also downloaded records I'd always wanted to own but had never seen available at a price I could (or would) pay. Once the novelty wore off, and I got over my excitement at finally getting my (digital) ears on some of those long-lost or forgotten gems, it really felt kind of empty. I could listen to 3000 songs in a row on shuffle on my iPod, but most of the time I'd really rather just listen to one perfect single on my record player.

So nowadays, if you're looking for me, you can find me in the 7" racks, indiscriminately picking up any old shit on 45 that I passed up first time around, when I was skint. Most of what I pick up is still under three dollars; I rarely go over a tenner though.

If you've got '70s/early '80s punk and post-punk for sale/trade, send me your list: PO Box 22971, Oakland, CA 94609, www.allanmcnaughton.com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Get Outta My Pocket

Some time last year (I think) I swore I would not mention Mika Miko again in this column, and I think I have been good to my word. I will use this moment to assert that the words Sex Vid will not reappear here unless they break up and form a hippie death cult or something. End times. Nothing personal obvs, more along the lines of overkill the sequel. Anyway onto the last rites. One of the things that has been most difficult to decide since becoming a coordinator here at the magazine has been whether or not to move into the *MRR* fortress. I live in a rent-controlled apartment in the Mission with awesome roommates, including a former member of '80s Ohio hardcore greats Zero Defex, who has lived in the house since time immemorial (hence the rent control.) We have a huge backyard, and in the summer we have shows out there. The yard is super lush in terms of vegetation and foliage, succulents, and vegetables and also irate yuppie upstairs neighbors. Super lush in terms of... There's a deck on the second floor, and when you are standing up there, it doesn't feel like you are in the Mission anymore somehow. Watching a punk band play in this setting on a summer afternoon is one of the best things about living in this town, especially when said setting involves one of my favorite bands. I set up a Sex Vid show on the 4th of July with Nodzz, Gun Outfit, and

Sisters. America's birthday! A perfect day for paranoia, miscommunications, raging hardcore, bad vibrations, drugs, shitty tattoos, and a lame BBQ.

I couldn't figure out why exactly the day had this strange end of an era feel to it, but it did. The neighbors next door were putting together an elaborate family BBQ, oblivious to the future backyard sounds, and I had extreme pangs of guilt for potentially ruining America's Birthday for them. I yelled over that we were having some bands play in the yard. This grandpa-aged guy said he loved rock 'n' roll, and that the bands had better be good. His family spent the entire show demonstrating why they are the best, most relaxed, good time neighbors ever. In direct contrast to the old man maniac that called the cops, and threw rocks at Kevin from Crim Dam's head. The summoned cops showed up, and obviously didn't give a shit about the show; a marked difference to later that night when the Mission was a mini police state with manic cop car drag races. Pigs hate fireworks but heart Sisters. Gun Outfit has a killer drum section. Sex Vid is the sound of scraping the remnants of the night before out of your eyes, a twelve pack of Olympia beer, and a Bla'st tape on the floor of your truck. Except they aren't the sound of any of that exactly. Think about all the whiners that set up complaint lines because Sex Vid don't sound exactly like that one band or other that I once mentioned. You know the sound of puking in a car park at 3am or that-morning after feeling only the night before? Just mention my name in regards to the tragedy of one's own inability to understand that a band can capture an idea or feeling of another band's idea, or the sense of buildings crumbling and shitty drugs without being *replicant* replicas. Nobody sounds like Void but Void—read a book, the internet is a tomb. I spent the last couple hours of the house show in my room listening to the first Dinosaur record super loud and feeling paranoid. I'm good at that.

It was day three of a five day show frenzy that involved two Lebenden Toten shows, Limp Wrist at Gilman, and three Sex Vid shows that also conveniently coincided with my first ever new issue day by myself as distro coordinator. This is when we organize shipping out 5,000 copies of *MRR*, and is the busiest time of month for distro. Good timez! I think that is the most frustrating part of the job is having to work while a million rad things are happening, or maybe more like going to a few of those million rad things with the heavy hearted realization that you'll be up 'til the early hours working on the magazine, then have to get up a couple hours later to go to your "real" job.

One thing that's vaguely linked to all of the above, if only in my head is the fact that No Age gets free sneakers and weird random promotional sneakerhead shit from Nike. Eat Skull was on some MTV special about the Portland DIY scene. Um, I have a whole lot more to say about such matters, but not right now. This column is dedicated to doom not coherence. Wretched Indigestion. Hubbs and I went to see the original hardcore line up of Melvins, which was and would have been a dream show for the 16 year old me. It was marred slightly by the "pro-sound/pro-equipment" feel of the setting, and of the sound, but seriously *so fucking raging*. It was part of the Great Mime Artiste Jello Biafra's 50th birthday party, and the only reason we went was because my friend Andy was playing bass for the Melvins/Jello, so it was free. I wonder if Melvins get free sneakers from Nike. OG line up Matt Lukin dunks. Matt Lukin's legs.

Some random hardcore bro came up to me and said my house was gonna get fucked up during the Sex Vid show, so I got super paranoid and did not make fliers, and made it disappear from the internet circles of circularity. Anyway. My house did not perish, and neither did I. Nothing bad will ever happen again. Funeral pyre style. Sexual Video have a 12" coming out at some point. SEXVIDSEXVID.

TOP TEN

1. Lebenden Toten live at Thrillhouse. This was easily the most connected to the sound at a show I have felt since maybe seeing Look Back and Laugh at their peak. Just that total involvement in the sound and situation sense.
2. The first Nurse flexi. Sure I have blathered about it before in this column, but seriously, so good, all girl early/mid-'80s punk from Japan. I definitely have played it on the radio so check the *MRR* archive.
3. "I Hate Danger" – Bikini Kill
4. Interviewing Raymond Pettibon.
5. Kitchen floor haircuts
6. Radiopuhelimet – *Pian Pian* LP
7. Swiss punk book! It be expensive, but holy shit, the ultimate coffee table book for sure. So beautiful and epic. Also the Chin Chin - *Don't Wanna be a Prisoner* 7". Amazing lady punk that's like, um, Ama-dots tryin to play Go Gos, but Swiss! So rad.
8. Chanel's back up vox on the new Limp Wrist 12". Also the last two songs.
9. Sick Things 7"
10. Homostupids Cat Music 7"

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Down with Legitimacy: Why Marriage Mania Is a Threat to Queer Struggle

What might have been possible

Back when I first started doing radical queer direct action (in the early '90s), universal health care was almost a mainstream gay issue. So many people had seen a dramatic percentage of their friends die quickly and painfully of AIDS and wondered: If more of my friends had health care, maybe they would still be alive. As part of the 1993 national "March on Washington for Lesbian, Gay and Bisexual Rights" (I believe that was the official title), ACT UP planned a national civil disobedience for universal health care at the Capitol. This was a few years after the big actions that gave ACT UP national attention; but I think we were still hoping for hundreds of arrests. Indeed, a million people attended the main march (and assimilation spectacle if there ever was one), but I think ACT UP ended up with under a hundred people for our arrest-oriented action (41 is the number in my head, but it could've been closer to 100). I do remember that it was easy to get arrested—all you needed to do was to step onto federal property, which was a driveway, and boom. Although I wonder if you can even get that far, now.

But universal health care did not gain the attention we wanted it to (when I say universal health care, I don't mean the current scams perpetuated by Clinton/Obama that strengthen the corporate, profits-first system, instead of providing a single-payer solution). Indeed, gays in the military became the banner issue for the gay mainstream, followed within a few years by the big M. With all of the current focus on the holy institution of matrimony, I sometimes wonder what might have been possible if, over the past fifteen years, as much attention had been brought to bear on universal health care—all of the energy, resources, engagement, movement-building, rhetoric, strategizing... I think we would be so much closer to universal health care, and perhaps even a broad-based social justice movement that included a radical queer politic. Instead, people now look at single-payer health care in this country as nothing but a crazy dream, and somehow marriage is considered "gay," but not the right to health.

Why I'm not toasting

Though I am a queer person living in San Francisco, I will not be celebrating the California Supreme Court's decision overturning the ban on same-sex marriage. Nor will I join those who say, "I would never choose to get married, but I think everyone should have the right." Sorry, honey—marriage is depressing, period. That means gay marriage, too. And here's why:

Gay marriage does nothing to address fundamental problems of inequality. What is needed is universal access to basic necessities, like housing, healthcare, food, and the benefits now obtained through citizenship (like the right to stay in this country). Legalized gay marriage means only that certain people in a specific type of long-term, monogamous relationship sanctioned by a state contract *might* be able to access benefits. While marriage could confer inclusion under a spouse's healthcare policy, it does nothing to provide such a policy. Marriage might ensure hospital visitation rights, but not for anyone without a spouse. Marriage may allow for inheritance rights between spouses, but what if there is nothing to inherit?

For a long time, queers have married straight friends for citizenship or healthcare, but this has never been enshrined as "progress." The majority of queers—single or coupled (but not desiring marriage), monogamous or polyamorous, jobless or marginally employed—would remain excluded from the much-touted benefits of legalized gay marriage.

And let's not forget the history of marriage as a legal method for keeping property within specific dynasties (property that originally included women and slaves). In fact, marriage still exists as a central venue for spousal and child abuse—there's a reason divorce is so popular, and suicide attempts among queer teens so prevalent. If social change is on the agenda, then the privileges associated with marriage need to be challenged, not embraced.

In fact, the push for gay marriage has shifted advocacy away from essential services like HIV education, AIDS healthcare, drug treatment, domestic violence prevention, youth programs, trans health, and homeless care—all crucial needs for far more queers than marriage could ever be. Sure, for wealthy gays and lesbians with bulging stock portfolios, gay marriage might just be the last thing standing in the way of "full citizenship." For everyone else, it's a reallocation of resources in the wrong direction, as local, state and national nonprofits that used to serve a variety of needs, now focus the majority of their attention on marriage. And this pattern will undoubtedly continue, as millions of dollars will be spent fighting an anti-gay marriage constitutional amendment proposed for the November ballot at a time when social services are being scrapped across the country—and especially in California.

Gay marriage is part of a larger agenda of assimilation that sees the dominant markers of straight conformity—marriage, military service, adoption, ordination into the priesthood, gentrification and consumerism—as the ultimate signs of gay success. Forget about the original goals of gay liberation—forging sexual self-determination, challenging police brutality, destroying hierarchies, and ending all forms of oppression—the gay marriage "movement" declares that the pinnacle of achievement is to access straight privilege.

The spectacle around gay marriage draws attention away from critical issues, like ending US wars on Iraq and Afghanistan, stopping massive Immigration and Customs Enforcement (ICE) raids across the country, and challenging the never-ending assault on anyone living outside of conventional norms. While many straight people are reaping the benefits of gay liberation and discovering new ways of loving, lusting for and caring for one another, the gay marriage movement is busy fighting for a 1950s model of white-picket fence "we're just like you" normalcy. And that's no reason to celebrate.

Down with Legitimacy

San Francisco residents probably remember big money candidate Gavin Newsom's big stunt four years ago, when he emerged victorious from a tight mayoral race with the progressive Matt Gonzalez. Newsom promptly "legalized" gay marriage, sending his approval ratings soaring, and guaranteeing him a second term. Back then, 80-somethings Del Martin and Phyllis Lyon became the first smiling gay couple to "marry" in honor of La Newsom, who was before then a politician known mostly for cynical anti-poor rhetoric (remember "Care Not Cash?")

Now that the California Supreme Court has struck down the ban on same-sex marriage, everywhere we hear of couples who've been together ten, twenty, or thirty years (or six months), rushing to tie the knot and proclaim: "Finally... it's... legitimate!" It's hard to imagine a more whole-hearted rejection of the queer struggle to create defiant ways of living and loving, lusting for and caring for one another—methods not dependent on inclusion in the dominant institutions of straight privilege.

Gay marriage proponents now declare that finally gays and lesbians are "full citizens," as opposed to "half citizens," one imagines, or—gasp—non-citizens! As Immigration and Customs Enforcement conducts the biggest raids in history, the gay establishment celebrates its newfound legitimacy. Sure, for a few of the most privileged, the right to get gay married might be the last thing standing in the way of full citizenship, but there are certainly a legion of impediments for the rest of us.

Let's step back for a moment and imagine what it means to be a "full citizen" of the foremost colonial power: bombing rogue states to smithereens, exploiting the world's resources, and ensuring the downfall of the planet. As gay marriage fetishists rush to stake their claim to straight privilege, who gets left behind? Oh, right, anyone who doesn't want to follow an outdated, tacky, oppressive model of long-term monogamy sanctioned by a state seal. Want healthcare? Get married (to someone with a good health plan). Need a place to live? Better get working on a spouse with a house. Need to visit your friend in the hospital? Forget it (unless you're ready and able to tie the knot). Need to stay in this country, but you're about to get deported? Should've gotten married while you had the chance!

Want to define love, commitment, family and sexual merrymaking on your own terms? Honey, that's so last century—this year it's all about matching platinum Tiffany wedding bands, the Macy's bridal registry, and a prime spot on the Bechtel float in the pride parade. Now that's progress! While San Francisco has a long history of sheltering dissident queer cultures of incendiary splendor, the rush for status within the status quo threatens to de-legitimize everyone who isn't ready for the *Leave It to Beaver* lifestyle.

Shutting gay marriage down?

Walking uphill the other day I ran into a friend a block from my house, and we had an interesting conversation about the book launch for *That's Revolting!*, which I thought was totally incredible, because people were so engaged, and my friend said he was disturbed. Why disturbed? He said he wasn't sure about the strategy of shutting gay marriage down. Shutting gay marriage down? What on earth do you mean?

I think this happens a lot, where there's this reversal about who is doing the shutting down. There's no question in my mind that gay marriage proponents have systematically shut anti-marriage and anti-assimilationist queers out of the conversation. It's much easier for them to argue with Christian fundamentalists who think all gay people are gonna burn in hell. And it's a symbiotic relationship—they both fund each other's organizations. I mean the fear of the gays fills fundamentalist coffers, and the fear of the Bible thumpers funnels money into marriage-fundamentalist gay organizations.

What was so amazing about the launch is that no one was backing down, no one said, "Why yes, gay marriage is a beginning."—I hate that shit, when every queer who opposes marriage feels obliged to say that it's okay for people to want marriage, it's just that we also need a broader movement. But the problem is that the marriage movement has replaced the broader movement! I guess I always think it's contradictory when people say, "Yes, but marriage is a beginning."—Sure, it's a beginning, but it's the wrong beginning! There's this hesitancy for people to voice scathing critiques, and I think a lot of that has to do with this fear that my friend was talking about; that somehow, if we articulate our opposition to marriage with all our passion and eloquence and glamour, then somehow we're shutting other people out of the conversation. When, in fact, other people are certainly free to respond with passion and eloquence and glamour. Gay marriage proponents are the ones dominating media representations of what it means to be queer I mean gay I mean straight-gay. They are the ones ensuring that the conversation remains a ridiculous one between foaming-at-the-mouth homophobes and the gays who just want the homophobes to accept them on homophobe's terms—We're just like you we're just like you we're just like you.

Oh—so do you also think that all queers are gonna burn in Hell?

I just love that strategy—convincing Christian fundamentalists to accept us on *their* terms, and now gay marriage proponents even wants to decide what people look like, and how they dress, and how they represent themselves *at their own weddings* (nothing too flamboyant or gender-transgressive, okay?). I mean really, it's not enough to embrace the dominant institution of straight privilege like it's the Holy Grail—you gotta buy into the whole package! Soon they're gonna make the gay wives show up with their bruises covered by Dermablend, right?

Gay marriage is a dead end. Sure, if we want cultural erasure, bring it on! I believe in an oppositional culture that celebrates resistance, encourages defiance, and engages in complicated, critical conversations about accountability at all times. If that furthers the divide, bring it on! Wishy-washy pragmatism only helps the people with the most power—in this case, um, that means the (Christian) fundamentalists.

The expanded second edition of *That's Revolting! Queer Strategies for Resisting Assimilation* is finally out!!!!!!!!!!!!! Get it while you can. The first edition sold out almost immediately after it was originally released at the end of 2004. You can also check in on me via my blog, nobodypasses.blogspot.com. These days I'm the reviews editor at the brilliant new feminist magazine *Make/shift*, where I also have a column, but only twice a year (that's how often the magazine comes out). I live for feedback, so send me love letters and/or delicious threats via my new homepage, www.mattildabernsteinsycamore.com, which includes past *MRR* columns. Or you can write to me at 537 Jones Street, #3152, San Francisco, CA 94102.

don't try

by dave

Summertime in Olympia has finally arrived. Though it doesn't typically get hot enough to reach the blistering heat of summer in the East Bay, having lived in Oly long enough to get used to the cooler temps, 85 degrees now seems the equivalent of 100 to my acclimating Northern blood. I've always been partial to overcast weather, and seeing as how it never stays sunny too long up here, for me it's an ideal summer. With no more 120-day stretches of East Bay sun constantly shining in my face I've gained a new appreciation for the more infrequent sunny weather of Olympia.

Another fun reality of Olympia is that fireworks are more legal here. Independence Day weekend just passed by, and there were little fireworks stands all over the place. My daughter and I hooked up some sparklers, roman candles and some other relatively non-threatening, non-dangerous shit to light up. This made for my kid's favorite 4th yet, as in the Bay she's been limited to watching fireworks shows from afar. This time we had our own show with our friends; much better.

I also recently bought a small record store in Olympia. Phantom City Records has been open for years, and for a long time had been owned by Judd, the screamer for Sex/Vid. Well I guess Judd burned out on doin' the whole thing, and if he couldn't sell it he was gonna shut it down. I hate to see another record store close down, so I scrounged up some cash; we made some backroom deals and when it was over, I got the store and Judd bolted to do a month long Sex/Vid tour. I'm pretty stoked to have a store, even though record stores seem to drop like flys these days. It's something I've always wanted to try, and the timing was right for both of us. So if you're in Oly, stop by and buy shit so the store stays open for a long time to come. It's right downtown on 4th Street, inside the Dumpster Values compound.

The metal pickins' have been slim lately; with nothing super mindblowing coming my way in a while. That said there is some decent stuff circulating that might be worth your time and effort.

When death/doom is used as a genre description it can mean a lot of different things. Japan's Coffins always describe themselves as death/doom, which would be accurate since they sound like a death metal version of Corrupted. But typically death/doom is used to described stuff like early Paradise Lost, My Dying Bride, even Asunder. In other words, it's got a more tragic, depressing vibe to it.

It's from this more typical meaning that the music of Mourning Beloveth draws from. Mourning Beloveth is an Irish band that has several albums to its credit and has been active since the '90s. The latest album is called *A Disease For The Ages*, released on the Grau label. They embody the sound of the death/doom genre with the heavy, sad and slow guitar riffs, the deep guttural vocals and the epic song lengths, with only one track of the five clocking in under the ten-minute mark. Having been around awhile, Mourning Beloveth has definitely isolated the elements of their style into the finest points and has crafted some quality tunes that are among the genre's best. At times they contrast the death vocals with a clean Saint Vitus style croon, connecting their sound with doom's older generation—great record that I'll be spinning outside the context of review writing.

The German band Dornenreich has a couple new releases out. The first, a new album, is called *In Luft Gentzt*, and is an album of mostly acoustic songs. The second is a reissue of their 2001 album *Her Von Welken Nachten*, which is sort of symphonic black metal with lots of keyboards and a decidedly absurdist spin on the vocals. Overall, I can't recommend either album, though the band remains relatively popular among a certain sub-sect of the scene.

Ascend is a new project that features members of SUNN and Iceburn. Despite the album's project-band nature, there's actually some good, interesting stuff going on here. The album, *Ample Fire Within*, starts with the very SUNN-esque drone of "The Obelisk Of Kolob"—though the track does feature drums, and has a muddier tone than the SUNN records, sounding like an outtake from a Corrupted LP. The whole thing works more as a collection of collaborative tracks than as a whole album, with some tunes being a bit on the softer, creepy dark side, rather than the crushing nature of the first track. Vocals seep into the mix on "Divine" that sound not unlike Steve Von Till's clean vocal style for Neurosis. If you dig SUNN and its many bastard offshoots, then check this one out as its definitely got a lot more to it then some of the others. Released by Southern Lord.

After that dose of audial Nyquil, I was glad to pop in the short, sharp shock of the demo CD-R from Japan's Dellin Muller. My Japanese buddy Ryo does the vocals in this band; some of you may have seen him doing the occasional guest vocal with The Endless Blockade and Coffins on their recent US tour. This demo consists of three bursts of raw deathgrind that rarely get below light speed. Bands like Phobia and Retaliation would be an apt comparison. Check 'em out via myspace, at myspace.com/dellinmuller.

Tyr is a very popular Viking metal band. Viking metal typically features metalized ethnic Scandinavian style guitar work and epic vocal delivery—sometimes black metal style—but in Tyr's case these are clean vocals sung mostly in their native tongue. The choruses have the vocals layered many times, giving the sing-along effect common to this metal subgenre. The riffs on *Land* are not so Norse folk sounding as with other bands playing the style, but on the whole this album is too polished for my blood. Well played, well executed, but mostly boring. I see many Euro-festival metal heads diggin' this, and maybe US kids into bands like Finntroll and Vintersorg, but give me Isengard any day over this madness: on the Napalm label.

Aluna are a UK band with a new three song CD called *Fall To Earth*. They play bluesy Sabbath-inspired grooves in the stoner vein. What sets them apart is vocalist Soph. It's awesome to see a female vocalist in a genre that is overwhelmingly dominated by gruff, bearded dudes. Unfortunately her vocals are somewhat on the monotone side, and often it feels like she's holding back and not really letting loose. They're too lazy, and the music follows suit as well. There're just too many damn bands that are playing or have played this style. You really have to raise the bar if want to succeed, 'cuz its been done to fuckin' death. Check the first couple Fu Manchu records for reference. Check Aluna out at alunaband.co.uk.

Some ex-Rwake dudes comprise Arkansas ugly doom peddlers Deadbird. After a stint at Earache, they're back to the more underground At A Loss label—a label that always releases some quality heavy stuff (i.e. Black Cobra). This album, *Twilight Ritual*, definitely has the vibe of their brothers in Rwake, with fuzzy Crowbar-esque lost-it-all riffs and pained vocal rasps; the faster material veering into Black Cobra / Kylesa territory. Haven't seen these dudes live yet, but I bet they're great. I picture lots of beards, pro tats and trucker hats. If you dig the other bands I mentioned, look into *Twilight Ritual*.

The dudes in Northless are regrettably beating a bit of a dead horse on their self-titled demo CD. This is NeurIsis style post-doom rock with the usual elements that the subgenre entails: building heavy parts, wandering shimmery ping-ping guitar parts, tortured vox, etc. This is well done, but just has too much in common with its influences to really stand out for me—a problem for most bands trudging these crowded waters. Also it comes in a DVD box, which is totally annoying. I wish bands wouldn't do that. I don't want my CDs mingling with my DVDs anymore than I want my precious vinyl mingling with my reading material. CDs over here, DVDs over there! Check out Northless at myspace.com/northlesswilwaukee.

The unholy beast that is Spektr has graced us with a new mini-CD titled *Mescalyne*. I believe this band has a member of Gorgoroth in its two person ranks, though I'm not 100% on that. Aside from the guitar, all Spektr music seems to be produced via programming, sampling and drum machines—giving the disc a distinct electro/industrial vibe not unlike later Dodheimsgard material, but without the absurdist bent of those crazy Norsemen. The atmosphere is a grim, dank torture chamber of blackened speed riffs and high BPM drums. The more ambient sides tend toward the Nordvargr space of horrific nightmare scenarios. It's fairly original and dark stuff.

And now to some classic material: When people talk about Brazil's Sepultura in terms of classic releases, there is a lot of debate. The mainstream metal press is always quick to tout later albums like Chaos AD and the really kind of shitty Roots album. The kultest of the kult are always talking up the early stuff like Morbid Visions and Bestial Devastation. But the truth of it is, the best Sepultura album is, was and always will be *Beneath The Remains*—the 1989 LP that saw them spring onto the worldwide metal stage.

The album's dark acoustic intro—like something emitted from a deep cave—leads into the classic opening riff of the title track, a fast as fuck Slayer-gone-punk ripper propelling to the chorus of: "Who has won, who has died? Beneath The Remains." About 3:20 in, the song breaks into an amazing bridge that sounds like a thrash carnival, before heading back to the final chorus and the dive-bomb ending. A complete death thrash masterpiece that didn't need any wacky thrash gimmick shit to make its point.

"Inner Self" wouldn't be out of place on a crusty hardcore album of the time, except that it's too well-produced and complex. But the main riff clearly belies Sepultura's obvious punk influence, with bands like Discharge and Nausea factoring into the sound here as much as Slayer and Kreator.

Andreas Kisser clearly steps up his role from the previous LP *Schizophrenia*— adding face-melting solos that show an appreciation for the melodies hiding within the dark death thrash, in a way the spazz-out leads of Kerry King and Jeff Hanneman couldn't really match (let's face it, every Slayer solo is almost completely the same post-Show No Mercy).

Moving on through classic tracks like "Stronger Than Hate," with its weird arpeggio ending, and the hypnotic break-in crowd favorite "Mass Hypnosis." Sepultura maintained their A-Game well into B-side ragers like "Slaves Of Pain" and apocalyptic album closer "Primitive Future." Among the countless number of riffs on the LP, not one is wasted or misplaced; total non-stop aggression, desperation and brilliance.

Michael Whelan's classic cover art (one of the great metal covers of the late 1980s) of sprouting flowers surrounding a decayed orange skull with a creepy looking beast peering out of it, looks like something to be found beneath the remains of some war-torn third world disaster area. Whelan's work also graced the cover of the band's *Arise* LP and Obituary's *Cause Of Death* LP.

Never mind that the music these guys and their offshoots make now is crappy—if you have yet to check out Sepultura's *Beneath The Remains*, find it immediately!

I'll let y'all know next month if At The Gates is still as good live as they were in 1996. Til death!

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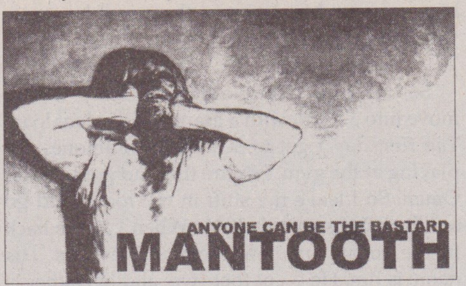
ANYONE CAN BE THE BASTARD
MANTOOTH

Happy Birthday to Me

Sorry, but this month's column is going to be a little short. It seems that I am "growing up" and "becoming a man" and "finally potty trained" and "getting a grip." I won't trouble you with the bothersome details, as I'm sure your pathetic lives are troubled with bothersome details as it is. But the short of it is this—I don't have much time for you anymore, Punk Rock, and you should be happy with the few meager words I give you each month. We can still be friends, for sure, but there comes a time in every man's life where blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah.

Anyhow, I recently turned 26. This is not much of a milestone in the great timeline of history, as many people have turned 26 before me. The only difference between me and all those other people is that I am Greg and no one else is Greg. That goes for you as well, gentle reader—you are you. You are a special snowflake of which the mold has been shattered. There is not one soul floating throughout the great winds of time that is just like you. Everything you do is great and wonderful and you will change the world for the better, you wonderful pile of cosmic backwash.

My birthday was relatively uneventful, except the part where Craigums called me because he was in town with the Air Guitar Championship Roadshow. I guess he had called *MRR* and they told him they didn't know anyone named "Mantooth." They couldn't give him some imaginary person's phone number. When he finally got a hold of me, he was sobbing over the rough treatment he'd been given at the *MRR* Haus (which I can only guess was from the ghost of Tim Yo). Unfortunately, by that time I had missed the Birthday Chance of a Lifetime of being a judge at the competition. My position was filled by "The Voice of God," which is even more unfortunate, because God has no sense of humor and knows nothing about air guitar. But neither do I, so I guess that makes me God-like in some way.

I can only estimate the various witticisms in the thousands, perhaps the millions. Of course, I am terrible with numbers so really a closer estimate would be around "zero." Unbeknownst to Craigums, because I certainly would never admit to this over the phone—but I am not very funny in front of a mic. You'd think that singing for various bands over the years would have trained me to be comfortable speaking in front of large crowds. Nope. I am brutally unfunny with a mic. I can't tell you how many times I embarrassed Warzone Womyn and everyone in the crowd with some shitty remark meant to cause uproarious laughter, maybe even a little mosh. Never happened though. Everything that I say is generally accepted with blank stares and looks of disgust and frustration. "Way to go, Mantooth," I can hear them thinking, "that was really fucking funny. Fuck you, you unfunny, ugly sack of crap."

So it goes.

Endnotes:
Cum and get me: gregory.mantooth@gmail.com

George Tabb sez
Take my life, please!

"So what's gonna be in your next book?" asks my step-dad, Nick, as he visits me in New York for the first time in two years. We'd had had a falling out but were now talking again.

"I don't know," I tell him, honestly.

"Ya gotta finish the trilogy," says Nick. "Ya gotta tell people things got better than in *Playing Right Field* and *Surfing Armageddon*."

I'm surprised that at 78, he remembers the titles. Hell, I can't.

"I guess I should," I tell Nick, happy that we are just talking, "but where would I start?"

"Roach Motel, of course," Nick says.

I think about it, and figure I should start exactly where the last book left off...

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So there is this guy with a knife in his mouth about twenty feet above my head, and he is ready to kill me. We kick into "Born To Be Wild," and I take about three steps back so I am in shouting distance of the six cops on stage with us. I yell to them that this guy looming above wants me dead. The cops can't hear cause the five thousand or so people are shouting, spitting, and throwing garbage at us. I step up to one cop and tell him that there is a man with a knife right above our heads, and he is going to kill me. The cop tells me to shut-up, grow-up, and stop being a whiny punk rocker. No help there. I look over to Bob, and the rest of the Roach Motel, but they are oblivious to what is going on—especially that new guy, the bass player, Russ, the guy I can't stand. I wish that the guy with the knife would kill him, and not me. Then suddenly I feel something buzz by the side of my head. Something that feels and sounds like a bee, but isn't. I look directly behind me, and there is a small hole in the back wall of the stage that wasn't there before. Holy shit. But, alas, I am getting way ahead of myself. The late '70s and early '80s were a fucked up time—musically speaking, of course. There was Punk Rock, with bands like the Ramones, Sex Pistols, Clash, etc., but hardcore hadn't really come into existence yet. Black Flag, Circle Jerks, False Prophets, Heart Attack, Dead Kennedys, Minor Threat were all just starting, as was my band, Roach Motel. But while these bands were based in California or New York or DC, Roach Motel was based in Gainesville, Florida—shithole of the universe. What we were doing was considered so "weird" and "different," that we ended up in jail on more than a few occasions (of course if we'd been in New York or California, we'd have been hailed as heroes, and I'd be doing Gap and Powerbook advertisements now. Oh well).

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Roach Motel started in early 1980, I believe. The way it happened was like this: It was my first semester of college at the University of Florida. The reason I was there was because my father had moved the family to Tallahassee in my junior year of high school, and U of F was in-state—that means it was cheap. Also, my grades sucked so bad I couldn't get into any other college. I remember one day during the first half of my senior year (I never did finish high school, I got out early, got accepted to college, and they never saw my high school degree), the guidance counselor called me to her office. She was this strange woman with long gray hair, only a few teeth, and a really bad body odor problem. When I arrived, I was met by her odor and this guy in an Army uniform, and she told me that they got my SAT scores back, and that maybe I should think about a career in the military. This Army guy nods his head, and sticks his hand out for me to shake. I just look at the guy, and he looks at me, he stares at the US pins on my leather jacket, and asks if I know someone in the Air Force. I tell him that this is what the Ramones wear. He asks if that is a family of Puerto Ricans or something. I tell him it is a punk rock band. He then turns to the guidance counselor and tells her and her stench that I could use some "attitude adjustment," and that the military would be good for me. The guidance counselor agrees, and they "dismiss" me. Puzzled, I wander back to Home Ec, where we are cooking chickens. Actually, we had to pluck them and gut them first. It was really gross. I actually did vomit. I mean here is this headless torso, and blood everywhere, but no one in the class seemed to mind. A lot of the kids actually did this at their homes. Fucking Florida. Redneck Hell. Shithole State. Anyway, the chicken is in the fryer, and then the class bell rings for lunch. The teacher tells us to take out our chickens and eat them. I figure, what the hell, I've already played with its asshole, I might as well eat it too. I take one bite and my mouth fills with blood. I puke. Everyone in class laughs. Florida.

The next day the smelly woman again calls me to her office, this time joined by the Army guy and my dad. My dad says that he has spoken with the uniformed guy and Mrs. Pigpen, and that perhaps I should join the army. He tells me they will pay for me to have a place to live, and I would no longer be his burden. They would feed me, clothe me, and teach me respect. I tell them all to fuck off, and turn to walk away. The Army guy says to my dad, "If that was my son, I'd whip the living shit out of him. I'd teach him respect." My dad asks the guy if he wants to adopt me.

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So, anyway, I start college in early 1980. I move into a dorm with a grant and student loan. The first day I get to school, the Ramones are playing at the gym. I figure this had got to be an Omen. So I leave my stuff in my room, and go see the band's sound check. When I arrive back to the room, my new roommate arrives. His name is Jim. He is six-foot-two, and his father is the Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan in Orlando Florida. He tells me this by his third sentence. Right after, "My name is Jim," and "Are you really a Jew?" I figure this is gonna be a good year. I invite him to see the Ramones, and he says he has no desire to see some "spic" band. I just nod my head.

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I met Terrible Paulzee at the Ramones show that first night of college. He was standing up front, with the words "Zyclon B" scrawled across his chest. I figured this guy for a Nazi, but what the hell—it was Florida. So what else is new? He looked at me in my leather jacket, and we instantly bonded. Even though this guy might be a goose-stepper, he seemed like he could be a lot of fun. We talked after the show, and decided that I would come over to his apartment over the weekend. He told me he played bass, and I told him I had a guitar. We decided right then and there that we would start a band.

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When I got to Paul's apartment, I was surprised by the neatness of it. Everything was so organized and clean. He told me he loved "order." Then we took out our instruments and began to rehearse. He asked if I knew "Strutter" by Kiss. I told him no. He then asked if I knew "Blitzkrieg Bop" by the Ramones. I told him I didn't know how to play it. He asked me if I knew any songs. I told him I didn't. But I did know two or three chords. Thus the legend was born. We didn't do covers cause we couldn't figure 'em out. I wrote the songs with the three notes, cause it was all I could play. By the end of the first rehearsal between Paul and I, we had written like six songs. Well, actually, I wrote them, because I couldn't learn what Paul would show me. We had songs like "Superman is a Punk" and "Teenage Abortion." Punk Rock.

The next thing we decided was that we needed a singer. There was no fucking way I could play guitar and sing at the same time. Actually, at that point in my life, there was no fucking way I really could play guitar. But who cares. Anyway, somehow we hear about this guy Bob, who says he can sing. We figure, what the hell, and invite him over to Paul's place. Bob arrives carrying a vacuum cleaner, and wearing an "Electrolux" belt buckle. He begins to sprinkle ashes and dirt on Paul's rug, and asks where the plug is. Paul shows him, and Bob then proceeds to clean up the dirt with the vacuum. We tell him we are impressed, but can he sing? He explains that he just got this new job selling Electroluxes, and he wanted to practice. I am impressed by his belt buckle, and Paul is impressed by the vacuum. I show Bob some of the songs we have been "rehearsing," and ask him to sing. He kinda screams out of key, and then starts coughing wildly. I begin to wonder about this guy. Then Paul asks him how much for the vacuum. Bob tells him, and Paul decides to buy one. He tells Bob that if he gives him a discount, he's in the band. Bob joined the band that day.

I go back to my dorm to tell Jim that I found a singer for my band. Jim just looks at me. Then he tells me that it is parents weekend this Friday, and asks if I am going to be around. I tell him yes, cause I am gonna practice with Bob and Paul. He looks disappointed.

***

The next band practice started off fucked up. Bob and I arrived together, and Paul was in his front yard with a caged pig. He asks if Bob and I want to see "something neat." We say of course we do. Paul takes out a large handgun, puts it to the pig's head, and blows its brains out all over us. I almost puke. Bob does. Paul laughs. He tells us that they are gonna have a pig roast tonight, and did we wanna go? We both said no thank you. Paul asks if we are sure. We tell him we are sure. So we rehearse all covered with pig guts and blood. I kinda feel like Sid Vicious. Or Carrie.

I arrive back at my dorm about seven that evening. I go to unlock my dorm room door, and see that it is open. I enter, and standing inside is Jim, and his parents. Mr. and Mrs. KKK. They look at me. They look at the pig blood on me. They look at Jim. Then the father speaks, "So Jim, is this the Jew you live with?" Jim nods his head. I stick out my hand and say, "Hi, I'm George, very nice to meet you." They just look at me. Then they tell Jim to hurry up and finish dressing, that they have a reservation at Bennigan's for 7:30. Jim tells them okay, and they walk past me, saying nothing. When they are out of the room, I tell Jim I am sorry his parents don't like me. He says, "Don't feel bad, they hate niggers too." I nod my head.

***

So we need a band name. We got some more songs, like "Brooke Shields Must Die," "Now You're Gonna Die" and "Sorry Ass Sucker." Paul and Bob go through a list of names they have, and we all decide that they all suck. We are at Bob's trailer home, and the place is a fucking mess. I say to Bob, "This place is a fucking Roach Motel." Ta-da.

I return to my dorm and tell Jim that we have a band name. He is asleep. It has been three weeks since Parents' Day, and Jim hasn't spoken to me too much since his father gave him a black eye for not beating up his "kike roommate." I go to sleep and decide to tell Jim about it in the morning. In the middle of the night I feel a hand touching the top of my head, rubbing it, and searching it. I open my eyes and it is Jim. I ask what he is doing, and he says, "Looking for the horns."

***

Finally Roach Motel gets its first gig. Paul knows this guy, Staley, who books at a local new wave club, and he has talked him into letting us play. We make up fliers with a fetus in a bowl of fruit loops, and a fetus with a coat hanger through its head. It's for our song, "Teenage Abortion." We all think it is very funny. But Gainesville doesn't. We show up to the show, and all these people with signs are picketing. The signs say that Roach Motel is a "satanic band" and a "satanic cult." They say we are child killers. They say we worship a fallen angel. They say we are commies. Now this pisses off Bob and Paul, who are Nazis at heart. I mean, hey, call us murderers, call us evil, but commies? Anyway, the thirty or so people are led by this guy, Jerry Fallwell, who is demanding that the club be shut down. He says that if Staley lets Roach Motel play, the "Moral Majority" will make his life impossible. Staley bends to the pressure, and our first gig is canceled. We are all very disappointed. So we buy two cases of Black Label Beer, and go party at Bob's. This girl I meet at the party says she would have liked to see me on stage. But since she didn't, she didn't know if she was "interested" in me. I figure the band has got to play somewhere, sometime soon. Or else I'll explode.

The next day it is in all the papers, and on local television. They say that a devil-worshipping band was not allowed to play, and it is a victory for the moral right. I wonder what the hell got us into this mess. Hell, we are just musicians. Not even that— just drunks. With funny posters. It's a fucking joke. What the hell. Florida.

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The Bazookas, a local punk rock cover band with two members who later joined Roach Motel, are playing at a local cowboy bar on a Friday night, and ask us if we wanna open for them. We say sure, and set about finding a drummer. We find this guy, Dorsey, who is in this band called "Triple XXX Girls." He agrees to play with us even though he has never heard our stuff. I tell him over the phone that I'll just count "1-2-3-4," and he'll play. And he does, and it is great. We are sloppy as shit, and punk rock. The crowd loves us. The crowd being my friends Aaron, Jorge, Natalie, Chris, and about fifty rednecks who keep yelling "FreeBird." We play all our "hits," and our first show is considered a success. I meet this girl at the show, and she gives me a kiss. With her tongue. Wow. Never did that before. I am in ecstasy. I am in Roach Motel!

I return to my dorm to tell Jim about our gig. He is asleep. I figure I'll tell him I'm a rock star in the morning. I wake up in the middle of the night, and hear lots of squeaking. I wonder if there is a mouse in the room. I look over toward Jim, and see his sheets moving slightly. I hear more squeaking, and then feel wetness on my face. In the morning I tell Jim that the gig went great, and to jerk off into a tissue or something.

***

Roach Motel continued its journey into obscurity. We played lots of shows. Mostly at parties. Mostly to like three people. I remember once we played this house party, and only a dog was in the room. When we started our second song, it walked up to me, pissed on my leg, and left. We finished the set to no one. Lots of our early gigs were like that. Once we played a hippie "acid party." Everyone was tripping. They kept asking us if we knew any Charlie Daniels. Finally we got some out of town shows, and built up a small following in Tampa and South Florida.

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We played this place called Finders with a band called "The Abusers," and some other band I will not name because of what I will say later in this story. Anyway, the kids go nuts, and we spend half the set bashing them on the head with our guitars. It is a fucking blast. Blood, guts, and punk rock. Even though we didn't finish one song, the crowd loved us. Loved to hate us. We think we have found our calling. We realize that hate is much stronger than love. And if people really—I mean *really*—hate us, they come see us. And that is all we really want, anyway.

So, after the gig, we go to our hotel room, which is a shithole located above the club. They gave us a room, as part of our payment. We needed a place to stay since we were from out of town, and Gainesville was like seven hours away. So we get to our room, and settle in. We open the case of Black Label, and suddenly there is a knock at the door. Our executive manager, Paul's friend, also named Paul, answers the door. At this point I must interject a small bit of history about Paul. And Paul. Paul—our bass player— found this guy, Paul, to be our manager guy. What this meant was that he would give us money, and put out our single. We would then have to let him hang around with us even though he was kinda old, and very, very creepy. It turns out, the way Paul supported the band was to shoplift. Both Pauls did it, actually. They would go to stores all over Florida, and steal batteries. You know, like AA, D, C cells, etc. Batteries. They would stuff them in their coats, bags, whatever, and then go fence them to the stores they were stealing them from. Punk Rock. Anyway, they did some time, but it didn't stop 'em. No sir. They were hardened criminals. Real tough guys. Battery thieves. Right.

So Paul opens the door and it is this band that played with us earlier in the night. They are all skinheads, and all stupid. The singer, this bald-headed midget that looked like Charlie Brown with an attitude, tells us we owe them money. It turns out that they broke a microphone, so they didn't get paid. And since Roach Motel got like 50 dollars, we should give them money, and shouldn't be such "rock stars." We explain, nicely, that we have to drive a total of fourteen hours for this show, and won't even break even. Charlie Brown tells us too bad, and to fork over some money. I tell them no, that they are a local band, and to be nice. Charlie says that he and his skinhead pals are gonna come in the room and kick our asses. I look over at Bob, skinny, drunk and diabetic. I look over at Paul, skinny, drunk and not that strong. I look over at the drummer, skinny, drunk, and drooling. I look over at our other guitarist, Jeff, skinny, drunk and stoned. I figure we should give them money. They could kick our asses. But before I could say anything, they walk into the room. All six of them. All bald. All mean. All angry. Charlie Brown demands money, and none of us know what to do. Then this big skinhead grabs me by the throat, and tells everyone around that if they don't get paid, "The Jew is gonna get it." I wonder if this guy knows my roommate. Florida.

Suddenly our executive manager goes into action. He reaches inside his suit jacket (he thought suits made him look important) and pulls out a .38 caliber pistol. Holy shit. None of us knew he was carrying a gun. Not even the other Paul. Paul takes the gun, and puts it to Charlie Brown's head. Then he cocks back the hammer. He then says, "Well, punk, do you feel lucky?" The little guy begins to tremble. I ask him where I heard that line before, and he tells me he made it up. I say "Oh." Then Paul says to the skinheads, "I want you all to back up out of here slowly, if any of you tries anything, I'm gonna blow this little creep's brains out." They all back out slowly. The little guy now looks really scared. So I say to him, "You shouldn't fuck with the Roach Motel." He just looks at me. I figure, what the hell, I'll insult him some more, he's got a gun to his head, he's not gonna do anything. So I tell him that if you put two of his band members together, you get an ass. I tell him he looks like a walking penis. I tell him he looks like a small walking penis. His eyes narrow into slits.

By this time, the rest of the band is bored with what is going on, and goes back to drinking Black Label. The rest of the skinheads have run away, and it is just Charlie Brown, Paul and I paying attention to this gun situation. Paul asks me if he could kill him. I say, "Sure, go ahead." Then I realize that Paul just might. So I tell him not to waste the bullet. Paul says it wouldn't be a waste, and it would be kinda fun. I remember the day when the other Paul shot that pig. This was not that much different. I figured if he killed the guy, I'd get blood all over me again. I began to wonder if it was parents' weekend. I was interrupted from my thoughts by Paul. He asked me if he could maybe just shoot the guy in the nuts. I looked at Charlie Brown and felt sorry for him. All his friends had run away, and he probably wasn't such a bad guy. Maybe he just needed a friend. Someone to talk to. Maybe he had a bad family life. Maybe something terrible happened to him in his life to make him like this. So I told Paul to let him go. I told Charlie Brown that I was sorry about this whole incident, that he shouldn't have demanded the money, and that I really didn't know about the gun. He just looked up at me. I just looked down at him. Finally, he backed out slowly, as Paul still aimed the gun at his head. As he left the room, he swore vengeance upon the Roach Motel, and said he would see the streets run red with my "Jew blood."

Floriduh.

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The band continued to play gigs, and build up somewhat of a following. Over the next couple of years, we had numerous adventures, and even more numerous band members. We eventually got this guy named Russ to play bass, long after Paul and Paul were gone. Russ was in this band called "Slime." Slime were a local Gainesville garage band that was, well, very annoying. I remember once we played a gig with them at this place called "Reality Kitchen." Every time we played there, the cops would show up and arrest us upon playing the first chord. They would charge us with noise, disorderly conduct, or satanic worship. It got to be a game where we would try to finish one song before getting hauled into the station. Fun. Anyway, this one time, Slime puts on this bowling tape, a cassette of some guy talking about improving your bowling game. It was funny. For about two seconds. So, they let this tape run for about five minutes, then asked the crowd through the PA, "Slime, or Bowling?" Everyone yelled "Bowling!" They let the tape go for another ten minutes. Then Russ asked again, "Slime, or Bowling?" Most everyone said Slime. But a few said "Bowling." Another fifteen minutes. Then again, "Slime, or Bowling?" Everyone said Slime. Everyone except for our stoned guitarist, Jeff, who asked me, "Did he say bowling?" Twenty more minutes. Finally I took the tape out of the deck, and refused to give it back. Russ and his band were forced to play. I dunno, something about him rubbed me the wrong way. Maybe it was just the bowling. I dunno.

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Anyway, one day Jello Biafra calls up, and asks if we want to open for the Dead Kennedys in Tampa, at the Cuban Club. He calls us "The Wetbacks" after a stupid song we have on our first EP. We are thrilled. At least most of us are. Russ wants to know "how much we are being paid." I really didn't like the guy. So, of course we say yes, and the following week, journey to Tampa to open for the DK's.

We arrive during their sound check, and Frank, our drummer, takes out his camera to take pictures. The band stops playing, and Jello demands that the camera be put away, or he'll take the film. Whatever. Anyway, the band goes through a couple of tunes, and I am thrilled. I love the Dead Kennedys. Seeing them is amazing. Jello looks nothing like I thought he would. After they finish doing the sound check, I walk up and introduce myself. He says, "How do you do, me and Ray really don't like Florida..." in his feminine lispy sort of tone. I look at him and think I have seen him somewhere before. It is not until years later that I realize that he plays "Q" on *Star Trek: The Next Generation*. Anyway, Jello is really nice, and we talk about punk and everything. He tells me he is a little "worried" about the crowd in Florida (It turns out later that night there was a full blown riot during the DK's set). He says that everyone here is a Redneck. I tell him that is simply not true. Only nine-tenths.

I shoulda known it was a bad sign when all the cops started showing up at the show. Even before it started. There were like five thousand kids, and like three bands: Rat Cafeteria, who were Tampa's finest band (which featured Dorsey, ex-Roach Motel), Roach Motel, and The Dead Kennedys. Rat Cafeteria played a fine set to slamming kids, and everything seemed to be, well, okay. Then it was our turn.

We went on stage, and with us, six cops. I asked one cop why he was standing there with us, and he said, "You're Roach Motel, aren't you?" Uh-oh. Anyway, as soon as the crowd saw us, they went nuts. It seemed like the whole state of Floriduh was there to kill us. Or at least, hate us, and have lots of fun torturing us. So we begin our first song and the crowd goes wild. They drag Bob off the six-foot high stage, and pass him around. And punch him a few times. The crowd also throws garbage and spits at us. I dodge most of it, and it hits the cops, or the band shell behind us. The cops are getting angry. And I'm getting scared. This is out of control. And the cops aren't gonna do anything about it. Anyway, we finish the first song, and go into "Born To Be Wild."

Out of the corner of my eye, I notice a familiar face with a knife in his mouth. I think hard, and realize it is Charlie Brown. Charlie takes the knife out of his mouth long enough to yell, "I'm gonna kill you, fucking Jew!" Florida. I tell a cop standing behind me that someone wants to kill me. The cop says, "Good." Then the guy starts climbing on the band shell behind me. I look up, and see him with the knife in his mouth. He must figure he is a pirate or something. I step back and tell the cop what is going on. He calls me a whiny punk rocker. The guy continues to climb as I feel a bullet whiz past my ear. Great. Now someone is taking shots at us. This is totally out of fucking hand. Punk Rock or not, I really should get the hell out of here. But I'm in front of five thousand or so people. And they are loving Roach Motel. So, I figure we all gotta die sometime, and this may as well be it for me. I'm serious. Anyway, Charlie Brown is now directly overhead, about fifteen or twenty feet up. He is wearing a bandana on his head, shorts, and boots. He looks at me, and me at him. Our eyes interlock as Roach Motel goes into the second chorus of the song. In his eyes I see something I have never really seen before. I see pure hate. Clean and simple. This guy really wants me dead. Who knows who is shooting at me, but this guy wants to stab me.

In the next moment he decided to jump down onto me and stab me. Only I stepped out of the way, and he landed on the hard concrete stage. His kneecap exploded as a bone in his leg came through it. He screamed in agony. He had shattered his leg. I looked down at him, and continued to play the song. I didn't wanna get lost. Blood was running out all over the stage in front of me. I looked back to the cops, and they all had grins on their faces. I looked at the band, and they were busy playing and fighting off the audience. Finally I looked back at Charlie Brown. He seemed to truly be in pain. I knelt down beside him, took his hand in mine, and asked him if he was okay. I asked him if there was anything I could do for him. Here was a fellow human, another living being.

This world is a cruel and cold place. People are always full of hate. There have been wars since the beginning of time. It seems as if this planet, and the human race exists to have conflict. If only we understood the true meaning of peace. If only we could live in harmony with one another. If only we could find it in our hearts to forgive. To reach out. To touch one another's souls. Ahhh. The world would be a better place. The true meaning of brotherhood would shine through like a beacon of light. I figured I'd start here, with this little guy. Forgive him—understand his pain, I'd reach out. So I again asked if there was anything, anything at all I could do for him. He told me, through gasps of pain, to "Go die, you mother fucking Roach Motel Jew bastard." Florida. So with all this newfound humanity and understanding, I rolled him off the front of the stage, where he fell another six feet on to hard concrete, and broke his other leg. We then finished our set.

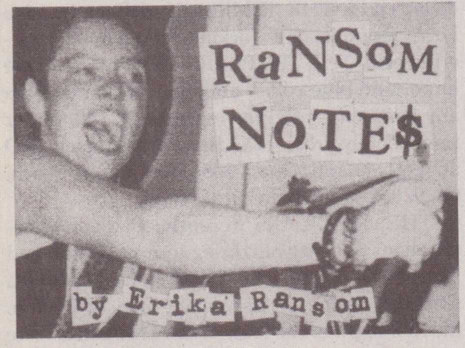
Take My Life, Please.

Endnotes:

1. Hopefully I'll feel stronger soon, and actually be able to write the book! Yay! I really wanna do it…but am really sick. Check out www.myspace.com/helpgeorgetabb
2. Great, great music this month. First and foremost, got the new Whole Hog album called "Debt-To Rock n' Roll." Imagine the Dwarves meet Slayer meets Lynard Skynard. This is better!!! The band is from southern California, and if you get a chance to see them, do it. Visit their myspace page and get this album. You won't be sorry. Next to Potato Famine and a couple of other bands, this is my favorite CD of the century!!! Also check out GG Elvis and The TCP Band—a tribute to GG Allin and Elvis. Why it's just like peanut butter and jelly. Well, more like peanut butter and poop. Or poop and jelly. You get the idea. And don't step on those shit-covered blue suede shoes. This album is actually good and very funny. Worth it just for the laughs. And Punk Rock! "As American As…" on Penny For The Guy Records is a cool comp with my local faves, "Box Of Crayons." Good stuff, and God Bless Vlad, my pal involved with the band.
3. Video Games. It's summer blockbuster time. You must own *Battlefield: Bad Company*. Looks freaking fantastic! Like *Call of Duty 4*—fantastic! Fun and lots of shit to blow up. Best game next to *Grand Theft Auto 4* out right now. And should be the best game with great multiplayer stuff until the next *Call Of Duty*, due out in November, which, I just heard today, takes place in WWII. Fucking punk rock! Alright! Also, if you don't own a Playstation 3, now you have a reason too. Besides being a cheap and great Bluyay player. The new *Metal Gear Solid* title is out and is just about the best game ever made. It's breathtaking in the graphics department, and the story is so rich and full, it's like a great novel. And the game-play is out of this world. Get this. Congrats, Konami! Also, played a bit of *The Hulk* and *Iron Man* from Sega. Eehhhh. It's worth a rent at most. Both of them. And I *love* Marvel superheroes. Speaking of which, DC comics has a game coming out this fall with *Mortal Kombat*. I can't wait. Batman vs. Subzero?

It's a geek's wet dream! And I'm a geek! *Quake Wars* from Id—the new one—sort of blows. It'd be great if it were three years ago, but we are all spoiled now from some great, *great* FPS's, like *Call Of Duty* and *Bad Company*. Oh well. Rent it. It's too bad, cause I love the Quake series. *Kung Fu Panda* from Activision is as good as the movie. So get it if you've got kids—or you are one like me. It's also great on the Nintendo DS. *Indiana Jones* on the Nintendo DS is also great, and fun for people of all ages. This one is Lego, like the *Star Wars* one. What's not to like? I totally love it!! *Blast Works* for the Wii from Majesco is cute in that Lego way, and lots of fun for kids. Punk Rock! And the new *Nascar '09* from EA makes me think of Mike Blank from the Blanks 77. Mike totally loves Nascar, and I love Mike. Both are fun, funny, cool, fast and furious, and just make you feel good!

4. God Bless all of you. And *MRR*. For keeping it real for so long.



If You Lived Here, You'd be Home By Now (Part 2)

"Now if you feel like nothing/ nothing and nobody and if you see nothing/ nothing and nobody/ forget your life it's nothing/ now if you cringe and shrink inside but say nothing/ nothing to nobody and if you cry but say nothing/ nothing to nobody/ forget your life it's nothing/ you're hiding why are you hiding that's nothing/ you're scared what are you scared of /that's nothing forget your life it's nothing/ forget it." –No Means No

May 30, 2008. Tennessee Storms

I don't know what to tell you. My life ended. But here I am.

An early summer thunderstorm raged all morning, full of lightening and noise, growling dark and lively over the hills. Thunder shook the house and woke me up at dawn.

By afternoon, the storm had passed. The wind was fresh with the smell of wet grass warming in the sun. I was in a good mood, the joy of spreading a fresh coat of paint on old battered walls. The window was open, letting in a breeze.

I was in my mom's house, upstairs in my old bedroom, standing on a ladder. I was carefully spreading "midnight lake" blue over the walls, listening to an old mix tape, the paint roller making a sticky wet noise as it traveled up and down the plaster. Blue streaks and dust covered my clothes and I was trying not to get any more paint on the carpet. I was thinking about past and present and the intangibility of thoughts, listening to No Means No play their woeful tune: "Forget your life, it's nothing."

It started to rain, and nearby, thunder roared. I listened to the music and kept painting, not thinking much about the brewing storm.

May 29, 2008 The Day Everything Became Nothing

Back in Tennessee, the day after I had been at the bar in Boston, I woke up in my mom's house, in the same room that I had moved into when I was ten, over two decades ago.

I am the type of person to save things. I have a collection of postcards from everywhere I went as a kid, including Rock City and the Huntsville Space Center. I have stacks of letters stuffed in drawers, including every letter my punk rock pen pals sent me when I was in high school. Tied with a rubber band is a pile of "get well" cards from friends and family from when I was 16 and in the hospital with a broken back. I have shoeboxes full of plastic toys and rocks and pins; trinkets my friends have given me over the years. There are little wooden boxes of marbles I found on the street, subway cards and old bus tickets.

The bookshelves in my old room were crammed with odds and ends. There were stacks of fanzines and books, from the entire paperback *Black Stallion* series that I loved when I was eight, to *Hitler Stole Bunny* which I read when I was twelve, to *The Bridge at Andau* which introduced me to the idea of armed revolution when I was fifteen.

The closet was filled with cardboard boxes from Boston, and boxes from my last two years in San Francisco, all addressed to a small town in middle Tennessee. Opening them up, cutting through the packing tape, I found complete time capsules, parcels mailed from my past, a snapshot of my old rooms, past moments and places, bringing up so many old thoughts and memories.

I started to hold onto things about the same time I started writing, when I was about seven. My room became a place where I could hide from my parents' fighting and my abusive dad, a place where I could feel safe. Emotions became funneled into words on paper, a way to cope, to try to understand and deal with it all. It was a survival mechanism. A way to escape. But in my room, and on paper, the negative thoughts stayed safely within my head.

This habit, keeping my emotions packed away, carried on for years, even as I tried to create the positive person I wanted to be. I escaped from my issues and my history by trying to ignore it all, letting the voices inside my head prattle on in the background, adding new hurts as time went on. Heartbreak, abuse, guilt, anger, sadness, loss—everything was added to the pile of things I wanted to forget about. This became habit, how I dealt with things, trying to keep it all inside. I wasn't doing it on purpose, quite the opposite. It happened as normal as breathing, stuffing my emotions down, letting things fester. It was a way to survive.

When I was raped in my early twenties, I dealt with it as I always did. I pretended it didn't happen. I thought if I didn't acknowledge it, the memory would just go away. I would be okay. It would be much worse to actually talk about it—better to just stuff it down, ignore it. Erase it. I didn't tell anyone for almost two years. Not my boyfriend, or my best friend or my sister. I just couldn't bring myself to utter the words to another person, to admit what had happened. It felt like I would die if I expressed what was eating me inside. I wanted to just make it disappear. To think it couldn't touch me.

But of course, life doesn't work like that. Repressing an emotion only makes it amplify over time, making it much worse, instead of better. It took me years to figure this out. To learn how to express my feelings, to validate what was going on inside my head, to trust people, to find friends I could talk to and people who listened. It took time, but I discovered another, happier, way to live.

Looking at all these boxes in my old room, all these signposts from my childhood; here it all was in front of me, my old baggage. My life. My history. Both physically and mentally, sitting in this pale blue room, waiting to start eating me up again. Years and years of memory, good times and bad, packages of time in cardboard boxes, gathering dust on shelves.

As soon as I opened my eyes, waking up in my old room in Tennessee, I knew this was the day my life would change. I grabbed a trashcan and a box, and got to work. I emptied drawers and closets and ripped everything off the walls and ceiling—collages and posters and flyers that had occupied every inch of space—and filled garbage bags, covering myself in dust. So many memories were attached to everything. I didn't toss it *all* out, however, but left behind only a few items I want to be with me *right now*, not as some monument to the past, either good or bad. It was such a relief to not feel a responsibility to memory and things. Not to forget, no. But finally—to let it go.

This time, I didn't leave a forwarding address, or neatly package everything into boxes again. I was smiling. For once, the past was dead.

May 30, 2008. Lightning

I was in my room, painting, listening to the boom box. Everything had been cleared out except for the furniture, which was covered in old sheets and drop cloths. The air smelled fresh from the storm outside as I poured more blue paint into the rolling pan. Without all my old junk, the room looked open, larger, renewed. The storm growled closer.

Then the sky split in two and the world exploded. I saw a bright flash outside my window and the air screamed, "Crack!" loud as a firing squad. My heart jumped and I fell to the floor. The tape player started playing twice as loud and the outlet plug was singed black as if on fire. I pulled the cord out of its socket then ran downstairs, shaking.

Walking out into the rain, I found fresh splinters in the yard, shattered from a tree outside my window. Back inside, it looked like the lightning bolt had struck the roof. In the attic bedroom down the hall from where I was painting, I found cracks in the walls and ceiling where the plaster and paint had opened up, white fissures about four feet long. There were also spots about an inch wide where the plaster was broken and raised—the intense electric energy of the strike had caused nails to jump out of the wooden beams.

It was an invigorating feeling, the sound and energy of the lightning strike, standing just out of harm's way. There is nothing like a brush with death to make you feel more alive.

"Crack!"

July 4, 2008. There and Back Again

This column and my recent thinking about living in the present has been inspired by reading an unlikely book I found at the airport, *A New Earth*. The author writes about the difference between Ego—what we think in our heads, and Presence—our consciousness that is aware of the mind; the essential part of us that realizes we are "thinking."

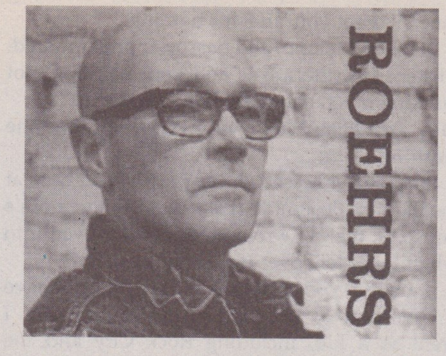
Once we are aware of the separation of thought from being, and how the Ego works, things become clearer.

We are not what we own, or the image we pretend to be. We are not our memories. We are not our thoughts. We are not even the things we have done or the things that have been done to us. We are not even our names, our bodies or what people think of us. Under it all, we simply are. Under it all, each of us is connected by the force of life. We are the energy of life. This philosophy has similarities with the ideas of Ralph Waldo Emerson and the transcendentalists in the early 19th century; the idea of the Over-Soul, a life force that connects every living thing. It also reminds me of talking to Wendy-O Matik, and her thoughts on love. We are not trapped by the past, but can choose how to precede, how to make this a better world; we will create a revolution of the heart. All of these philosophies are worth your time and attention, and I encourage you to look them up, to challenge how you think of yourself and interact with the world.

Thanks to everyone who wrote me last month. I appreciate your letters, it is great hearing from folks. It keeps me motivated to keep this column going, I'm in my sixth year now! Thanks as always to the hard working volunteer crew that puts out *MRR* every month. Independent media, and especially magazines, are becoming a rare breed, so your support of this fanzine is important. Without readers who buy it from a shop or get a subscription there would be no *MRR*. One thing I didn't throw out of my old room was my collection of old issues. I was surprised to find out I have almost every issue of *MRR* since #100, from about the time when I got into punk around 1991. Can't I let anything go?

Thanks to Citizen Fish for a wonderful tour riding the high seas in June. I'm sure Jessica will relate tales of tour and our adventures south of the border. As always, it was a thrill being part of their gang touring through the west, watching them play, and all the good times on the road. Cheers to Silas, Dick, Jasper, Jessica, Miguel, Robert, and of course, Phil! *Thanks for everything!*

Love and revolution, Erika (e_bitchcrew@yahoo.com)



War On the Streets

WARKRIME, those evil fucks from the San Francisco Bay Area, has a new EP for you cretins! The well-respected No Way Records label presents the *Tighten Up* EP in all its rough glory. WARKRIME is the essential band for your all-ages warehouse show. These shit-disturbers will wreak havoc on the cute milquetoast artist space you call punk! WARKRIME starts the ugly melee with "Tighten Up." Brace sings "They mistook my genius for stupidity." Fucking A! This is brute-punk with fucking balls! Fuck you melodic punks! WARKRIME would prefer to see your dental work rearranged! These bad human beings continue the assault with "I Used To Be A Punk" and "World War Three." In "World War Three," WARKRIME reminds you that, "You hipsters gonna be dust after World War Three / Your cat, your family, every one of your magazines gonna burn in World War Three / I can't wait! I can't wait!" On side-two WARKRIME finishes you pansies off with "Acid Reign." Fuck! "Acid Reign" has both slow menacing parts and frantic hardcore! For the grand finale, WARKRIME clobbers with a psychedelic nightmare that will confuse you close-minded little fucks! The WARKRIME cover of the LOVE song "Seven and Seven Is," from the '60s is stunning! Fucking brilliant! Get this record now! Order from No Way Records!

Fuck Yes! Mr. Timothy Brooks indicated in an earlier issue of *MRR* that the COCKSPARRER full-length is absolutely brilliant! He is correct! This opinion is firmly supported by every punk and skinhead that has investigated the new *Here We Stand* LP. The heady combination of street smarts and superior song writing hooks is the winning formula! The *Here We Stand* LP is chock full of melodic skinhead/punk anthems. One exhilarating track that stands head and shoulders above all of COCKSPARRER's contemporaries is "Gotta Get Out!" This shit is as urgent and relevant as *Runnin' Riot* was in it's day! Several labels are licensed by Captain Oi! Records (England) to issue COCKSPARRER's seven-inch records. Pirates Press Records from San Francisco is poised to release a *Spirit Of '76* 7" with special etched vinyl and a foil embossed label! TKO Records has a fine 7" out that features the excellent *Here We Stand* album track "True To Yourself" on side A. On the B-side is a live version of "Chip On Your Shoulder," recorded at the Great American Music Hall in San Francisco, California on February 12th, 2000. This live show is available as an LP *Runnin' Riot Across the USA* on TKO Records. The third label to offer a COCKSPARRER 7" is the Pure Punk label from France with their excellent "Did You Have A Good Life Without Me" 45. Yes Sir! TKO Records will be releasing the entire *Here We Stand* LP for the US market very soon!

In addition to the brilliant COCKSPARRER "True To Yourself" 45, TKO has a fucking storming new TEMPLARS 45 entitled "Out Of The Darkness." This is American skinhead music in its purest form!! Clear, clean and concise! These are the first new songs from THE TEMPLARS in several years! You will be quite pleased by the power of this new material! The title track on the A-side firmly reinforces THE TEMPLARS status as reigning heavyweight champions of all Oi! music! And the B-side allows you to bask in the rarified atmosphere of American skinhead glory! "Weighed Down" succeeds on the musical level with an infectious guitar, bass and drum chug. THE TEMPLARS deliver incisive lyrics about life as a working person in the modern world. THE TEMPLARS offer you the most important blue-collar anthems available from any band currently playing rock 'n' roll. Order immediately from TKO Records! Contact TKO at: 8941 Atlantic Ave #505, Huntington Beach, CA 92646, www.tkorecords.com.

THE TEMPLARS recently played a triumphant two-city blitzkrieg tour in Boston and New York. These men know how to stand a skinhead venue on its fucking ear! In Boston, the first night of the tour, THE TEMPLARS were treated like a national treasure (which they are)! Look at this set list! "Situation Critical," "Pawns In the Game," "Templars," "Bovver Boys," "Skins & Punks," "Night of the Seagulls," "My Revenge," "I Believe In Myself," "These Four Walls," "They Don't Care," "Victim," "War On the Streets," "Politicians," "Never Fade Away," "Coward," "You Decide," "Gunrunner," "The Glory it Once Was," "New York," "Skinheads Rule OK," "Freedom Has It's Price," "Make Your Mark," "Frontline," "True to the Cause," "Own Free Will," "A Change For the Worse," "Boredom." THE TEMPLARS scalded the Massachusetts skins with maybe half this list! The next night THE TEMPLARS played to their hometown skinheads at the Knitting Factory in New York City and played damn near every song listed above

Openers, THE BOILS, from Westchester, Pennsylvania got the skinhead punk rock rolling. Next, you got Alex and BATTLEZONE. BATTLEZONE kept the momentum flowing!! Many skinheads have never seen this legendary RAC band—with Phil on drums and Perry on bass, this "international skinhead threat" won over many new fans!! A special treat at the New York City show was a roaring set by Carolina skinheads, VANGUARD. VANGUARD played rough-and-ready skinhead music steeped in tradition and working class pride! Read VANGUARD's set list: "We Are Vanguard," "What We Bleed," "Brand New Boots," "United," "Fight To Win," "Greatest Nation," "Fuck the Blues," "I'm Not Gonna Go Down," "On the Run," "Patriot Action," "Blowing the

Lights Out," "Fence Walker," "PCL," "Survival of the Fittest." Boston's veteran punk hooligans TOMMY AND THE TERRORS were up next. This band is respected and admired throughout the United States and Europe! Three songs from these rowdy punks and you will be a fan forever! This is punk with the street sensibility that can only be earned from years of fussing and fighting in the rock 'n' roll gutters! The singer of TOMMY AND THE TERRORS is one of the most charismatic and animated performers in the rock 'n' roll business today!! This man will capture your attention with his larger than life stage presence! Fucking great!

The next skinhead musical celebration was offered by those fine German Oi! veterans, STOMPER 98. These guys wrote the book on how to throw a skinhead rock 'n' roll party! Look at the crazy material these journeymen rockers cranked out! "Helden Des Alltags," "Geweint & Gelacht," "Du Bist Wie Wir," "Jetzt Erst Recht," Schlag Zurück," "Identität," "Ultra Violence," "Vereint & Stark," "Lebenslauf," "Klänge & Gesänge," "Für Die Ewigkeit," "Way Of Life," "Boots Go Marching In," "From Göttingen To New York," " and a kick ass Bohse Onkelz." Fuck Yes!
Until next month, see you fucks at the bar!

it's a
fucking
guest
column
goddamn it

Exclusive Punks Will Die
Part One: 'Smash Ageism'
John Fahy

Everybody has the "my first band story" that they shake their head at. It's a mixture of pride and embarrassment. I was in a truly woeful, horrendous punk band when I was thirteen, and growing up in Long Island. We knew one power-chord that we used to write shitty, fast, punk songs. Our drummer could go fast, kind of, for a while. He sort of played a steady four-beat on the bass drum while his arms flailed as fast as they could on the high-hat and snare. An occasional crash cymbal blast was thrown in there at appropriate moments. Our singer had some fucking ignorant-ass lyrics—the kind a very spiteful, unpopular middle school kid going through puberty would write. We attempted to sound like FYP, who were pretty crappy overall, but we managed to make our thing a whole shitload worse.

We kept playing because we thought it was the best fucking thing ever. One day we were practicing in our singer Dan's basement, and after we were finished we started talking to his older sister, Kelly. She had been going to shows with us and got to know some older punks. Kelly was talking to one such dude, Brian, on the phone that day and he heard us playing in the background and asked about it. She told him that her little brother was in a punk band, and right off the bat he mentioned to her that he would be down for recording our demo.

This was kind of a big deal. Brian and his friends were punk dudes in their early 20s who knew a lot more about punk than we did, and they actually got shit done. We had never even played a show or talked to these guys. Brian and his friend Wells (Tipley who used to write a column in this very zine) ran Traffic Violation Records and had released three or four 7" records by local bands. Brian and Wells were also in the Striped Basstards, who played the first show we ever went to, which happened to be at a pizza place. We stared on in amazement as their guitar player Richie slid his fingers around the neck of his guitar faster than anyone we'd seen before and managed to sing at the same time. When not playing in their own band, they put out records by local bands that represented many different styles of punk rock. We bought every record these dudes' label had released; the Striped Basstards/Splurge split 7", the Splurge 7", and the compilation 7" with Splurge, the Howards, Kempleton, the Striped Basstards, the Disenchanted, and (wince) Checkerboard Charlie (as you may guess, Checkerboard Charlie was a ska band. This was 1996, don't forget. Have you ever looked at an issue of *MRR* from 1996 and reminded yourself of the atrocious glut of crap released in that era? Legions of heinous compilations with bands like Jughead's Revenge. Fuck me. Still, the long-past, endless classified ads section brings a nostalgic tear to the eye…). The next record they put out was a split from the cringe-worthy Checkerboard Charlie (whatever, I'm not going to lie. I ate it up at the time. No shame!), and the Howards, who were a bunch of pop punk kids. The Howards split gave me the hope that one day our band could have a record out on Traffic Violation, because they were dumb kids like us that were a little older, but still had songs about jerking off and other stupid shit like us. Their record had a drawing of them with the older punk kids that hung out in downtown Port Jefferson on the cover, and the back cover had a drawing of some stupid punk dude with patches of slogans and local punk bands. One such slogan was "smash ageism." I had never heard of ageism before and took it to mean bias on account of one's age. Being thirteen, I was totally behind "smash ageism," and was pretty happy that older punks were making the case for me on the back of their record sleeves.

We were told to go to Wells' house to record our demo. Dan's mom drove us and we unloaded our guitars and tiny amps and went down to the basement of Well's house. Wells and Brian were with their friend Juan, and the 4-track was ready to record. Brian's drums were already set up. They were kind of stunned that we wanted to do eight songs for the demo, and told us three or four was more common, but we had already narrowed it down from like fourteen, so we stuck with our initial plan. We did one track for music, playing everything live, and two tracks for vocals. While recording we became more aware of our deficiency of talent and musical ability when Brian and Wells requested take after take to get a decent recording. Our songs were pretty much verse-chorus-verse-chorus, as fast as possible, and never longer than two minutes. At the end of one song we had a decent kind-of-weird-part—Wells and Brian suggested a different idea for the drums to make it a lot catchier. Juan even danced while we recorded it. After recording we went to a health food store and ate free samples, hung out, and talked shit about punk, Star Wars, Jawbreaker, the Dead Kennedys, and other crap. Wells gave me a tape of the upcoming Striped Basstards stuff they were going to release (which I was really psyched to hear, and ended up being their best stuff), and our newly finished demo tape. We couldn't have been happier on our way home, and couldn't help but wonder why these dudes were being so cool to us.

After that I got to know Wells better by talking to him on the phone and seeing him at shows. Wells had a big ass distro full of records that I knew nothing about. Through reading his newsletters and talking to him I got into a shitload of awesome bands like M-Blanket and Plow United. Wells traded Traffic Violation releases for these records. That got me interested in the whole DIY underground thing. Discovering new bands reminded me that our band could be a lot fucking better. We wrote two new songs that were still crappy, but definitely better and tighter. In one of these songs, Dan had the lyrical ephiphany, "cops suck," an intuitive grasp of reality.

Around this time, Wells worked to get us our first show. We practiced constantly and eventually we got added to a local bill. The show was with three pop punk bands and a pain-in-the-ass drunk punk band, who we'll call Santiago 301, because that was their name. The morning before the show I got into a fight with my dad and left feeling pretty shitty. Was this an omen? We showed up really early—we were the only ones there and very nervous. It was an outdoors show at Cedar Beach, in one of those pavillion things with a concrete floor. Next to the stage you could buy hot dogs and other beach food. We were sitting at a picnic table and a kid ran up to us and asked for the line-up. We told him about our band, and he asked us, "Are you the Striped Basstards"? When we told him "no," he said, "oh," and ran back to his car and drove off. A bunch of kids showed up and we became more intimidated and uneasy. Wells and Brian showed up and it was nice to see some friendly faces. They set up their distro, and finally things started moving.

We hoped to play first, like any new band should, but kept getting pushed back in the line-up. Santiago 301 were getting the same treatment but didn't like it because they thought kids would leave early and miss them. We wanted to play early hoping that kids would miss us, and that was why we were worried. We finally found out we are playing *fourth*, and Santiago 301 is playing after us. Santiago spent their time waiting getting fuck-faced by their van and trying to intimidate the kid who set up the show so they can play earlier. The other bands that are playing suck too. They play pop punk that isn't fast and sing about love and stuff. In our judgement they are shittier because while they might know how to play, their aesthetic sucks. Finally our moment arrives.

We start off with a new song. Wells and Brian cheer us on. Some kids who befriended us before we started playing stay up front, one of which is a devastatingly cute girl. Juan dances for the weird-part song we recorded. Things are going quite well, pretty glorious. This could be the beginning of many more good times with this band! We cover an FYP song and nobody can tell, it seems. Then things start to take a turn for the worse. We still have shitty songs in the set list, which we play, and people migrate. Our new friends and the Traffic Violation crew suffer through it with smiles. We break strings, play a little more, and call it a day. Dan and I move our shit to the side of the pavillion and start commiserating with each other about our shittiness when our drummer comes over, shirtless, sweaty, and saying, "Man! That was fucking awesome!" Dan and I look at each other in horror and then laugh realizing that he really does have his shirt off and was being *that* guy, unbeknownst to us while we played.

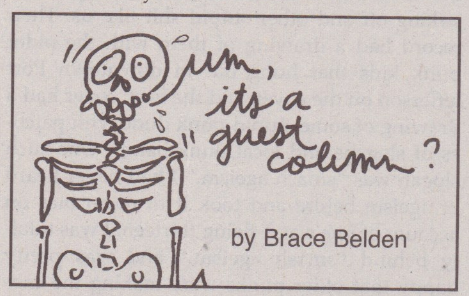
While Santiago sets up, we walk toward the beach, sit on the steps of the boardwalk, and give ourselves a hard time for not playing better. Santiago starts playing and the singer introduces their first song by saying, "I just wanna say that last band really sucked!" We hang our heads deeper, our dread and fear realized because someone finally made it vocal. Wells' distro table was next to where the bands played, and I hear him yell, *"you suck,"* and see him throwing pennies at the singer. Some nice dude comes over and tells us to nevermind, "Santiago are just dickheads." We head back over to see what's going to happen next, and then Juan pulls the plug on them. The shit hits the fan and some small skirmishes start to appear. I stand next to Juan and feel really bad for him while one of the girls that came to the show with Santiago repeatedly spits in his face when she's not screaming her head off at him. Everything dies down finally and Santiago leaves. The Traffic Violation dudes and our other friends cheer us up by buying a bunch of demos from us and putting our band's stickers on their cars. We leave the show feeling better, but still kind of bummed out. The next day the singer from Santiago 301 calls my parents' house looking for me. I pick up the phone and I'm shocked that he apologizes. Apparently Wells and Brian had kicked up a lot of shit about their attitude at the show, thus Santiago were worried about getting on D.I.Y. shows in the future. They wanted to make sure they stayed cool with everyone so they could continue to be pricks at a later date.

That was my first band's only show. Not because we were traumatized or any bullshit, but mainly just because we sucked and wanted to start a hardcore band anyway. But really the band doesn't matter, that's not the point. The point is Brian, Juan and Wells helped us out just because we were young punk kids and we had a band. They helped us out, included us, treated us like equals, and stood up for us when somebody started being a motherfucker. We weren't cool, and didn't ever hang out with them outside of shows. They just thought it was awesome that we were young and into punk rock. They the type of guys that would spot you cash at the diner just because you were a punk kid. They wanted you to get more involved in shit that ruled. Just because. Growing up in suburban Long Island was the worst, most boring shit ever, and getting involved with punk made sense and helped me feel at home. Getting to know these older kids, and them making me feel that much more included, respected and appreciated regardless of my age or previous contribution totally solidified in my mind that this was where I belonged. Because I was lucky enough to have that kind of an introduction, I seethe when I see any trace of elitism or exclusivity in punk and hardcore, and that's what I'll be bitching about in the next column—part two.

I don't know the last time that I showed younger punks the kind of solidarity I'm talking about, but I'm going to start trying to return the favor.

ENDNOTES:

1. By the time this prints the horror movie zine will be out, it's a split with *Mixtapers Do It Better* #3, which rules, send me a buck postage for one.
2. WE NEED TO TALK 7" EPs are available for $5 postage paid from me. This is really fast/sludgy good stuff from Baton Rouge, with vocals reminiscent of SCROTUM GRINDER.
3. Next will be the DIVISIONS 7"; furious, nasty, heavy, mean hardcore. Period.
4. Any bands that play noisy, discordant hardcore should send me demos. I love anything that sounds like it was an influence to or influenced by BORN AGAINST the most.
5. John Fahy / 15011 Lakeside View Drive / Apt. 2402 / Fort Myers / FL 33919.


um, its a guest column?

by Brace Belden

Before me is a bland wasteland. It stretches as far as my eyes can see, drenching me not in the qualities it possesses (for they are too few to mention, let alone observe), but in the features it lacks. If I glance behind me, which for purposes of this article I do, I will notice a pathetic oasis that has long lost its luster. That is now past the point of wane and wither, having settled into the uncomfortable position as a shelter for the type of garbage people that it once espoused the execution of. The positions to my left and right are empty, and it is in this company I step forward, gaily and happily, into the desert. Such is the life, the destiny, the curse of the Last Punk.

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As most people have probably surmised by the prevalence of goatees worn by people who would tout themselves (and be described by others) as punk—that hallowed—hollow genre, which so many morons have stood steadfastly by is over and done with, dead and gone, out the door and into the gutter. Laid to rest by the very people it once proclaimed vague victory over. Now a limp shell, trampled upon by legions of Pissed Jeans and Citizen Fish in a sick traitor dance, proving that the enemy was within our ranks all along. But where did it go wrong? Old timers claim the Sex Pistols show at Winterland here in San Francisco, but that can't be it! Did hardcore do it, with its legions of buzz-cut goons taking the smug intellectualism of punk and flushing it down the toilet (which doubled as their house)? Did the skinheads do it, breaking punk's back and Jello's legs in one fell swoop? Did grunge do it—did Courtney Love do it, killing El Duce and Kurt Cobain with a sweep of her long-nailed hand? It was *all'a* those things, plus punks built-in self-destruction, because once it stopped "freaking the squares" (when Devo got popular and that one no-neck started shitting all over Black Flag) it became bland, another neat subculture that fits snugly in between hippie and raver. Like all other movements of the sort, punk failed to reach its peak, and its muddled agenda was quietly co-opted by someone or another. It shorted out before it really got electric ("What *about* '77?" I'm not talking about two hundred junkies spazzing at the Whiskey, I'm talking about *six billion* people losing *control*!), became another music genre instead of the atom bomb.

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No shit, Mickey. It is just music. It's five chords and a drum fill—it's a plastic fifteen-dollar bass and a cover of "Bodies." As of now it's nothing to no one, but sometimes it's a pathetic attempt by a group of flipped-hat spoiled brats to pretend that it's 1983, and they're not seeing Government Warning. They're seeing Youth Brigade or another pop punk band. Perhaps you'd like to disagree. Your point would be, of course, invalid. Anyone who claims punk isn't dead, obviously hasn't heard of Mika Miko or No Age (tell your mamas and your papas... punk is safer than three condoms and a chastity belt), but I'll let you have the floor, if only for a moment. This is your response:

***

"You claim punk is dead because you are out of touch with the scene! Because you don't believe in it! Punk is alive—there's a DIY scene and I love, and I mean *love*, Appalachian Terror Unit! Punk is alive because young, discontented kids can still get into something that's not mainstream! Go to a Gilman meeting! Buy something from Havoc Records"! I understand that this is an unfair caricature of a response, but it's what I have to stick with to cover all of the points, which I will effectively refute here:

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Sadly I am not out of touch with the scene. I played, formerly, in famous hardcore group Warkrime, and came in contact with all sorts of awful bands and people in that time. For some sick, sad, sorry reason, I lazily keep up with new groups and scenes, but this is possibly out of some deep-rooted sense of needing to belong to a large mass of people. The second point—that I don't believe in punk—is also untrue. While I can't say that it has my absolute faith, there's a certain *je ne sais quoi* that attracts me to the childish brutes that form the punk community. However, asking whether I "believe" in something as abstract as punk is an arbitrary question, so I rescind my response and you can bury that issue next to your self-respect. As for DIY, it doesn't mean shit from Sunday, as any asshole can Jay Reatard himself up two-chords and slap them onto MySpace. That's pretty Do-it-yourself, and you don't even have to waste my time by shitting out a slab (i.e. Homostupids). It's not a sign of punk martyrdom that your band put out a 7" on Gnarly Slaughter records (in that case, it'd be a sign of stupidity), it's expected. After all, do you think Def Jam wants to sign your Charles Bronson copycat band? DIY isn't virture—DIY is your only choice. More on that when I got the time…

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The final question on the tip of your tongue is harder to pluck off and throw into the answer-trash: "Why, if you're the "Last Punk" and all, are you trying to prove there's precisely 1,977 (or 82 or maybe even 94, if you're really unfortunate) nails in punks coffin?" You're missing the whole point! It's a metaphor you moron, and now it's ruined because I had to point that out. I quit.

SAN DIEGO—There's a debate in the media about the recession. On the right are those who say that the economy has never been better. Not so fast, says the official left: we've (just) started a recession.

Phil Gramm, McCain's former economic advisor, leads the School of Sunny Optimism. "This is a mental recession," said Gramm. "We may have a recession, we haven't had one yet. We have sort of become a nation of whiners." Given his day job, you have to admire his attitude. UBS Investment Bank, which employs Gramm as its vice chairman, was recently forced to write off $38 billion in bad debts because of its exposure to the sub-prime mortgage meltdown, wiping out all its profits since 2004.

Economists are mildly pessimistic. In April, Fed chairman Ben Bernanke conceded that a recession was possible. Stuart Hoffman, chief economist at PNC Financial Services Group, believes that unemployment and other data for the first quarter of 2008 marks the official start of a recession. "It is now very clear that the fat lady has sung for the economic expansion. The country has slipped into a recession," he said, articulating the mainstream view that we're about to embark on a bumpy ride.

Recession? We've been in a recession since 2000.

Forget the experts. They think telling the grisly truth about the state of the U.S. economy could make things even worse—and they're probably right. But Americans know the truth.

Every major indicator—jobs, wages and cost of living—has trended downward since the dot-com crash of 2000. Since then it has been nearly impossible to sell a home, find a job, or get a raise. Rising inflation is tightening the squeeze. Whoever becomes president next year will inherit an economy beginning its ninth year in a downward spiral.

The official inflation rate of two to three percent is a lie, and it has been for years. Presidents Reagan and Clinton ordered the Bureau of Labor Standards to change the way it calculates the Consumer Price Index. Previously they compared the prices of the same items from one year to the next. Now, in order to cheat senior citizens out of cost-of-living increases on their Social Security payments, the government uses a "substitutions" analysis. "The consumer price index assumes that if prices get too high, consumers will start buying cheaper products," reports *The San Diego Union-Tribune*. For instance, if steak gets too expensive, they will switch to ground beef."

Steve Reed, an economist at the Bureau of Labor Standards, freely concedes that the change makes inflation look lower than it is. He also admits its motivation: "Even if the CPI was one percentage point higher, it could cost the government hundreds of millions of dollars."

John Williams, an economic consultant who publishes the monthly newsletter "Shadow Government Statistics," calculates that "inflation is actually running at an annualized rate of 9.95 percent." Inflation has been rising since 2002.

The U.S. economy must create 150,000 new jobs a month (1.8 million annually) just to keep up with population growth. Anything less represents a net jobs loss.

The Clinton years saw the creation of 236,500 new jobs per month—a net increase of more than 8 million over eight years. As of 2007, the Bush era saw just 70,000 jobs per month—a net loss of more than 7 million. Bush has brought us back to 1992, when his father lost over his own recession.

Among those who still have jobs, they're not getting raises that keep up with Williams' inflation rate. Median household income, adjusted for the government's lowball inflation rate, is down since 2001.

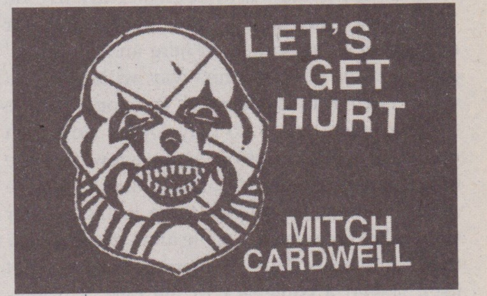
Even white-collar workers, traditionally insulated by advanced degrees, are getting slammed by the eight-year-long recession.

"Wage stagnation, long the bane of blue-collar workers, is now hitting people with bachelor's degrees for the first time in 30 years," reported *The Los Angeles Times* in 2006. "Earnings for workers with four-year degrees fell 5.2 percent from 2000 to 2004 when adjusted for inflation, according to White House economists... [people with master's and other advanced degrees] have found that their inflation-adjusted wages were essentially flat between 2000 and 2004." There's no reason to believe that this trend has reversed.

It takes two consecutive quarterly drops in the GDP, say economists, to make a recession official. But, as with porn, Americans know a recession when they see one. And this one is eight years old.

There are only two real questions. The first is whether Russian president Dmitri Medvedev is right. The U.S., he said recently, is in "essentially a depression." The second is whether John McCain, Barack Obama, or anyone else is willing to do something meaningful about it.

(Ted Rall is the author of the book *Silk Road to Ruin: Is Central Asia the New Middle East?*, an in-depth prose and graphic novel analysis of America's next big foreign policy challenge.)



The whole point of *Let's Get Hurt* was to reinvestigate the good work Icki did with his column years ago: exposing new punk records from around the world while acting as a buyer's guide for what was, at least a couple of years ago, commonly referred to as "garage punk." For the purposes of the *MRR* readership, that term, now meaningless unless you play Farfisa-driven costume party music, encompassed non-spiky punk rock of the '70s-inspired variety, as well as lo-fi playfulness, artful splashes, notorious retro musings and whatever else that was rock-based yet couldn't be called D-beat, hardcore, pop-punk or grind. After a year-long sloth-bender, the kind *MRR* brain trust approached me to start the column up again, citing the lack of coverage of these genres currently in these pages. The problem is that *Let's Get Hurt* can't exist now, for the same purposes, as it did then.

A week ago, I spent around 30 minutes attempting to pre-order a JAY REATARD 7" single on the Internet…TWICE. The demand for this 7" record essentially crashed the website of a pretty fucking big record company (Matador Records), flooding the site with so much traffic that the label was forced to pull a do-over, canceling all sales and re-booting 24 hours later. When they tried it again, the Internet message board hype-machine had spun the demand for the record to a level drastically higher than it was just 24 hours previous. Naturally, the site crashed again and the single sold out instantaneously while most folks were left fruitlessly hitting the refresh buttons on their browsers. The news of artists like FUCKED UP and Mr. Reatard hooking up with big labels has already been discussed in these pages and it's not a debate of much concern to me here… sorry. What I find much more fascinating, much more newsworthy and much more important in the grand scheme of things is that, in 2000-and-fucking-8, the demand for a 7" record was high enough to topple the servers of a well-funded, major record company. *That* many people went after a 45 pre-order. It's fucking bonkers.

Now I know the artist in question is quite popular and all, but who the fuck could've ever predicted this level of nail-biting and gotta-have-it-itis for *any* 7", especially one released by a major label? The obvious scum viewpoint revolves around the whole buy-to-flip principle: buy up instant collectables early and sell on eBay for inflated sums immediately. A $4 7" purchase can easily yield an $80 resale one week later now, assuming you project the hype and collectability correctly. If you buy new punk records, this is the world you currently live in. You don't have the luxury of waiting for reviews or to see an ad in here and then mail order shit the old fashioned way, with cash or a money order in a stamped envelope. You're fucking toast, jack… no way. Debut singles in pressings of 500 or less need only a few message board posts or choice, immediate webzine record reviews to catapult them to high-dollar status. Are there more people after this shit now than there were 5 or 10 years ago? Has vinyl itself staged a comeback in the face of downloading? Can you actually make a living projecting value and flipping records for large sums to unsuspecting and/or overly-impulsive record buyers? The answer to all these questions is a booming YES, and it's gonna be like this for the foreseeable future.

Say this column returns on a monthly basis. 90% of the records I'd discuss would be unavailable by the time *MRR* hit the shelves. This is an obvious effect of the whole print media vs. Internet debate. If you read about a record here and it peaked your interest enough to seek it out, more than likely you'd find that it's obtainable only via internet auction for $50, and you'd rightfully be fucking pissed off. Folks who pull the buy-to-flip scheme and the schmoes who pay inflated sums for a just-released record on eBay drive the prices and interest up drastically. If you want to buy new punk singles like a "normal" person now, you need an Internet connection, a Paypal account and several hours to kill, visiting online distros, MySpace and message boards. You can't wait for *MRR*… unless you wanna pay double, triple or worse. It sucks.

All that said, I'm a record collector, I fucking LOVE records. Not only do I love records, but I cream my fucking fat-guy jeans over limited colored vinyl pressings, sleeve variants, side projects, handmade packaging, artyfacts of dubious origin and all the other little tricks and nuances that can make already-great records into the kind of thing drool-worthy. So I play the game, pre-ordering any title on my radar that applies to my broad spectrum of taste. I'm a dork and pay waaaay more attention to this crap than most but, as Matador's pre-order debacle proved, people are buying lots of new vinyl again. The die-hards have to fight just as hard as the newbies for any given record.

At one point earlier this year, I had a few hundred dollars out in pending orders for new releases. I counted and, in a single month, I bought 60 new releases from varying sources that were scheduled to arrive at my PO Box. That's NEW releases, not KBD rarities or anything. I never buy-to-flip, so it's single copies only for my own personal enjoyment and anal, pathetic collecting. 60 records in a month. That's just fucking ridiculous and, at that point, you end up with more than you can actually listen to and process in any reasonable amount of time. That, my friends, is what's known as a vinyl glut. My listening tastes didn't change drastically, as I've always had proclivities toward the off, adventurous discs just as I've had toward meat and potatoes punk... but that's a vinyl glut if I've ever heard of one, even approaching the early-to-mid '90s glut of pop-punk singles and whatnot. The ferocity with which people are buying vinyl is at a high compared to the past 5 years, and a shitload of it is being released to quench the thirst. Too much? Fuck... probably.

By my closest estimation, we're in a whirlwind right now and I see no timely way to navigate us out. I still envision the column as a buying guide of some sort, though one that sorta sifts though the glut and relays information on what you simply can't do without musically. With me, collector nerd aspects will be unavoidable, but won't be the sole motivation. Buying habits might be though… we'll see.

When I let the column hang and dry last year, the biggest names on our end were JAY REATARD, A-FRAMES and THE BLACK LIPS, acts who are no longer eligible for coverage in *MRR*. The gates have been thrown wide open for more adventurous fare though, as trusted labels like S-S, Siltbreeze and In The Red continue to produce amazing records every year, along with a whole slew of new labels that keep shit vital enough for me not only to be interested, but totally won over. If you're looking to play catch-up on anything that *Let's Get Hurt* failed to make mention of during the hiatus, the principal acts I would point you toward are: PINK REASON, THE WAX MUSEUMS, BLANK DOGS, VIVIAN GIRLS, THOMAS FUNCTION, THE ELECTRIC BUNNIES, BILLY BAO, EAT SKULL, THE HOSPITALS, SIC ALPS, EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING, TYVEK and probably 100 more. Want their records now? Search eBay with their name and include the search tags of *KBD PUNK, TERMBO, HOZAC, SSLD* or any other trusted favorite. Get ready to punch something when you see your search results too. We'll start anew every other month... things are moving faster now.

MITCH CARDWELL / letsgethurt@yahoo.com / PO BOX 23882, Oakland, CA 94623, USA

SOAKED IN JUSTIN'S BLOOD.

So tomorrow I turn 30 years old. I always thought I'd be bummed to see this day come, but I'm actually really excited for it. Punks, cover your ears, but I'm kinda excited to "grow up." Not surprisingly, this approaching milestone reminded me of something from my youth, and not a nice thing either. When I was in sixth grade I got busted for selling M-80s (those are really powerful fireworks for those that don't know) that I stole from my dad's closet to this kid on the school bus. The only reason I got nicked is 'cause it just so happened that a handful of other kids also brought fireworks to school that day and used them to set the downstairs boy's bathroom on fire. Obviously this whipped the administration into a frenzy to find out who had the fireworks in school that day. So, yeah, I got pinched and ended up with a seven-day outhouse suspension. That meant that I had to stay home from school for seven school days. It wasn't as fun as it sounds, I assure you. The reason I was thinking of this is because Rachel, the girl that gave our names up to the principal, was killed about a year later by an acid-crazed nutjob that lived on her street when he hit her in the head with a cast-iron frying pan. About seven years later I was a freshman in college and sitting in my dorm room doing homework with the TV on when I hear the names of Eric and Chris, the two other kids that were busted that same day with fireworks at my school. They had just been arrested for killing a group of girls in some state park in New Hampshire. So, out the four people involved in that crackdown, I am the only one that still has my freedom. I may have no money and no future but at lest I'm not dead or in jail. Things ain't all that bad I guess. Now on to the noise!

****

Lebenden Toten played a two day stint here in the Bay at the beginning of July, and while I had seen them mucho times in the years I lived in Portland—and they were always great—never have I been as impressed as I was with their set at Gilman earlier this month. Maybe it was watching Randy tower above everyone else in the crowd while dancing and singing along to his former band. Or maybe it was the mood. Whatever factors you pin it on, everything was in place to hit me on all the right levels. The feedback was vicious through the mammoth new sound system and the band's energy level was top notch. The night before the Gilman show, Leb Totes turned in another stellar set, though this time in the much more intimate setting of the basement of Thrillhouse records. Opening the show was the debut of a new Bay Area band, Morpheme. This band of younger cats really blew me away. Their set was a blinding feedback soaked screaming mess–It was loose as could be but was devastating nonetheless. Then, I got home and put on their demo... holy crap! Where the live set was sloppy in all the right ways, this demo is a laser-guided ear-bleeding attack on the senses. Keep a lookout for this band and see my review in the demo section for more. It's been an all-around killer year for shows around here, with Walls still holding the belt, Lebenden Toten, Needles, Straightjacket Nation, and the last Jump Off A Building show are also among the best I've ever witnessed. The bar has truly been raised.

****

How could I let this column go by without mentioning such a momentous event as a new Gauze LP? *Puh-leez.* As I stated a few months back, there's a clause in *MRR's* rules for review material that states an album can only be reviewed once in a years time regardless of format or label, so, often times really worthy releases have to get the slip. This year a few bonzers have fallen prey to this rule; Skitkids LP, Unseen Force LP, Reality Crisis LP, and now the fifth LP from the long running gods of Japanese hardcore, Gauze all saw reviews of CD releases less than 12 months earlier. I probably don't really have to mention how good this Gauze LP is, but I've actually heard complaints about this record... Do you people have brains? Or ears? Jesus Christ. To my ears, on this fifth LP, Gauze picks up right where they left off—playing hyper blasts of crazy stop 'n' go hardcore that makes everyone else look like amateurs. Dynamics up the fuckin' ass! I mean, fuck, some of these dudes are *grandfathers*, and they have more energy than most high school basketball teams. This record smokes, as I knew it would. Not only has Mr. Prank brought us this masterpiece this month but also Paintbox *Singing, Shouting, Crying* and *Earthball Sports Tournament* vinyls and the new World Burns to Death LP—all monsters. I can only imagine the work involved in getting these four crucial albums out at once. Take the time for a pat on the back, Ken.

This month also saw a new LP from a band that I think is one of the most underrated hardcore acts on the planet, Extortion. 2006 saw their debut LP *Degenerate* which was followed in 2007 with the *Control* 7", and now in 2008 they've dropped their *Sick* LP. This beast is Extortion's most tumultuous, powerful, and direct work yet. Coming so close to what one would call power violence, this is just mean and angry hardcore of the most violent order. (Violent like an earthquake, not a drunk redneck.) Another band that normally exists somewhere in the same sphere of influence as Extortion is Hatred Surge. The reason I say "normally exists," is because Hatred Surge's "Servant / Bestial" 45 that dropped this month is a real departure from the usual Inglewood-influenced power violence style of Hatred Surge's other releases. This record is pretty much as heavy as it gets. The A-side, "Servant," follows its vocal and feedback opening with a part that is almost jazzy in its discord before trampling all with a thundering boom. The tension in this track is really amplified by the spaces between the notes, not to say that the notes themselves aren't heavy as all get out. "Beastial," on the flip is similar in its uncomfortable neanderthal-ish (not the band) bluntness. This is brutish music for brutes, to say the least. Every single time I listen to Hatred Surge, on any record, it amazes me that Alex plays every instrument on these recordings. A true master. Sash Mori rules!

justin@maximumrocknroll.com and deadstareforlife.blogspot.com

NOTHING EVER LASTS

CISSIE

I've avoided telling any personal stories in this column thus far, but this time around I'm writing about my initial exposure to punk and what led up to it. Generic? Yep, but I enjoy reading tales about people's early punk experiences. Be forewarned that my story doesn't contain any wild-and-crazy-times type bent. I was a high school loser living in rural America before the internet existed, so I consider myself lucky that I found a way to avoid perennially climbing the corporate ladder at Lowe's or some shit.

During my earliest years, my family moved a lot. My dad was in the army and we were frequently re-stationed. After being born in Anniston, Alabama, I lived in Greece, Texas, and Hawaii. I spent my high school years knee-deep in dirty, lonesome southeastern Alabama. I did not live in Mobile, Huntsville, Auburn, Birmingham, or anywhere near any sort of metropolis. Not many people that I know have spent much time in rural Alabama, especially the corner of the state that I lived in.

We moved to Enterprise first. Right after we settled into our house, these perfectly blond Christian kids came to welcome my family and I to the neighborhood. They were blank-eyed and boring and they kind of scared me. They invited me to church because they went three days a week. I declined, and purposefully avoided ever seeing them again. I didn't like my new surroundings at all, and I had a hard time making friends. Living in such a regionally isolated, culturally disconnected place gave me some focus. I wanted to get the fuck out before I was eaten alive. I was afraid of being stuck in that town staring at the red dirt for the rest of my life. I imagined a future of finding ways to avoid all the Christians and deafen the perpetual silence. I rarely left my bedroom during my teen years. I didn't want to get chomped up. I didn't want a reason to stick around. Better to sit in my bedroom listening to tapes and daydreaming than make too many friends.

When I was 13 my parents began mortgaging a house in a residential nook of a town called Level Plains (just outside of Enterprise). Our backyard ended where someone else's farm began. There were twelve or so houses that encompassed the neighborhood we lived in, and the rest was as the name of the town suggested. 2000 or so people lived in Level Plains, but we were all scattered about with sizable farms separating each neighborhood from one another. Back then Level Plains had one traffic light and one gas station with no other commerce or landmarks. Being a teenager, the isolation was unnerving. I would literally turn on an oscillating fan at bedtime to drown out the quiet.

I liked music, but I mostly listened to metal, and I loved Suicidal Tendencies. I bought their first cassette because they were my favorite band and I needed to own everything. I thought it was really cool and different from anything that I owned, but I didn't set out to find other music similar to it. Eventually, on one of my weekly journeys to the record store in the Dothan mall, I decided that I wanted to buy a Black Flag CD. I was intrigued by the cover art on *Damaged*, but I was with my mom and I knew that she would have words to stay about the skinhead breaking the mirror. I didn't want to argue, so I bought *Wasted...Again* instead. I was genuinely confused by it—to the point that I *had* to buy *Damaged*, just to try to figure this band out. The revolving line-up made no sense, and the first couple songs on *Wasted...Again* were the rawest things I had ever heard. I thought "Six Pack" was the coolest song in the world, and "Wasted" was the weirdest.

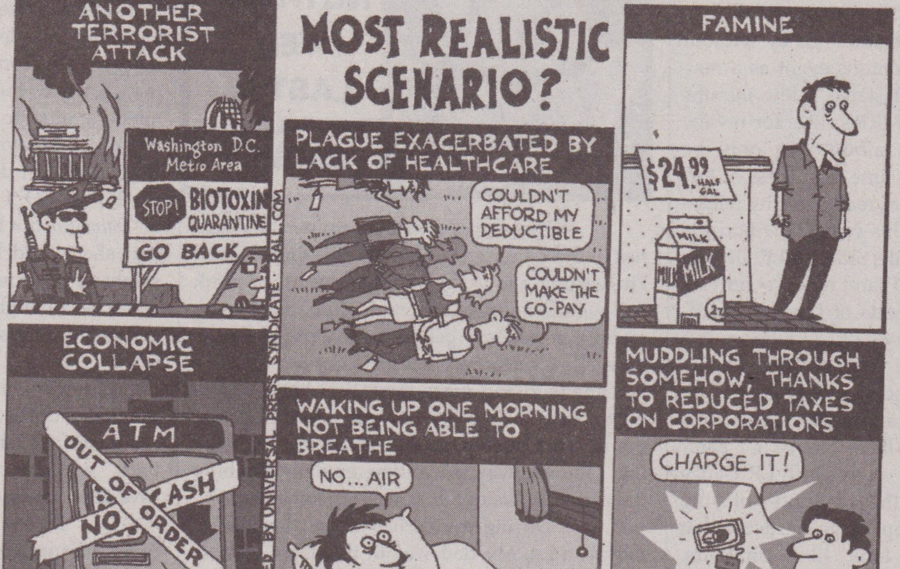
In the coming months I began the mailordering frenzy. I got stuff by Bad Religion, DKs (who never blew me away), Minor Threat, Germs, Descendents, Minutemen, *The Best of Touch of Go Fanzine* (which was hugely influential), *Dischord: Year in Seven Inches*, Faith/Void, etc. All the usual suspects, but listening to all these bands and trying to discover new ones made living in Level Plains way more bearable. Eventually, I went to my first punk show with my friend Sabrina. I can't remember if the show was in Enterprise or New Brockton, but I know that the bands were Thundarr and the Barbarians (Matt Walker from Nashville sang in this Dothan-based punk band), Car Jack and Jill (Enterprise teenagers), and some other band whose name I've forgotten in the last 15 years. There's not much of a story to tell about the show itself, except that Matt gets really embarrassed when I bring it up.

***

Hopefully everyone has taken note of the new ad and domestic subscription rates that will take affect next issue. It was a hard decision to make, but *MRR* has not raised its ad prices in many years and our subscription price is still barely meeting cost. In contrast, the price of postage, printing, and rent goes up every single year. The cost of making the magazine has increased dramatically, and we need to make up some of that lost money somehow. Our ad rates are comparatively still really low. Plus, we have devised a deal for any advertiser that wants to buy ads in advance. If advertisers pay up front for four months worth of ads, then they will be charged the former rate. Write ads@maximumrocknroll.com to inquire about this deal or to ask any questions that you might have concerning ads. Elsewise, the new rates are in effect from #305 on. I'm really sorry to bring the bad news, but hopefully everyone understands.

***

Now for some good news. We are working on some exciting theme issues that should all come out within the next six months. First, we are doing a special issue focusing on punks and film. We will talk to punks that have been involved in the film making process, such as Joe Losurdo, director of *You Weren't There*, KK Barrett from the Screamers, and Joe Rees from Target Video. There will also be histories and filmographies discussing other celluloid punk sightings (*Rodrigo D, Ladies and Gentlemen: The Fabulous Stains*, etc). In the next few months, we will also have an issue dedicated to the ever-perplexing world of health. This issue is in memory of Lance Hahn and was the brainchild of Lance's partner Liberty, as well as Arwen Curry. Many stories will be told, funny and frightening, that touch on health issues that affect punks. Look for the ad elsewhere in this issue, and get in touch at mrr@maximumrocknroll if you'd like to contribute. The third theme issue that we are working on will hopefully dismay all the doomsayers and their suggestion that print media is dead. Expect conversations with zinesters (*Z-Gun, Distort, Razorcake*, etc), web zinesters (*Shit-Fi, Terminal Boredom*, etc), authors (Erick Lyle), publishers (Re/Search), and bookstores (Needle and Pens) to get answers, ideas, and insight about the current state of print media. I promise all of these issues will be more exciting than my words entail.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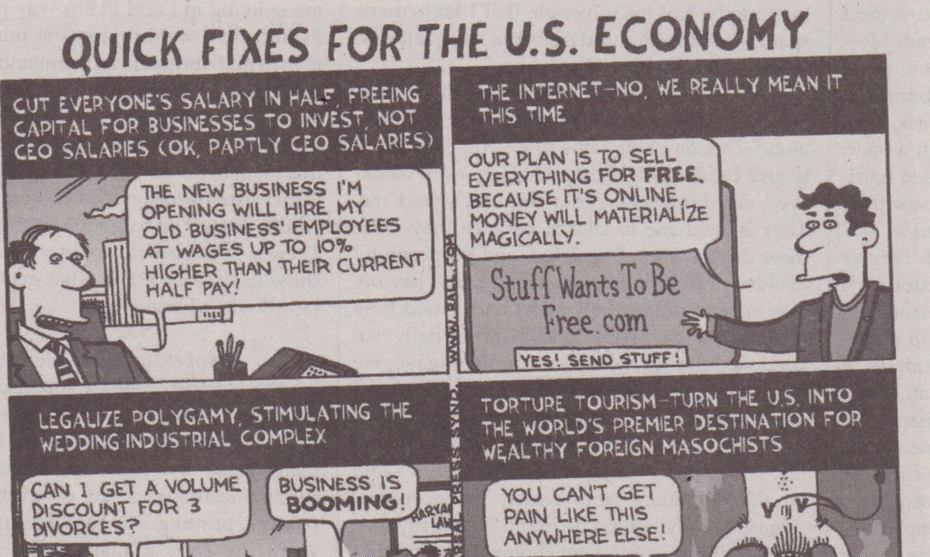
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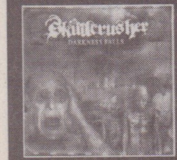
BSR 006 **DISTRUST** *"World Of Tommorow"* CD

DISTRUST are Singaporean crusties was formed in 1999 with greatly influenced by Discharge, Doom, ENT and UK crust punk band and Swedish HC as well. This CD contains 17 tracks full of d-beat/crust. Comes with 8 pages booklet glossy cover and silver stamp logo.



BSR 007 **SKULLCRUSHER** *"Darkness Falls"* CD

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BSR 009 **DISCOVER** *"Stench Of Death"* CD

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BSR 008 **NUCLEAR DEATH TERROR** - s/t CASSETTE

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BSR 010 **WARVICTIMS** – "Until Man Exist No More" CASSETTE

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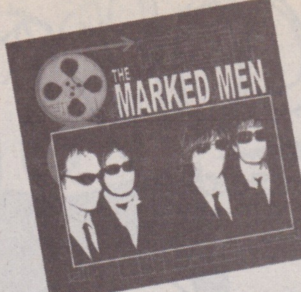

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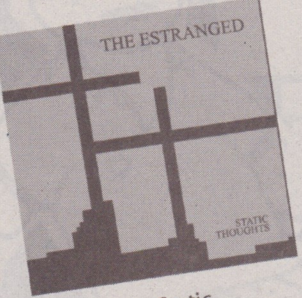

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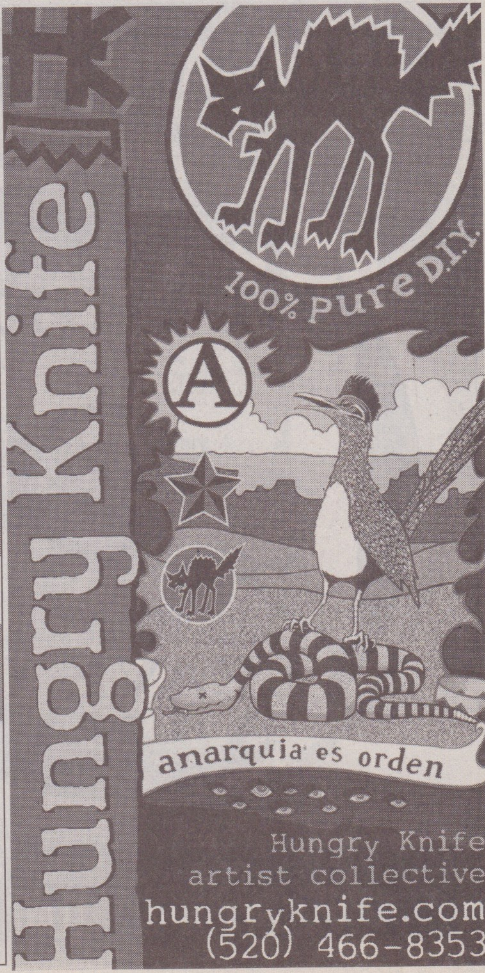

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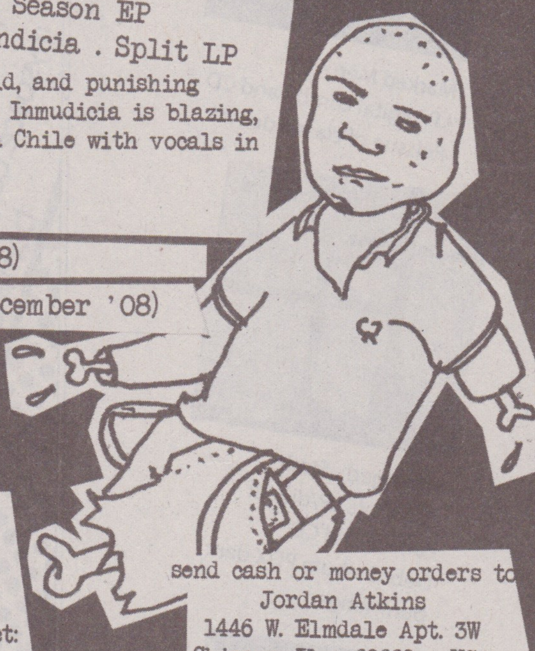
No Slogan . LP (August '08)
Canadian Rifle . LP (December '08)

upcoming tours

Solid Decline (germany)
w/ Canadian Rifle
July/August '08



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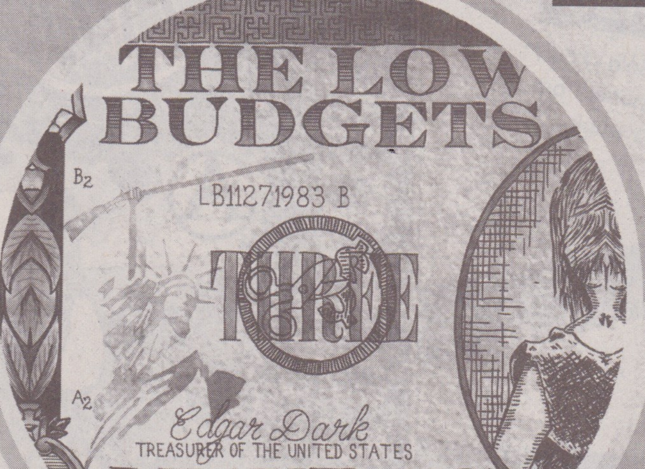

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☆ - RIMBAUD & I WENT TO ART SCHOOL TOGETHER ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF LONDON & WE STARTED WORKING TOGETHER IN THE 60'S & WE STILL DO - PEN & I HAD A BAND BEFORE CRASS - EXIT - WE WERE ALWAYS EXPERIMENTING WITH WAYS OF COMMUNICATING IDEAS - IT WAS MUCH MORE SITUATIONIST PERFORMANCE TYPE STUFF - I USED TO PLAY AN INSTRUMENT THAT WAS A STRIPPED DOWN PIANO - I WOULD LAY IT FLAT & SIT IN THE MIDDLE OF IT & THERE WAS A PICK-UP IN THE STRINGS - SINCE MY WORK WITH CRASS I HAVE DONE MORE PERSONAL WORK - MORE INTIMATE TO MY IMMEDIATE SURROUNDINGS

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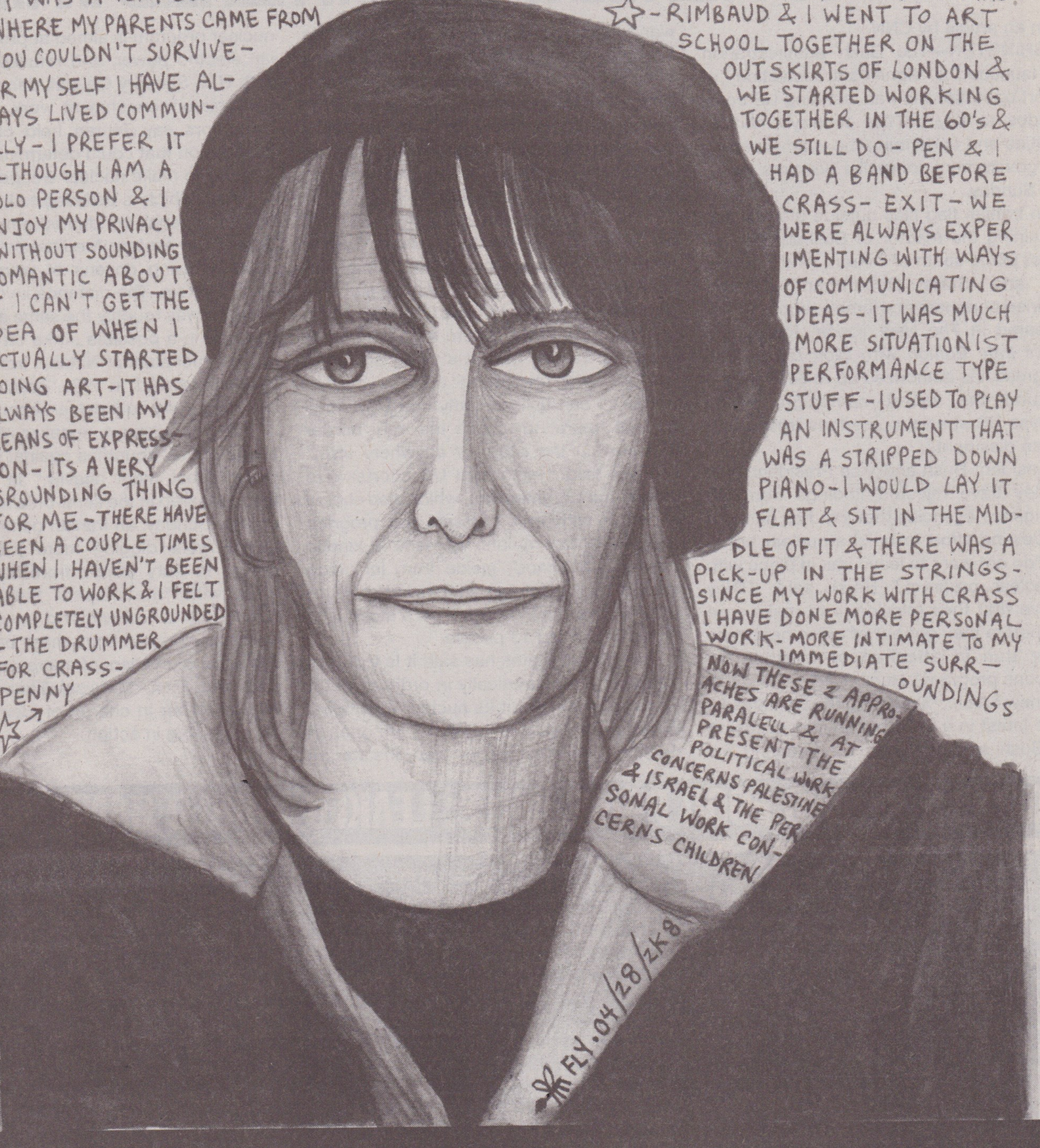

Gee Vaucher - 04/28/2K8 - Lower East Side NYC

I first saw Gee's artwork in association with Crass - one of the original UK DIY punk bands - her collage work was so intense - very brutally honest & it really helped to open my eyes & make me want to question what was happening in the world - then this past April 2K8 I was doing a show with Penny Rimbaud at the 123 Center in Bed-Stuy & Gee walked in the door - I was really thrilled & probably stuttered but I convinced her to come to my squat aka home-in-stead so that I could PEOPs her - she told me about new projects that she is working on & showed me some of her latest paintings which are incredible - I think we talked for a long time but it seemed to go really fast - if you have not seen Gee Vaucher's artwork then please go & find it! - xfly - ps - to contact Fly email: fly@bway.net (put MRR in the subject so I know it's not spam) or snail Fly PO Box 1318 Cooper Stn., NYC, NY 10276 USA (I LOVE snail mail!!) for Fly zines - Dog Dayz #1 & #2 or PEOP(le)s Zines you can order cheap! from www.microcosmpublishing.com & stay tuned for new postcard book & new PEOPs book coming asap! from PM Press - www.pmpress.org - (fuck!) up the punx!!

MRR NEWS

MRR NEWS FOR ISSUE #304 COMPILED BY ARIEL CELESTE

REPORT: US PREPARING THE BATTLEFIELD IN IRAN

From an article by CNN

WASHINGTON—The Bush administration has launched a "significant escalation" of covert operations in Iran, sending US commandos to spy on the country's nuclear facilities and undermine the Islamic republic's government, journalist Seymour Hersh said Sunday.

An Iranian flag flies outside the building containing the reactor of Bushehr nuclear power plant, south of Tehran. White House, CIA and State Department officials declined comment on Hersh's report, which appeared in *The New Yorker*. Hersh told CNN's *Late Edition with Wolf Blitzer* that Congress has authorized up to $400 million to fund the secret campaign, which involves US special operations troops and Iranian dissidents.

President Bush and Vice President Dick Cheney have rejected findings from US intelligence agencies that Iran has halted a clandestine effort to build a nuclear bomb and "do not want to leave Iran in place with a nuclear program," Hersh said. "They believe that their mission is to make sure that before they get out of office next year, either Iran is attacked or it stops its weapons program," Hersh said.

The new article, "Preparing the Battlefield," is the latest in a series of articles accusing the Bush administration of preparing for war with Iran. He based the report on accounts from current and former military, intelligence, and congressional sources. Watch Hersh discuss what he says are the administration's plans for Iran "As usual with his quarterly pieces, we'll decline to comment," White House spokesman Gordon Johndroe told CNN.

"The CIA, as a rule, does not comment on allegations regarding covert operations," CIA spokesman Paul Gimigliano said. Ryan Crocker, the US ambassador in Baghdad, denied US raids were being launched from Iraq, where American commanders believe Iran is stoking sectarian warfare and fomenting attacks on US troops. "I can tell you flatly that US forces are not operating across the Iraqi border into Iran, in the south or anywhere else," Crocker said. Hersh said US efforts were staged from Afghanistan, which also shares a border with Iran. He said the program resulted in "a dramatic increase in kinetic events and chaos" inside Iran, including attacks by Kurdish separatists in the country's north and a May attack on a mosque in Shiraz that killed 13 people.

The United States has said it is trying to isolate Iran diplomatically in order to get it to come clean about its nuclear ambitions. But Bush has said "all options" are open in dealing with the issue. Iran insists its nuclear program is aimed at providing civilian electric power, and refuses to comply with U.N. Security Council demands that it halt uranium enrichment work. UN nuclear inspectors say Tehran held back critical information that could determine whether it is trying to make nuclear weapons.

Israel, which is believed to have its own nuclear arsenal, conducted a military exercise in the eastern Mediterranean in early June involving dozens of warplanes and aerial tankers. The distance involved in the exercise was roughly the same as would be involved in a possible strike on the Iranian nuclear fuel plant at Natanz, Iran, a US military official said. In 1981, Israeli warplanes destroyed an Iraqi nuclear reactor.

Iran's parliament speaker, Ali Larijani, warned other countries against moves that would "cost them heavily." In comments that appeared in the semi-official Meh news agency Sunday, an Iranian general said his troops were digging more than 320,000 graves to bury troops from any invading force with "the respect they deserve." "Under the law of war and armed conflict, necessary preparations must be made for the burial of soldiers of aggressor nations," said Maj. Gen. Mirfaisal Baqerzadeh, an Iranian officer in charge of identifying soldiers missing in action.

BIOFUELS BEHIND FOOD PRICE HIKES: LEAKED WORLD BANK REPORT

From an article by the AFP

LONDON—Biofuels have caused world food prices to increase by 75 percent, according to the findings of an unpublished World Bank report published in *The Guardian* newspaper. The daily said the report was finished in April but was not published to avoid embarrassing the US government, which has claimed plant-derived fuels have pushed up prices by only three percent.

Biofuels, which supporters claim are a "greener" alternative to using fossil fuel and cut greenhouse gas emissions, and rising food prices will be on the agenda when G8 leaders meet in Japan next week for their annual summit. The report's author, a senior World Bank economist, assessed that contrary to claims by US President George W. Bush, increased demand from India and China has not been the cause of rising food prices. "Rapid income growth in developing countries has not led to large increases in global grain consumption and was not a major factor responsible for the large price increases," the report said.

Droughts in Australia have also not had a significant impact, it added. Instead, European and US drives for greater use of biofuels has had the biggest effect. The European Union has mooted using biofuels for up to 10 percent of all transport fuels by 2020 as part of an increase in use of renewable energy. All petrol and diesel in Britain has had to include a biofuels component of at least 2.5 percent since April this year.

"Without the increase in biofuels, global wheat and maize stocks would not have declined appreciably and price increases due to other factors would have been moderate," the report said. It added that the drive for biofuels has distorted food markets by diverting grain away from food for fuel, encouraging farmers to set aside land for its production, and sparked financial speculation on grains. But Brazil's transformation of sugar cane into fuel has not had such a dramatic impact, the report said.

"The basket of food prices examined in the study rose by 140 percent between 2002 and this February," The Guardian said. "The report estimates that higher energy and fertilizer prices accounted for an increase of only 15 percent, while biofuels have been responsible for a 75 percent jump over that period."

RIP BRUCE CONNOR

From an article in the *SF Chronicle*

Bruce Conner, a San Francisco artist renowned for working fluently across media, died at his home of natural causes on Monday. He was 74.

Mr. Conner was one of the last survivors of the Bay Area Beat era art scene that included Jay DeFeo (1929-1989), Wallace Berman (1926-1976), and Wally Hedrick (1928-2003). "We were all anonymous artists here in the '50s," Mr. Conner told *The Chronicle* in 2000, shortly before the opening of his retrospective "2000: BC The Bruce Conner Story, Part II," at the de Young Museum.

Despite an enviably long record of gallery and museum exhibitions, Mr. Conner met with little recognition outside the worlds of contemporary art and independent film.

Born in McPherson, Kan., in 1933, Mr. Conner arrived in San Francisco in 1957. Schooled in art at Wichita University, the University of Nebraska, and Brooklyn Art School, Mr. Conner first got noticed for the short films he assembled from scavenged documentary and B-movie footage.

Several of his films, including *A Movie* (1958), a sort of paean to human failure, and *Crossroads* (1977), are regarded as classics of independent filmmaking, even though Mr. Conner shot no original footage for them. *Crossroads* replays, at ever slower speeds, official footage of a hydrogen bomb detonation on Bikini Atoll, until repetition— 27 times—and slow motion transfigure its colossal destructiveness into something hypnotically beautiful.

In the early 1960s, Mr. Conner made grotesque assemblages out of common household objects that ridicule consumer society's attachment to personal possession, including more precious sorts of artwork. They remain some of the most powerful inventions of their kind in American art.

He went on to make obsessively detailed abstract drawings, large-scale photograms (with the help of Edmund Shea) in which his figure appears made of light, and collages of old wood engravings in the manner of Surrealist Max Ernst.

Mr. Conner never stayed with one medium for long, resisting the art world's inclination to identify every artist with a style and a biographical myth. Asked once by a critic to mention some artists who influenced him, Mr. Conner said, "I typed out about 250 names," and instructed the writer to add that "limited space prevents us from printing the remaining 50,003 names on Mr. Conner's list of influences."

Mr. Conner announced his own death erroneously on two occasions, once sending an obituary to a national art magazine, and later writing a self-description for the biographical encyclopedia *Who Was Who in America*.

Mr. Conner is survived by Jean Conner, his wife of more than 50 years, and a son, Robert.

CALIFORNIA TANGLES WITH U.S. TO SAVE TURTLES

From an article by David Perlman, *SF Chronicle Science* editor

California lawmakers are tussling with federal officials over the fate of the leatherback turtles that feed on jellyfish in Monterey Bay and nearby coastal areas, and migrate thousands of miles each year across the Pacific to lay their eggs in nests on Indonesia's beaches. The Legislature has passed a resolution calling on the government to deny or delay permits to commercial fishermen who harvest swordfish in California waters and who want to deploy long lines bearing thousands of baited hooks in the same shallow waters where the turtles forage. Marine biologists who track migration patterns of both leatherback and loggerhead turtles say populations of both species are in critical danger that leatherbacks face possible extinction within 25 years, and the loggerheads within 50.

The joint resolution by the Legislature argues that turtles often become "bycatch" and fail to survive when they are snagged by the lines, sometimes miles long, that are widely used by fishermen to harvest swordfish. The legislators are urging the National Marine Fisheries Service to ban longline fishing, or at least delay issuing permits until a "critical habitat" is established for the leatherbacks and the status of the loggerheads - whether "threatened" or "endangered" - is determined.

The resolution was sponsored by Assemblyman Mark Leno, D-San Francisco, who argued that, "the leatherback has survived as a species for over 100 million years and is now on the verge of extinction." But biologists and regulators with the federal fisheries service, an arm of the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, said no decision on the new fishing permits will be made until later this year and the "critical habitat" issue for the species is determined.

The hooks used by longline fishermen in Hawaii are already being greatly modified to protect the turtles, said Rodney McInnis, regional administrator of the fisheries agency, in a letter to Leno, and his agency's scientists are developing a "cleaner method for targeting swordfish while continuing to reduce ecosystem impacts," he said. In a briefing paper on the Leno resolution, McInnis' scientific staff argued that new and modified "large circle" hooks used by Hawaiian longline fishermen have proved successful for "reducing sea turtle interactions." Other measures, including increased surveillance and better training of the commercial fishermen, have cut the rate of fatal leatherback bycatch by 90 percent "while maintaining an economically viable fishery," the briefing paper said.

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NIGERIA AND BURUNDI TO DEPLOY TROOPS IN SOMALIA

From an article in the *Christian Sceince Monitor*

by David Montero

Responding to increased violence by Islamist insurgents in Somalia – Al Qaeda's base in Africa – the United States is preparing to help Nigeria and Burundi deploy peacekeeping troops to the Somalian capital, according to the top US diplomat in Africa. The announcement comes as international aid agencies report increased kidnappings of foreign aid workers, and warn that violence in Somalia has created the worst humanitarian crisis in the region.

An African Union peacekeeping force has been at war with Islamist insurgents in Somalia since 2006, when Ethopia invaded the country to push the Islamists out, Agence France-Presse reports. Since their ouster early last year by joint Ethiopian and Somali forces, the Islamists have waged a guerilla war, which according to international rights groups and aid agencies has left at least 6,000 civilians dead and displaced hundreds of thousands.

An uninterrupted civil war has plagued Somalia since the 1991 overthrow of president Mohamed Siad Barre, defying numerous peace initiatives and truce deals. After the Ethiopian army pulled back, 8,000 African Union peacekeepers were supposed to be deployed. But so far, only 2,600 have been sent, far less than needed, and violence has escalated sharply this year. Reuters reports that the US says it is pushing to assist troops on the ground. A smaller contingent of 1,600 Ugandans and 600 Burundians already there has been unable to stem the chaos in the anarchic Horn of Africa nation. Last week, Nigeria said it had about 800 soldiers ready to go to Somalia as soon as the Nigerian government gave its final approval.

Jendayi Frazer, the U.S. assistant secretary of state for African affairs, said Washington stood ready to support that deployment... "We are procuring armored personnel carriers for them now— with the Nigerians we are getting their equipment list from them. But of course, the United States can't bear the burden of this financially alone, so we're also reaching out to other countries."

The announcement comes weeks after Somalia's government, which has support from the US government and is backed by the Ethiopian Army, brokered a fragile peace accord with the Islamists, who are fighting for the creation of an Islamic state, some in collaboration with Al Qaeda. But many hard-liners refuse to cooperate, and the deal has fallen apart, *Agence-France Presse* reports.

Sheikh Hassan Dahir Aweys, an influential radical cleric, has rejected the deal, which was supported by western powers, including the European Union, United States, Norway and the United Nations. The cleric, accused of links to Al-Qaeda by the United States, argued it failed to set a clear deadline for the withdrawal from Somalia of Ethiopian troops. Aweys and his allies stayed away from the talks, saying they would not take part unless Ethiopian troops backing government forces since late 2006 pulled out of Somalia. According to the accord, Ethiopians would withdraw after the UN deployed peacekeepers within 120 days of the armistice taking effect.

According to an Asssociated Press report in *USA Today*, the International Committee of the Red Cross (ICRC called the level of violence in Somalia "incredible" and warned that it is seriously hampering the aid agency's ability to work in the region. "Since the beginning of this year, the number of incidents targeting either Somali journalists, civil servants, prominent local leaders, government officials (or) humanitarian actors... has just increased in an incredible proportion," [Pascal Hundt, the ICRC's outgoing head of delegation for Somalia] told reporters.

In addition Somali insurgents have begun adopting tactics used in Iraq and Afghanistan—suicide attacks and roadside bombs, Hundt said. The Associated Press goes on to highlight a sustained and widening campaign against aid workers and civilians. So far this year nine aid workers have been abducted, according to a report by the UN Office for the Coordination of Humanitarian Affairs. A Somali employee of the UN refugee agency was seized June 21 outside the capital, Mogadishu. Five people kidnapped last week alone are still being held. Earlier this year, Medecins Sans Frontieres pulled out its foreign staff from Somalia after three of its aid workers were killed by a land mine.

As aid workers are increasingly targeted, a humanitarian crisis has spiraled out of control in Somalia, making it one of the worst in Africa, according to a Bloomberg news report. Somalia is facing its worst humanitarian crisis in a decade due to an escalating conflict and food and water shortages caused by a severe drought and rising commodity prices, aid workers said... The United Nations said last month that more than 2.6 million Somalis—35 percent of the population—need food aid. Some 900,000 people have been displaced from the capital, Mogadishu, scene of some of the fiercest fighting. The majority of displaced Somalis are living in camps with no access to medical facilities, the ICRC said.

Reuters adds that the US is hoping to expedite the deployment of peacekeepers to bolster African Union forces with the backing of the United Nations Security Council. "We're working with those council members who are not so sure about this to convince them that this is the right thing to do, and that we need to do it quickly," [Ms. Frazer] said.

RIP MATTHEW L. ODIETUS

From legacy.com

VIRGINIA BEACH - Matthew L. Odietus, 40, left this world on June 28, 2008. He was the loving son of Jay Odietus and the late Larry Odietus. He was born in Newport, RI, October 27, 1967. He worked as a cook and more recently as a painter, to support his avocation of music. He was an excellent guitarist and traveled from coast to coast many times with his band, the Candy Snatchers. During his travels, he made many friends and fans. He will be sorely missed by all. Matthew was predeceased by his father, grandparents, three aunts and his sister, Kathleen O. Hammond. He leaves his mother, Jay Odietus; two uncles; a nephew; many cousins; his fiancée, Jennifer McSpadden; and his dog and loyal companion, Punki Meadows, to remember his smile and loving ways.

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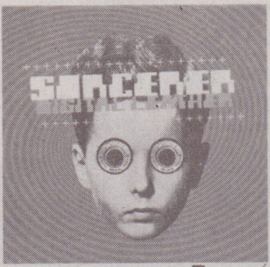

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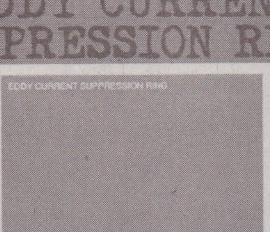

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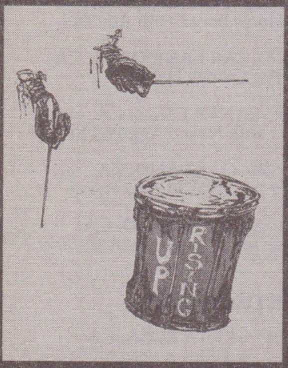

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COLOMBIA
COKE

Written by IRA / Medellín, Colombia / November 20th, 2007

Twenty-eight years ago, in 1980, the punk movement in Colombia began. Its epicenter was the city of Medellín where civil violence, political corruption, unemployment, and political repression created an atmosphere with sufficient motivation for the appearance of punks who resisted and lived through it. Through punk music they expressed their non-conforming attitudes.

The pioneers were those disillusioned youth who, with little opportunity and homemade instruments, brought about the beginning of Colombian punk. Bands like: LOS PODRIDOS, P-NE, MUTANTEX, LAS PICHURRIAS, and ANARKIA, all of which have since broken up, were the originals. With a raw sound and inept playing, these bands left a legacy for many of those who would follow them in the scene.

Today, nothing has changed. Maybe the violence is more hidden, and after the extreme violence of the '80s and '90s, we've become accustomed to it. Even though the figures of those killed through violent means has dropped significantly, we'd like to wake up one day to find that it was all a bad dream and that there's world peace. The truth is that South American countries like Colombia, Ecuador, Venezuela, Peru, and Bolivia, were conquered and pillaged in blood and fire by Spanish delinquents who sowed this land with the seeds of hate we now endure.

Returning to the music of the country, which is incredibly important to us—after 1985 a new generation appeared, heirs of the earlier bands. The second wave included DEXKONCIERTO, MIERDA, IRA (*Ideas de Revolución Adolescente o Infexion Respiratoria Aguda*), ANTI-TODO, AVERXION, RASIX, and DESADAPTADOS, all of whom continued with the very raw sound and socio-political lyrics of the pioneering bands.

In Colombia punk bands have worked with very few resources—from shitty instruments to homemade recordings—and this is what has given them a special sound, an underground sound, the sound of true punk.

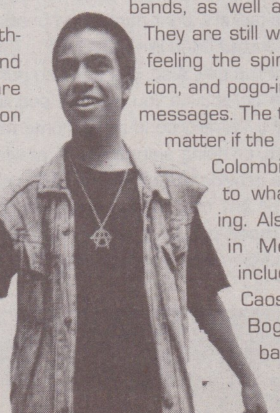
So what does punk mean in Colombia?

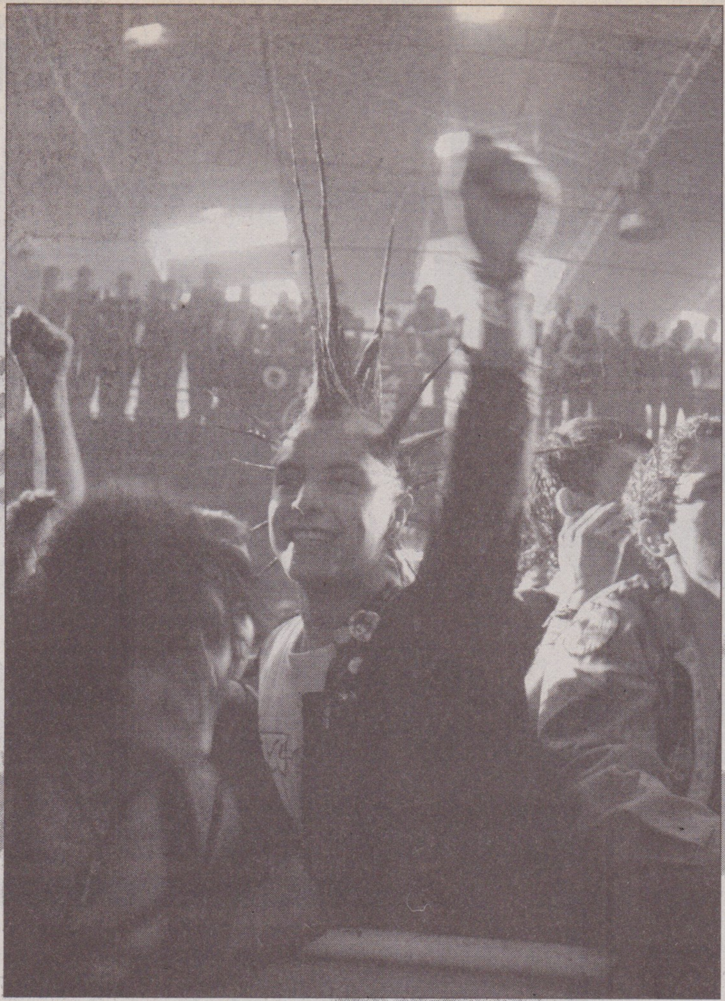
Some would say anarchy, others liberty, others...don't know, and still others that it is beyond death itself. While all of those definitions are partly correct, punk—conceived as a liberation movement through self-management (DIY) ideology—shouldn't be pigeonholed into any particular meaning, trend, political party, nor words. If we did this we would have a single response. which is *liberty*, and that would assist in less degradation of the concept.

The thoughts of Colombian punks becomes *utopist*, because when one thinks of civil rights and equality, destroying the system, and not consuming or dying young, we find that there is no equality. There's an indestructible system where we need to consume food, clothes, technology, and we can't even die because funeral costs are so expensive!!!

In Colombia, punk is lived and felt day by day. Today there are punks in almost all of the major cities, including Bogota, Medellín, Cali, Pereira, Manizales, and Barrankilla. Even where there is repression there is punk resistance and bands progress, but only a handful of those from the past have continued in the movement: DESADAPTADOZ, FÉRTIL MISERIA, ANTI-TODO, IRA, INTOXICAOS, POLICARPA and SUS VICIOSAS, FOSIL, and GP.

In the above mentioned cities of Colombia, there are weekend underground shows in bars or other available spaces with the many new bands who follow in the footsteps of the older bands, as well as older, local bands. They are still with us, playing shows, feeling the spirit of peaceful revolution, and pogo-ing with conscientious messages. The truth is that it doesn't matter if the sound is bad because Colombian punks can adapt to whatever sound is playing. Also there are festivals in Medellin and Bogota, including La Jornada Del Caos, Sin Fronteras, and BogoPunk, where punk bands play and sell and





trade zines, music, and t-shirts.

Punk movements and bands from other countries have influenced the music scene in Colombia. The bands and their lyrics have served as an example to be followed for many of the bands that form each year. The participation of Colombian punk bands outside of the country has been scarce because there are many governmental traps in trying to leave the country due to the stigma of delinquency. Many people think that if you're Colombian you're a delinquent or you have drugs, but that's stupid. Here the majority of the punks are intelligent, and we constantly struggle to show it. This is like thinking that all Americans love war, which is also untrue. The few bands to have crossed the borders into other countries (Ecuador, Venezuela, and the USA) are IRA, GP, FÉRTIL MISERIA, ANTI-TODO, and DESADAPTADOS. They have demonstrated to the outside world that in Colombia there's punk culture and solid people who are creating a scene.

If you walk down the street in Medellín or Bogota you see punks with mohawks, zippered jackets, tight pants, and boots...tape player in hand listening to some distorted band like RÖVSVETT. This happens every day on the main streets of the city. Also, you can see punks in the parks drinking cheap wine, and in collectives you will find people doing DIY things (silk-screening, CD piracy, underground zines, homemade alcoholic beverages, protesting bullfights, or doing animal rights, making vegetarian food). The punks around here provide the organization for shows, which neither the big record labels or any other big companies are involved because the punks don't want those people to screw everything up. Colombian punk continues to be independent and DIY because big companies only care about the stupidest things, like money, and they're not interested in culture or true punk.

The doors of Colombia are open to all the bands in the world, and the following have visited us: COPROFILIA (Mexico), RETAKE (Ecuador), ENVIDIA KOTXINA and BOYCOTT (Spain), LOS DOLARES, DOÑA MALDAD, APATIA NO, and RECICLAJE (Venezuela), NARCOSIS (Peru), DOS MINUTOS (Argentina), MOLOTOV COCKTAIL, MISFITS, and TOTAL CHAOS (USA).

Similar doors should be open to our own Colombian bands that wish to leave and tell the rest of the world that in Colombia punk is alive and is a conscientious movement with the desire to increase the strength of punk worldwide.

Last year a compilation CD called *La Jornada del Caos* was released. It contains 15 Colombian punk bands and is a good sampler of what we're doing here.

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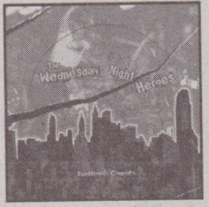

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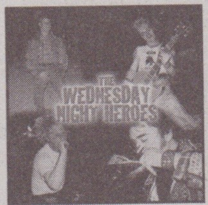

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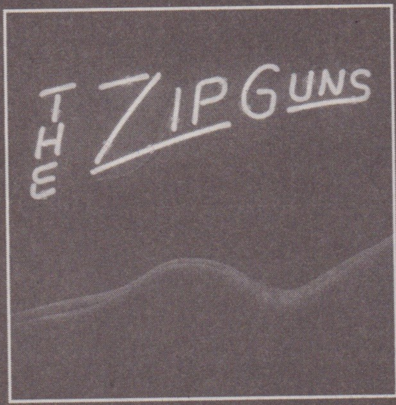

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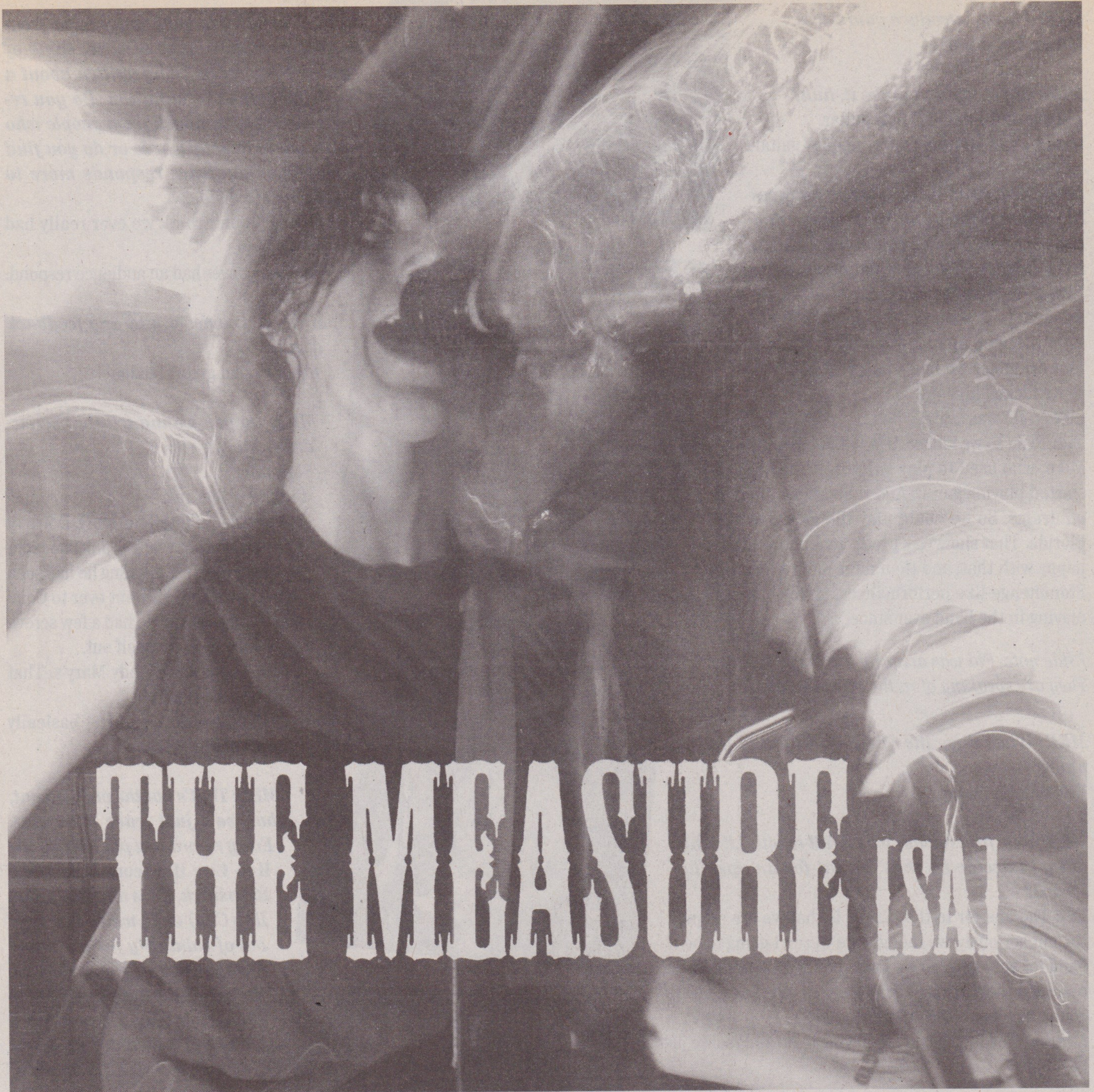
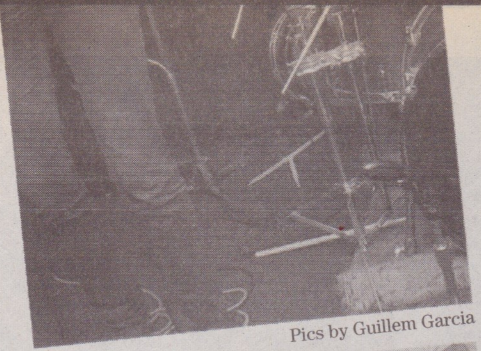
THE MEASURE [SA]



Ricardo Saporta

Based out of New Brunswick, NJ,* The Measure [SA]** ***shares their own personal version of broken-hearted punk rock—Heavy in delivery, but easy on the ears. Some sounds are borrowed but the final outcome is unique as they come. Thoughtful and personal lyrics make* The Measure [SA]** ***an easily understood band. They have released several 7" records, a few split 7"s and one full-length LP.* The Measure [SA]** ***is made up of Lauren, Fid, Mikey, and Big A.

This interview took place on the day Bo Diddley passed away, and was conducted by craigFUyong before a Monday night show at Court Tavern in New Brunswick, New Jersey.



Pics by Guillem Garcia

MRR: Please introduce yourselves.
Mikey: I play drums.

MRR: Big A couldn't make it, huh?
Fid: No, but I'm Fid, I play guitar.
Lauren: I'm Lauren, I sing and play guitar.

MRR: New Brunswick is quite an incestuous town for punk rock where most bands' family trees branch out quite far. How did you all come to playing together?
Fid: Well, after the drummer of RSO quit in the middle of a show, the drummer from the Ergs! stepped up and filled in… Again. The first drummer we had was a real douchebag, so we kicked him out.
Mikey: He was a really bad.
Fid: Yeah, so we kicked *him* out and then when Mike, who used to play guitar left the band, I started playing guitar. And then Mikey filled in on drums. So we could play the Fest down in Florida. That show was pretty cool and we were happy with that, and then after more seemingly Stonehenge-like performances, Mikey has been playing in the band ever since.

[Side note: Fid was actually the first drummer. They are speaking of in the third person]

MRR: What does the* [SA] *stand for in your name?
Fid: Semi Aquatic.

MRR: Your first release was a full-length LP. Why did you decide on that format for an opening record?
Fid: The answer to that Craig, is that we are stupid. No, but seriously, we thought we weren't going to be a band for very long, so we had a bunch of songs and we recorded them. Then when it turned out that we were gonna be a band, we put out the LP.
Lauren: We kinda got stuck having to do a LP, so we just put it out.

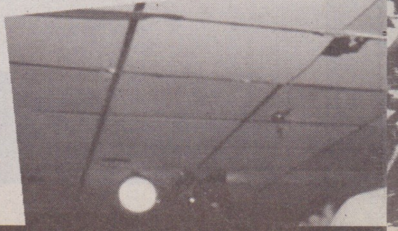
MRR: You have put out quite a few more records than the average band. I would assume that it comes somewhat easy to write songs? Is that true, and do they come about as individual or collective ideas?
Lauren: Kinda both. I think we collaborate a lot on all of our songs. I don't think any of the songs are from just one person.
Mikey: It starts out with one person having the basic idea and then…
Fid: Lauren gets involved in situations, and then writes lots of songs about them *[laughter]* and we just run with it from there. I like to say, "Now we're cookin' with gas!" You know, when I get a lead, it's like… *[makes Bill-and-Ted-esque guitar solo sounds]*.

MRR: The lyrics to your songs come from a very personal point of view, some of which come off as being written about a specific person or situation. Do you receive a lot of feedback from people who can relate to your words or do you find that your audience responds more to your musical side?
Lauren: I don't think we ever really had that happen.
Fid: We've never had an audience respond.

MRR: You've never had any feedback at all?
Fid: I've had guitar feedback.

MRR: Do you wanna tell that screwdriver story?
[laughter]
Fid: I'd rather not.
Mikey: Okay, I'll tell the story. Down at The Fest, Fid got really drunk one night and then the next morning he had such a hangover that he went over to Common Grounds and he had a few screwdrivers to even himself out.
Fid: And a few Bloody Mary's. That evened me right out.
Mikey: So that was the basically screwdriver story.

MRR: That's not the one I meant, but we'll just leave it at that. Every record you put out has the* Hub City Hardcore *logo (New Brunswick, NJ is also known as Hub City) on it, which is a symbol of solidarity for our scene here in Central Jersey. Since we have quite a happening scene here right now, do you feel a sense of true unity at shows or do you think it's more of just another passing phase?
Fid: I think everything is a passing phase, because you have to define your terms. You have to have a beginning and an end. I've been here for a while, and my beginning was a long time ago. It hasn't end-



ed yet, and right now it's the best I've ever seen it. Yet we can easily go to a show a half-an-hour from here with a bunch of other bands, and we may have never heard of each other. That's the weird thing about New Jersey—there's so many people in a such a small area that scenes pop up all over the place that we don't know about, but when we're all at a show here, we're all cool. You know, Lauren does the artwork for Seasick, who are a blistering fast hardcore band, but we'll never feel uncomfortable playing with them. In fact, we've had run-ins with them on tour, which is probably some of my best memories of those guys. Remember the "mystery bag of weed"?

Lauren: We don't even really think of it in terms of *unity*—it's just a bunch of friends and we all play shows together. All of the bands from around here really don't have a problem associating with one other.

Fid: Right now, what makes New Brunswick very natural is that it all came together organically. There was no concerted effort where any one had to say, "We gotta get this together." It just kind of happened. I don't mean to embarrass you Mikey, but a band like the Ergs! travel around the country a lot and the Screaming Females and Seasick also travel around a lot. They are three different sounding bands that play different shows and such, so now New Brunswick has become a legit destination again. A lot of shows used to be at the Melody Bar where bands would come through all of the time on tour, but with the loss of that, and a lot of official venues spaces that have been literally torn down, things just moved into basement shows. It's great and all but they are very transient, because people move out of their houses, so sometimes things kind of peter out for a while around here. Now with the people from Screaming Females and Seasick doing shows at their houses, they have a place to invite friends from out of town. So, organically, it really grew out of, "Hey we got all of these bands and other out of state bands to play with" and it's always a passing phase. All in all, everything is just great. I'm proud to ask people to come here and play, because I know kids will be out at the shows. I don't know about tonight, but kids normally come out to shows.

MRR: Yeah, I think it's great, because just as you said, The Ergs!, Screaming Females, and Seasick can play together on one bill and it's not weird at all, yet they are so far apart musically. I've noticed in other places that scenes are generally one specific sub-genre of punk depending on the venue you play or what band is headlining the show. I think that just separates people further away from having any type of solid punk scene.

Fid: But in bigger places kids have that luxury. For example, in Boston, hardcore has always been well received yet there are a bunch of really good poppier bands, and they probably don't intermingle too much because they don't have to since there are so many people that each one can support itself. Where as in a town like New Brunswick there's a fewer amount of people, most of which are already friends so we have to unite. Hub City Hardcore is a feeling, not a sound. I mean, that's the idea behind the symbol, and that's why I like it when our friends put it on their records, because it shows that everyone is looking out for each other on some level. If any of us needed help, we'd all be there for each other, which is cool.

Mikey: I think a lot of us are open-minded about music too, so it's definitely not weird to play together just because we sound different. That's what I like about things here—is that we are all friends, and we all like a bunch of different types of music, which us why it's not ever weird at all.

Fid: Speak for yourself; I *only* like Big Country… *[laughter]* and Fine Young Cannibals.

MRR: Lauren, you use a lot of pop culture icons in your artwork. Was there any premeditated thought behind it, or is it just a stream of consciousness type of thing?

Lauren: It's actually not just me deciding what we put on the covers. We all confer on that as a band. I am more committed on the stylistic part or actually making the drawing, but it's really all of us that decide on the themes.

MRR: But was there any specific reason or thought for doing that?

Fid: Yes, there actually is… My favorite band is the Smiths, and I always really liked how iconic all of their records looked. Without even having to listen to them you knew what you were in store for, plus, I really like symbolism. Another example would be Iron Maiden and the continuing theme of Eddie on the covers. I always really liked that 'cause it was almost like a brand or something. Back when we really sucked, it was nice to have cool artwork, because that's what we had to go by. Now it's like, whoa, we even *sound* good, that's cool man, let's continue this really awesome artwork… 'cause wouldn't it be stupid to all of a sudden get this sucky artwork, but have a good band? That'd be ridiculous. Lauren used to live in Providence, RI, and we went up there once. I saw the artwork she'd been doing on her own, and I immediately wanted to incorporate it into the band. Sort of borrowing from the Smiths idea, we wanted to use icons that were glamorous, but stuff that we could still find some connection with or that meant something to us, I guess.

Lauren: I'm glad that happened too, because I think that now I work way more in that style then I think I ever would have had it not been for what happened.

Fid: And now people even ask her to do stuff for them, and it's so cool, because it's instantly recognizable and it's distinctly her own work.

MRR: Yeah, I think it's kinda funny how a lot of times, in any type of art, during the creative process accidents turn into very huge crucial realizations.

Ricardo Saporta

So to delve a little deeper, do you think that simply existing in the world forces you to be political, no matter what? Or do you feel that you have to be somewhat active and aware of politics to make any significant social change?

Fid: Well, just to define our terms, I think if you choose to not be involved in politics—that in itself is a political choice. That's choosing to separate yourself from the process, whether it be a conscious decision or not, because you are against the process or because it's through apathy, and that gets lost a lot in people, especially punk rockers. When they make bold proclamations about how they don't wanna be part of the system. I've always felt that just lumps you in with every other clown who just doesn't bother paying attention and therefore you can't help but feel involved on some level in what's going on around you. I was recently talking with someone who got all up in arms about rock 'n' rollers having a political opinion and that whole "shut up and play" kinda thing. Like, "I don't pay money to hear your politics, just play your music, that's what I want to hear." But I think it's the exact opposite. Yes, there is entertainment involved and… I'd be shocked if someone like Britney Spears gave their political opinion when they are playing, but if they did, I would stand up and clap, but I guess I wouldn't be at their show… Metaphorically, that's what people forget about being on a stage, that's why they call it a stage. It's the same thing as a soapbox. The act of performance is entertainment, but it's also supposed to be personally significant, so then what's the line between personal and political? There are no lines. If you plug in an instrument for someone else to hear, on some level—and not to speak of the conventional term of politics meaning voting and shit—it's a political act. You are entering the politic, and I guess a lot of people forget that or they just want the entertainment side of it. Lauren has a very good writing style that can kind of blur the line between the two in her lyrics, so we play that up whenever we can, because that's an interesting approach to a song. It can be a song about longing for a specific someone or longing for a sweep in social change. It just depends how you look at it.

Lauren: I think that's part of why I enjoy being in a band so much. You can write songs and say things that are political choices, but we aren't necessarily talking about some thing that happened on the news. There are ways to present your own personal politics through song and performance that wouldn't be there otherwise. It's an opportunity to say something significant to an audience.

Fid: Everything you do is a political decision. You can say, "what I do doesn't change the world," but when a hundred million people say the same thing and make the same choice, it does make a difference. There is a long process involving mathematic equations that people study in universities that I'll never really understand, but I know what the end product is. Our dietary habits, for example, that's a political decision, but it's an intensely personal one. What I eat doesn't involve anyone else. I don't mind that Mikey, over there, *only* eats chicken nuggets—that's it! That's all the guy eats, and it blows my mind, but it doesn't bother me. I choose what I do. I think making the right choices in life can affect someone else and it might make a positive change for them, hopefully in a domino effect where someday, someone's life will be better for it. You choose your battles. You know a lot of us aren't in the place in our lives to throw bricks at cop cars, and I think that when people do that it's there own choice, and man, I wanna throw a brick at cop car every time I see one, but I just always forget my bricks…

MRR: I know that some of the members in the band are close to or already in their 30's. Do you still feel that you can relate to the whole punk rock world, which is a majority of younger kids? Do you feel the pressures of getting older in a world where society places harsh standards on defining age, such as where you should be or what you should be doing with your life?

Lauren: I wrote the lyrics for "No Regerts" kind of as a response to finding yourself as an adult or no longer being in high school—or being new to the scene and going to shows and identifying with punk rock as clearly not being just a phase. This is our life and whether or not you learn anything from it or change anything because of it, I feel like it's never going to go away. One day I'm not gonna be like, oh wait, I was supposed to be doing something else—oh no I was supposed to be a doctor! That's just not gonna happen, and I feel like a lot of people struggle with what their own battles should be.

Mikey: I feel it. I'm 27, and I sometimes get that feeling like I should really be thinking more about not having enough money to eat. I'm doing these shit jobs just to get by until we go on tour the next time…

Fid: By "we" he means the Ergs!.

Mikey: I mean the seventeen bands that I'm currently in! Sometimes I'm sitting at home in my room, and I think, "Wow, I really am hungry, but I didn't make enough money this week to buy food. What the fuck am I doing with my life? I probably should have gone to college or done something right out of high school."

Fid: But that's when you're alone in your room, but when you're on tour…

Mikey: Yeah, when I'm on tour it's the greatest thing. There is a line I teeter on, where I'm like, "Fuck, I kinda wish I made something of myself that wasn't just being in bands." I never chose the profitable route of "we're gonna be a cover band and make a lot of money doing covers." No way, I'm an original musician, I'm gonna play my own music.

Fid: You really hitched your horse to wrong cart over here buddy.

Mikey: It's funny though, when I was 24, I didn't give a shit, I was just like fuck it, I'm still a kid. Now I'm feeling like I'm not a kid anymore, but I'm gonna keep on doing it.

Fid: Up in Brooklyn, NY, where Lauren lives, there's a bunch of kids who are doing the same thing we are, but they found a situation where they can live in the big city for cheap and work a couple days a week doing a delivery job or something and be able to go on tour all of time. That's not a bubble; it's the real world. I work in a goddamned office in NYC and so does Lauren, and we just played in Vermont last night (which was a Sunday night) and then went swimming in a river.

Lauren: And we had to go to work in the morning!

Fid: Well, I called out, but I woke up in time, I just didn't wanna go.

Ricardo Saporta

MRR: Yeah, I hate it when people can't see past their own face and say that people like us are just living in a fantasy world. What is more of living in a bubble? Working 40 hours a week in the same cubicle for 30 years with a week of freedom or being out on the road, full of freedom?

Fid: I'm gonna be 31 in a few weeks and it's so weird because I still don't feel any of that. If you asked me when I was 19 what 31-year-olds did, it wouldn't be what my dumb ass does right now. But I'm completely comfortable with it. Our parents had a different set of social ideas that they adhere to, and they broke the mold of their parents so… I know Lauren went through this with her parents, but they saw that what she was doing was being creative. They saw that it was viable, and that she's getting by on her own. These are the moves we make to survive, and I don't think that it's a "head in the sand situation." I think that we have made many distinct choices on purpose to come to this point right now. I surround myself around people like this, and it can't be a coincidence that we all think the same way.

Lauren: I get more upset thinking of what it would be like to *not* to be in a band, not being able to tour, and not being able to go out and meet people at shows. I get more freaked out about that than I ever do about why I don't make more money at my job, or why I'm not more of a *success* at a *real job*. That has yet to freak me out as much as the thought of not doing what we do now. Hopefully that will always be how I feel. Like Fid had said earlier, my parents were at first very hesitant at what I was doing with this band, but they have actually learned from what I do. Now they question some of the things that *they* do, and they saw that I was simply doing what I wanted to do, and it inspired them to follow suit.

Mikey: My dad was in a cover band and supported us for years. He played seven nights a week and made shit loads of money doing it. I'm doing something different. I'm making art. This is my own thing for me to do.

Fid: It sounds very pretentious to say that we're just a punk band and this is art, but what else is it? We're creating something. There's a distinct line when popular art entered the consciousness in the twentieth century, and it wasn't like that before. It was all fine art. I don't think it's any less important that people are putting together words and music just like people put together paintings or a symphony. I mean, I love comic books and I could say the same thing for that. There is some very important work being done in comics as an art form that gets dismissed 'cause it's viewed as childish or pop art, and I think that it's so new in the scope of art that when people look back… I mean the history of rock music is only 60 years old! That's nothing compared to the art historians who spend their whole lives studying a 50-year span of art that happened centuries ago. So what's gonna happen in time when people look back on what we do, and they see what we do is something visceral that was only ideas that were written in books, and then we put that to a soundtrack. We're these fuckin' stupid kids that didn't wanna grow up yet. We put a soundtrack to radical thought, and then it evolved into everyday thought, and then it all became almost functional and therapeutic.

MRR: Okay, so Fid, please explain the stuffed Beavers.

Fid: Oh well, Walter and Beavie travel around with us, and they're dudes I hang out with all of time. Beavie saved my life when I was younger, so it's a sort of like life-debt situation. We've all seen *Star Wars*, you know what I'm talkin' about. It turned out he has a bunch of brothers, and I try to track them all down. There's a bunch of 'em: Beavie, Walter, Barf, Biff, Cliff, Clarence…

MRR: All right. Now it's time for my standard, all across the board media question. Each of you tell me one of the following: What's the most recent book, film, and album that had an impact on you? Mikey, you go first. Name a film.

Mikey: I finally just saw the documentary *Paradise Lost*, which is about the court case of the West Memphis Three. I read a book on them, and I always kind of knew about it, but seeing the slant the whole town had against these kids just because they listen to Metallica, wore black, and one of them was into Wicca! There is significant evidence that one of the fathers might have actually done the crime, and it was all just like, holy shit, I cannot fucking believe that this whole town was against these kids that they didn't even know. It was really fucked up, but it made me think a lot, and it was good to actually see the fucking reaction of the town and all that. It really hit me hard.

MRR: Fid, a book?

Fid: Let's see, I guess I'd have to say the book of short essays that Kurt Vonnegut wrote called, *A Man With No Country*. It came out right around the time of his death. It shows a certain wisdom in laughing at everything that's wrong with the world, because sometimes it's the only thing that can keep you sane. When people can't laugh at it, they're caught up in ideology and they loose their perspective. I like that it's very prolific, yet they are short—only a few page, essays that were written throughout his entire writing career. A lot of them were recently written, and they dealt with what's going on in this country today. He just had an amazing way of staying connected with the real world.

MRR: Lauren, a record?

Lauren: I'd have to say the new Bruce Springsteen record that my little sister got me for Christmas. She never gets me anything like that, but she knew to get me the new Bruce Springsteen record on vinyl, and it's really good. It's kinda like an affirmation that you can keep making good music for a long time… and yet say the same thing as the same dude and still make great records that people can identify with. I really love that record.

MRR: Any closing comments?

Mikey: "Don't fuck this up."

Lauren: Punkrockneverstop.

Mikey: This is gonna be awesome.

Fid: Big A is a dick.

MRR: Thanks!

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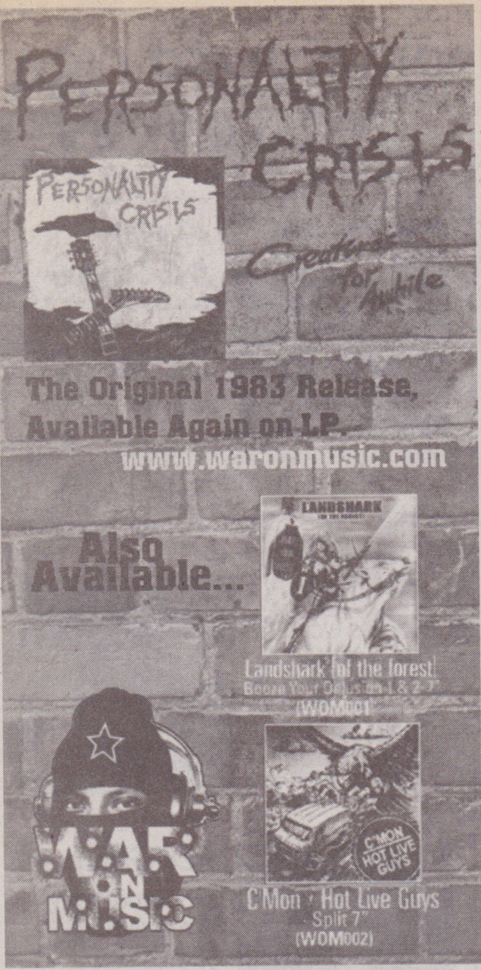

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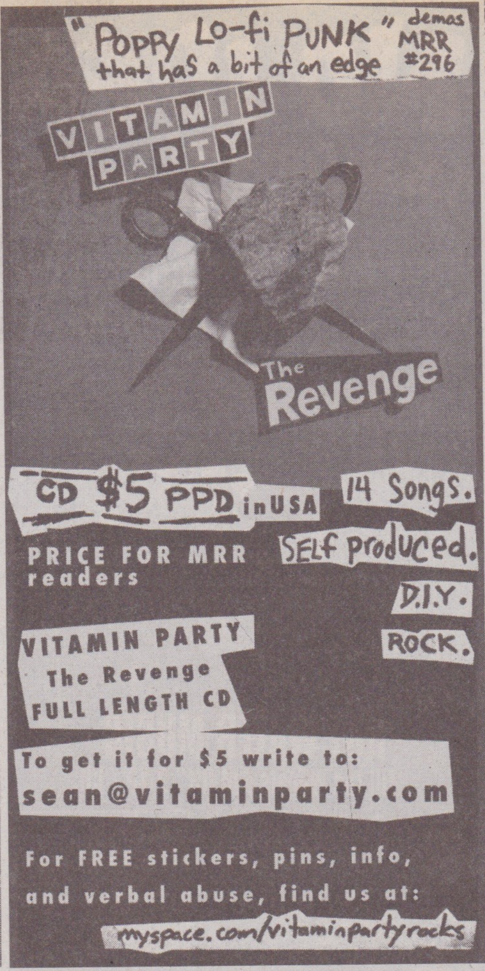

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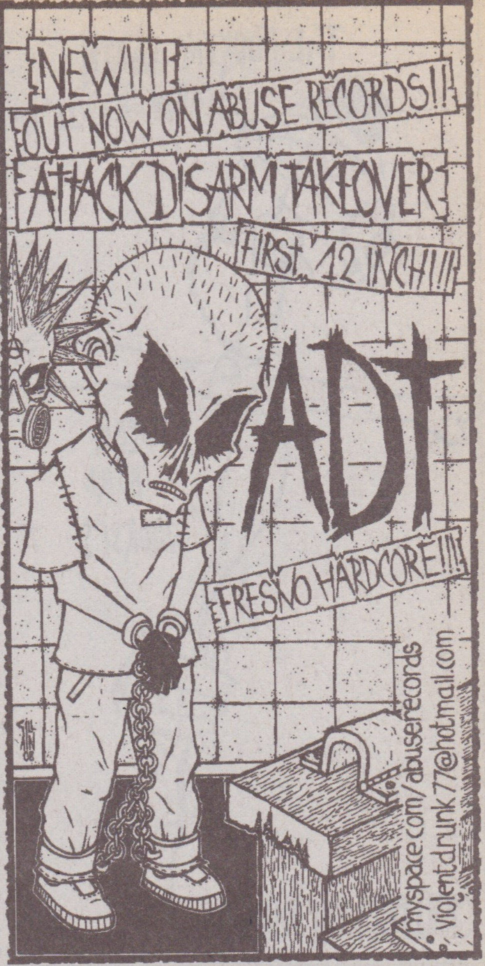

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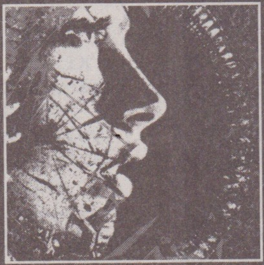

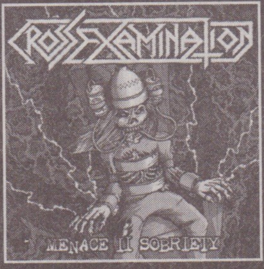

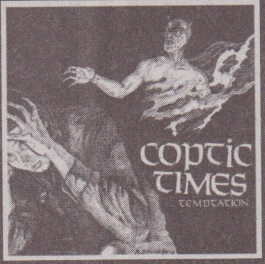

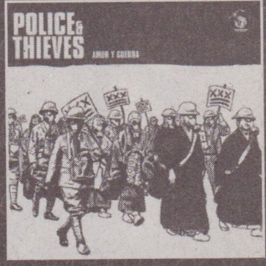

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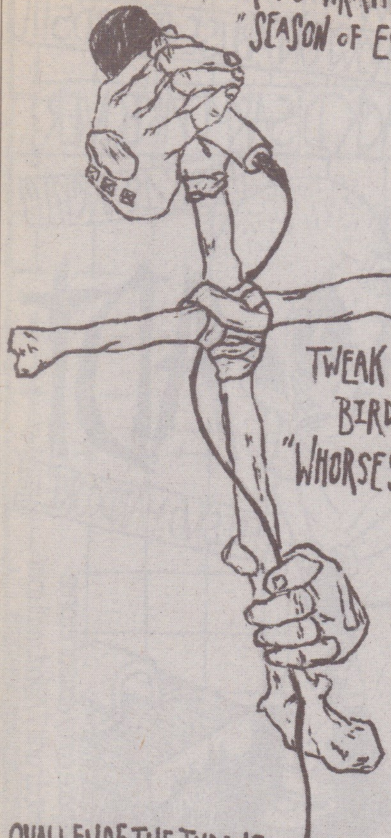

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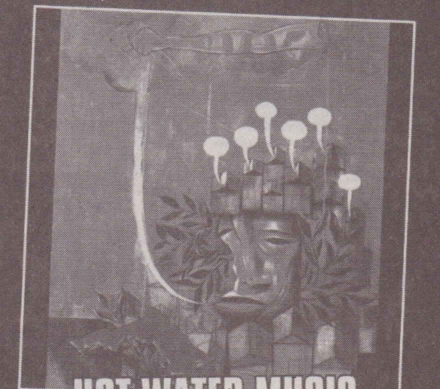

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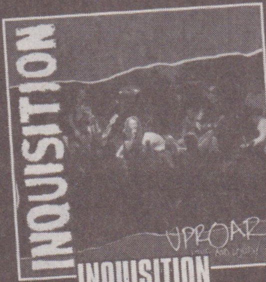
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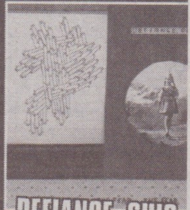

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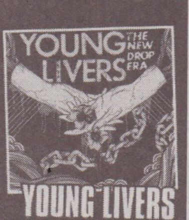
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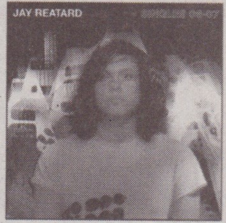
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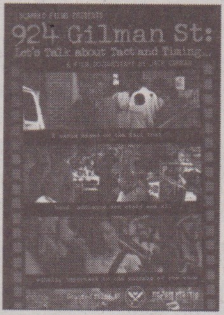
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JOHN STABB

THERE ARE QUITE A LOT OF BANDS THAT I CONSIDER TO BE GREAT BUT ONLY A FEW THAT ARE "SPECIAL" TO ME. GOVERNMENT ISSUE IS ONE OF THOSE BANDS. I REMEMBER BEING 17 YEARS OLD, LIVING ON MY OWN, GOING TO SCHOOL WELL, SOMETIMES AND STARTING OUT MY DAY PLAYING G.I.'S BOYCOTT STABB LP. IT WAS BANDS LIKE GOVERNMENT ISSUE THAT KEPT ME GOING WHEN I COULD HAVE VERY EASILY BEEN DEPRESSED, UNMOTIVATED, OR BUMMED OUT. SO IT'S A GREAT PLEASURE TO NOT ONLY BE ABLE TO RE-RELEASE SOME OF MY FAVORITE SONGS OF THEIRS BUT ALSO BE ABLE TO CALL JOHN STABB AND TOM LYLE FRIENDS. WHEN I HEARD THAT JOHN WAS MUGGED AND BEAT UP PRETTY BADLY A FEW MONTHS AGO I THOUGHT I'D ASK HIM TO DO AN INTERVIEW. IT TOOK A WHILE, BUT HERE IT IS. ENJOY! INTERVIEW BY BILL DR. STRANGE

MRR: Wow, so many things to talk to you about, John. Let's start off with the bad stuff first. News of your mugging has been all over the internet. Please, in detail, let us know exactly what happened that night. And what did they actually end up taking from you?

Stabb: Man, it's like something out of a scary film! Let's see. I was just walking home from work about 10:30 PM, minding my own beeswax, and out of the blue came six clean-cut young black teens. They were laughing and seemed innocent enough, but I soon discovered something much different. It was because none of them had hoods or masks on that I felt at ease until one of them got in my face. With the other five standing on a hill about 20 feet from me and this other guy trying to get my attention by bobbing and weaving like a boxer asking, "Hey, what's up? What's up?" I knew there was going to be trouble. I looked around trying to keep an eye on all these dudes and wondering who was going to try to jump me or if all of them would take turns. Then I got sucker punched by someone. It ended up being just one dude, but it sure felt like more than one guy. The fists felt like bricks against my face. But that's not the first time I'd experienced something like this. Years ago walking home late from club in WDC on a sidewalk, I got sucker punched for no particular reason by a young black dude, and I was able to pick up my glasses and walk away with my bloody face swelling up so I felt like, "Shit, this is happening to me again, and it's going to get worse." So, as my face was swelling up the size of a f'n honeydew melon and blood was pouring down my face, I swayed back (luckily not hitting the ground). I thought that I'd just been clocked by a few people, but discovered it to be one guy. That was a rough night, but nothing could compare to the one I was having on the night of 7/17/07.

My right eye was starting to seal up from this kid's fists and my glasses were somewhere on the ground and this f'n bastard wasn't leaving me alone. I knew my life was seriously in danger and had an idea: I put on my best psycho-face, pulled out my Xacto knife from my back pocket, and spoke a line I'd always wanted to use in case of something like this: "Have you ever had to beat the shit out of a bunch of dudes in lock-up so you wouldn't be raped?!!" I smiled through my gushing bloody mouth. One of the guys on the hill watching said, "Hey, he's got a knife." Unfortunately this didn't sway my attacker and the fucker proceeded to pick up some huge blocks of cement (our condo community's pool had recently been rebuilt and cement wasn't cleaned up) to throw with both of his hands at me. "Put down the knife, bitch!" the motherfucker yelled out at me several times. Seeing all these other guys (and I was pretty blind without my glasses!) around, I thought the best move would be to put the lame weapon away and maybe they would leave knowing my face was rearranged. But the attack dog on two legs rushed towards me and I ran to the middle of the street hoping the upcoming car would see me in its headlights and stop. I got punched one more time before I hit the pavement. The car stopped and the gang of thugs ran off laughing. The kind citizen called the police for me and another nice person lent me his cell phone to call my wife Mika at her work to tell her I'd just been attacked by a bunch of kids. And lucky for me, someone found my glasses on the ground fairly unscathed. I wasn't really thinking too clearly, because I'd just had the shit beaten out of me. I was definitely shaken up, to say the least. The police officer showed up within minutes, and took my report. I wasn't robbed, just used as a f'n human punching bag. I gave the cop a description of the young animals and he says "Oh, that sounds like the same description of the ones that just assaulted another man and robbed him five minutes ago just up the street from here". That's totally f'ed up! These kids were on an adrenaline rush or something. And I'm starting to think it was a gang initiation, and I was the unlucky victim. I'm actually lucky the guy didn't shoot me, because I can live with a broken face.

I was on my way to be carted off in an ambulance to a local emergency hospital, but there was a sudden stop up the road. My EMT groaned, "I really hate when they do this." I was more than curious. The EMT tells me they've been stopped by my cop on the side of the road and the officer wants me to identify a few guys in cuffs outside to see if they're guys I recognize from my attack. What the fuck is that about? Like I want these guys to see me identifying them?!! I poked my head halfway through the window and told the cop, "I honestly cannot tell you if these guys were the ones, because they were clean cut young black teens. These guys don't look like them to me." And then I was off to the emergency center.

MRR: I guess one of the good things about this incident is the huge outpouring of support and concern from the punk community. I myself (as a record store owner) have had people mail me money from England and come into the store to donate to you for your hospital bills. That has to make you feel good.

Stabb: It has made my wife Mika and myself feel incredibly great deeply inside every time we get another donation or caring word from someone. We had no idea how many people out there cared about the geezer from GI, ha! It's the outpouring of love from some mighty caring individuals that we shall never forget. It really blows my mind how much everyone, within the punk community or not, has lent a helping hand to this injured man. We are truly grateful for your love.

MRR: And speaking of hospital bills, how is that going? Did you have any insurance at all to help you out?

Stabb: The bills are finally almost paid after a handful of benefits, PayPal donations, and Ebay auctions. I do have Blue Cross/Blue Shield from my workplace but it's only covering half the debt. We just couldn't do it without the help of everyone out there. My face looks normal thanks to the talents of my oral surgeon, and I'm happy to have the damned braces off my teeth! The running joke around

my work was, "Finally, we have a way to shut Stabb up." Ha! But I came back from the surgery with braces and was talking up a storm...you can't keep a good Stabb quiet!

MRR: Have any of these people been caught?

Stabb: No, and even the police don't think it's likely that this group of thugs will ever be caught. It would be great to have them locked up so they cannot do this shit again, but it's not keeping me up at night. I won't be making their capture my life-long goal or anything. Life goes on, you know?

MRR: OK, onto some other stuff! I do have one of the founding fathers of the early DC scene at my disposal after all. On that note, do you think of yourself like that? A "founding father" of the DC scene? I know there were many before you, of course, but in the history of punk/hardcore and the DC scene, what will the books say about John Stabb? What should they say?

Stabb: I don't feel like I helped impregnate the DC music scene, so "founding father" is a weird term. I'm happy to be one of the folks who helped get the DC punk scene's name out there to the world, but I'm certainly not going around informing people, "Hey, don't you know who I am? I created the DC punk scene, man!" And as far as what the books say about me or Government Issue, it's up to them. That said, I actually feel a bit left out of the punk loop when I read a book and don't even get a passing mention, because they will always talk about another DC band: Minor Threat. Now I happen to love Minor Threat, but GI did our time in the DC punk scene and sometimes are overlooked. I still think so many of the '80s punk bands are great, so it's a little disappointing to be dismissed like you never counted. I don't really care what they say as long as there's some truth to their research, so a book like *American Hardcore* means nothing to me. And unlike Ian or Henry, I am very happy not to have the "figurehead" tag placed upon my name. I consider them both as friends, but man, do they get so much shit from folks. Some people have such high expectations about celebrities, musicians, actors, and sports stars that nobody can live up to. I like having a "cult following" and not world stardom. I've said it once, and I'll say it again, "I'm just another bozo in a band." And that's good enough for me.

MRR: What got you, not only into punk, but just music in general? Who was the first band (punk or otherwise) you saw?

Stabb: What originally got me into music was *The Monkees,* because I was so into the old '60s TV show when I was a wee lad. Of course, I had to own their "I'm Not (Your Stepping Stone" single! My older sister was all about the Beatles, Beach Boys, Herman's Hermits, and others, and I went through her record collection at times. But *The Monkees* were my first real introduction to music. From there it delved into the silly teen pop of *The Partridge Family* (everyone knows I was a TV baby, right?) and the pretentious dino-rock of Led Zeppelin. But I'd have to say that the Monkees' "Stepping Stone" was my first intro to punk because despite all the early DC punk bands covering it years later, it's a pretty big "screw you for trying to string me around, girl!" song. And what got me into punk was the typical stuff that most 19 year old suburban males had to rebel against—snobby girls in designer jeans, mechanical bulls, preppies, and high school, to name but a few. But remember, this was the '80s for me.

The first rock concert I went to was Linda Ronstadt on her *Mad Love* tour at the Capitol Center during the summer of '79. I was just starting to get into underground music like Blondie, the Stranglers, Talking Heads, and the Cars. I was so naive that I thought Linda Ronstadt had gone kind of punk because she was doing Elvis Costello covers. The first punk gig I saw had to be Black Market Baby at the Psychedelly. It was also the night a young angry 19-year-old almost lost his virginity. That's all I'm going to say about that. Ha!

MRR: Tell us about some of the early days of Government Issue. How old were you at that time? What was it like hanging out at the Dischord House, recording with Don at Inner Ear, and playing the 9:30 Club? Was there ever any sense that nearly 30 years later anyone would give a damn?

Stabb: The early days of Government Issue are some of the most treasured ones in my memory bank. It was a time of a handful of bands and friends all feeding off one another's energies. We were all sharing something special that we called "HarDCore." After a few years, there were far more bands and people came and went. Different factions were established, and the innocence of what we were all a part of was gone. It wasn't the same close-knit connection and a lot of the fun of just hanging out disappeared. I was 19 and just out of high school. A lot of us were close to the same age. I'm actually as old as Ian [MacKaye] and Henry Rollins. Those guys got immersed into the punk scene a bit earlier than me but I caught up pretty quickly, ha!

I was fortunate enough to not only hang out at Dischord House, but also got to live with that group of punks for a brief time. When the house was initially forming, I wanted to live there but didn't have the funds to pay for my room. Sab Grey of Iron Cross got my room in the VA group house, and I will always wonder what it would've been like if I had been one of the original tenants. Instead, after my first punk group house nearby ended very badly (try having to go to court with your housemates after they commit assault and battery on you!), the good folks at Dischord House took me in. There were all of us (Ian, Eddie Janney, Jeff Nelson, Sab, Richard Moore, and myself) staying up till the wee hours of the morning watching old reruns of *Perry Mason* and *Private Secretary* on the tube while sucking down 7-11 Big Gulps of Coke and beef-bean-and- cheese burritos. It was the best of times, it was the beast of times, ha!

Recording with Don at Inner Ear has always been a joy. He's the coolest engineer a musician could work with. Because *Legless Bull* was our first Dischord session, things were tense for us kids. I can remember me, Brian

Gay, John Barry, and Marc Alberstadt getting into silly arguments because we were in the studio with the mighty Ian producing and Don recording us. This was also when Inner Ear wasn't the monster studio it is now. It was Don's basement featuring a sound booth, microphones, and kids' toys strewn about the room. I actually did my vox in the washer/dryer room. The *Boycott Stabb* recording was far more relaxed and quite a bit more fun. Ian's producing was amazing and Don's engineering brilliant!

Playing the old, small 9:30 Club back then was one of the coolest things in the world! Stage dive heaven! Slam dancing galore! Some of my all-time greatest memories are buried in the ground where that building used to stand. It was my hangout, therapy session, and life's blood all rolled into one. At the time we were all so involved in the thing that I doubt any of us even remotely gave any thought to how we'd be remembered in the punk annals. I think it's cool that something I was fortunate enough to be a part of is so lauded. It's nice to get some respect after all these years. I'm extremely proud of all I've accomplished with music, but it ain't over for this old punk yet, ha!

MRR: What about the "movement" you and others like Minor Threat helped to start, Straightedge. I myself, in a big part due to you and Minor Threat, was Straightedge for seven years in my 20s. Do you feel any responsibility, even today, to stay on the straight and narrow, or is that past history?

Stabb: I never felt like being straight in the punk scene was part of being in a movement. I get asked (and even harassed by some idiot punk kids at times) about "Straightedge" quite a bit, but it's a fine Minor Threat song, and that's it. I never labeled myself this, but was on such an incredible natural adrenaline high at shows to ever want to ruin it with drugs. I left my "dazed and confused" years back at high school along with that awful Led Zeppelin film. I think folks have really blown the meaning of Ian's song way out of proportion. That said, I do find it a monumental tragedy when you hear about young talented people such as Heath Ledger and Brad Renfro recently dying from drugs. I like a good fruity mixed drink now and again, but I would never mix drinking and my punk rock back in my GI years. I knew people who would get stoned or trip on acid to GI and this blows my mind! Our shows were so intense and emotional that I could only imagine them to be terrifying on drugs. Unless you have to take some kind of meds (I take Paxil) for depression, anger, or just helping you focus better on everyday things, drugs suck! I'm certainly not all fascist or militant about people who do them, but I prefer not to be around those folks.

MRR: I was lucky enough to see you guys in the early to mid '80s at a small place called Oscar's Cornhusker in Azusa, California with Uniform Choice. How was that tour? Did it meet expectations? Any cool or funny stories?

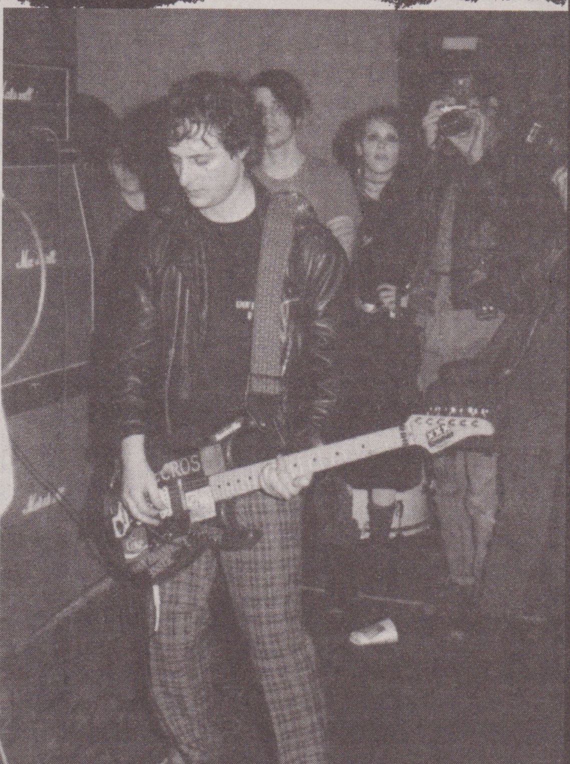
Stabb: That mini-tour that Mystic Records flew us out for was a blast! Not only did we have a great photographer and lovely friend in SST Records own Naomi Petersen, but we also got to hang out with all kinds of cool folks. Mystic Records head honcho Doug Moody couldn't have been a nicer fella to us, and his assistant Philco was generous to a fault. I've heard all of the horrible "dealing with Doug and Mystic" stories but they were very, very good towards GI. Mystic set us up with a handful of gigs, a driver with Winnebago, studio time, and great food! I don't have any major issues with the label in the long run. Doug regaled us with stories of his youth in the major label industry and all the bands he had first time original recordings of, like Suicidal Tendencies, Lone Justice, Guns N Roses, etc. He was a real sweet guy to listen to. We had a really enjoyable time hanging out in sleazy Hollywood and even went to a TV show taping (Tom and Lenny went to *The Price is Right* and Marc and I checked out *The Merv Griffin Show*). There was even some romance for me before we left.! The only downside of that tour was having Lenny go through a bit of a nervous breakdown, but it didn't ruin our total experience.

MRR: Government Issue is still hugely popular today. Maybe even more so than when you were playing? In my store and mail order, people young and old are into GI. Why do you think that is? Is it good music or something you have to have in order to be "punk"? You know, you're not cool unless you own Circle Jerks, Ramones, Adolescents, etc. Is that even the case in your opinion? Has GI gotten its just dues in the punk scene?

Stabb: I couldn't pinpoint a reason why folks dig GI. I'm always pretty blown away that our fan base runs from DC to the outer reaches of Japan. It's nice to be appreciated for something you put so much of your life's blood into, but that was never the reason I've been part of any group. I've always just done it for myself, and if others enjoyed it than that's cool. I don't think people place GI in the leagues of, say, Circle Jerks, Ramones, Adolescents, etc. Bands such as these have a zillion times more popularity than a little group like Government Issue could ever come close to. Those would be some pretty big combat boots to fill, ha!

I think after all these years that GI has definitely gotten their "just dues" by having a label such as Dr. Strange interested in our material. The collections that y'all have released made people think about us again and that's awesome. GI struggled their asses off back in the '80s, so it's nice to finally make a bit of a profit 19 years later. And when I come across a person placing GI on their favorites list, contacting me on an online site like daghouse.com or MySpace, or even approaching me in person to tell me how much the group means to them, it makes me feel good. I'm always about making an impact on people, so I think I've accomplished that.

MRR: What's your opinion on the value of some of these records? Your *Legless Bull* EP goes for a small fortune. How does that make you feel? Are you flattered or angered that people actually pay that much for punk record?



Stabb: It boggles the mind how much people will shell out for a piece of vinyl! I have seen *Legless Bull* go for as much as $300 on eBay and Minor Threat's first 7" test pressing sell for a whopping $1200! That's insane, man. It doesn't anger me that someone is willing to pay that much for something I was part of. I still think it's ridiculous. I have never spent more than say, $40, on some recording I felt was worth it. The collector's market is a crazy world, and it's not my world. When I think about spending anywhere near the amounts that some kids do for a record, I'm reminded of the days I spent incredibly unemployed and having to accept public assistance. When you're struggling, you should never be too proud to accept any charity the government is willing to dole out. Money is a fleeting thing, so you should only spend it on things you truly need. That's not to say that treating yourself and your mate to a nice dinner, movie, or gig now and then is wrong if it's in your budget. My wife and two cats are the most important thing to me in my life, not a record.

MRR: For right or wrong, singers always get all the attention, but let us know a little about the other guys in GI. Tom Lyle is a lot like you in my opinion: gracious, giving, level-headed, and all around, a good guy. What of the others? Do you still have any contact with them?

Stabb: That may be right. The wacky front person gets the attention most of the time, but someone has to make the band look good, ha! The bottom line is that front people are usually the focal point in bands because we are the biggest hams up there. When you put on a frenzied, fun-filled, intense, flamboyant performance, you're bound to stand out. Tom and I went through many years in GI wanting to tear each other apart, but there was a lot of petty immaturity happening back then. I'm happy to say that Tom and I are good friends again. He's a great guy and an amazing musician! Don't think that young Stabb got all the chicks in GI, because Tom was usually the one the girls went for. I was the guy they watched on stage with this "tortured nutlog" vibe, and they were afraid of me after the gig. Tom didn't chase after any of them, but they sure went for him, ha! Tom and I are extremely happily married so those, um, days are a thing of our sordid past.

We both used to hear from Marc Alberstadt (who grew up close to me), but he's kind of dropped out of the musical loop lately. Marc's a great guy to hang with and talk about movies and music. Otherwise, the man's a reserved quiet dude. John "God" Barry teaches at Townshend University and lives in the Baltimore area. I'm happy to say that John and his wife Ditty, plus Tom and his wife Kim, were all at my wedding. If I knew how to get a hold of other ex-GIs at the time, they would've been invited. I'm still in touch with J Robbins and Peter Moffett, who were both at my Government Re-Issue gig. They're great guys, as is anyone who spent time in the group.

MRR: I have to ask you, because I'm asked this many times. With so many bands reuniting (The Freeze, Bad Brains, Sham 69, etc.), why not GI? I know you would get a ton of people at your gigs. What has stopped you?

Stabb: Tom and I discussed doing a reunion gig as a benefit for J Robbins and his wife Janet Morgan's baby, who was born with spinal muscular atrophy. I called Tom and said, "You and I have always been violently opposed to ever doing a reunion (we were even asked to play one of the "Save CBGB's" benefits and turned it down), because we wish to move on and not take ten steps backwards, but the only reason I'd do it is to help raise money to pay medical bills for J's son."

"I agree with you, but I'd do it in a heartbeat to help J's son," Tom answered. I even contacted Pete to see if he'd do it, and he told me to ask J if he'd be part of it, because he would only do it with J, Tom, and me. I avoided contacting J, because I felt he had enough to deal with, but Pete asked him. Apparently, J wouldn't have been opposed to it, but we discovered that in order to make it happen, we'd need to be f'n great! This would call for some serious practicing time. With Tom living in the Jersey area raising a daughter, Pete traveling across the world as a drum-tech for Dashboard Confessional, and J seeking alternative medicines for his child, this was not to be. There was no way on earth we could have done this half-assed, so better not at all. It would've been a hell of a gig if it had happened, I tell you what!

MRR: Speaking of music, what's up with your newest band, Factory Incident?

Stabb: The Factory Incident lasted a good five years but is done making post-punk noise. Ex-Factory Incident guitarist / best friend / best man at my wedding Karl Hill and I are getting together with a few other folks to see what gels. I will tell you this, I'm extremely anxious to make some noise in front of people again! I miss being part of a band but life's been pretty busy. Mikastabb's dying to see her crazy husband back on stage, as she's probably my biggest fan, ha!

MRR: Tell us about your life today. I know you recently got married. No kids, correct? What is an average day for you? What are your goals for tomorrow?

Stabb: I work in a really cool hardware store, so you could say I went "from hardcore to hardware." Mikastabb and I love spending time with our little fuzzy four-legged family—our cats Astrophe and Whisper. They're our kids and play a huge part in our lives. We check out DVDs on Netflix and go to check out a band or two now and then. We're very comfortable hanging at home watching a movie while our cats sleep nearby (or on us). Unlike the old days of having to check out so many bands during the week, I don't feel that need. When I was younger in the scene, I *had* to check out every cool punk gig. It was my destiny, ha! My goals these days are pretty simple ones (at least I hope they are). I want to keep myself from ever getting into huge debt, complete my memoirs (*The Sheer Terror of John Stabb*), form a publishing company with Mikastabb so we can release my book and any others we come up with, do a speaking tour a la Henry Rollins, have another band that records and plays out, and be able to afford a house to raise a child.

Thanks for the therapy session, Doc. Who should I mail the check to, ha!

Thanks again to John Stabb and all the great memories and music!—Doc

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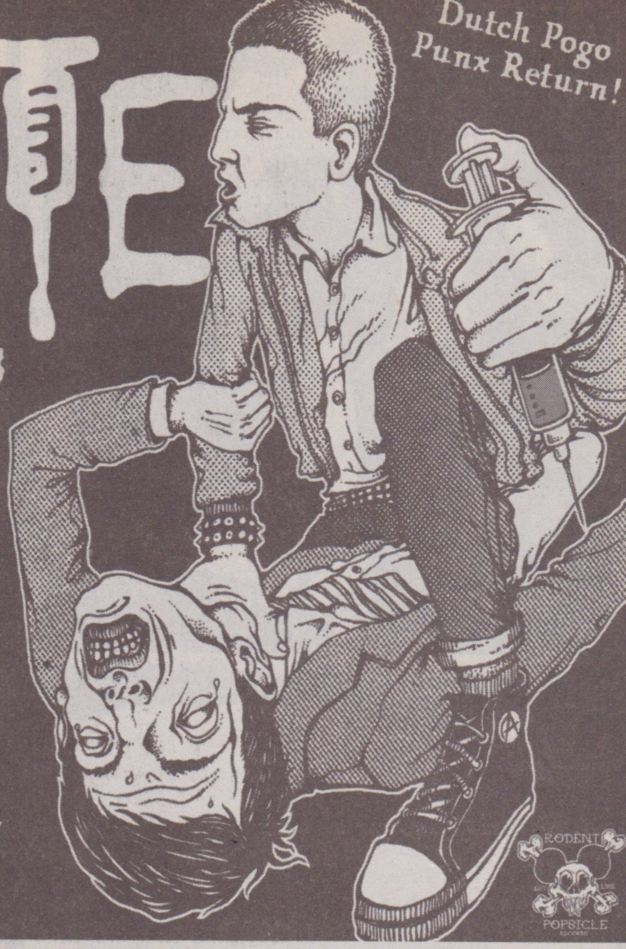
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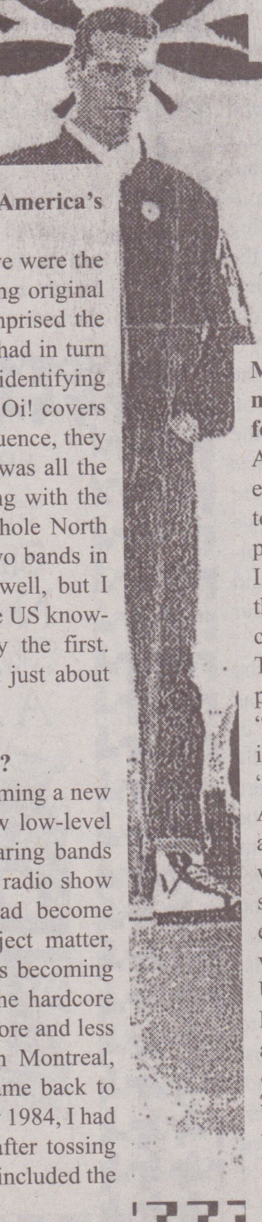
THE PRESS

The Press is one of the first American Oi! bands. Proudly working-class and anti-racist, they existed in one form or another from 1984 to 1994, with front man André Schlesinger always at the helm. Their total recorded output has just been released on Insurgence Records. Here's a bit of a chat with Andre about the band and what he's been up to.



MRR: The Press has been referred to as "North America's first Oi! band." Was this really the case?
Andre: For years I had been satisfied knowing that we were the first authentic Oi! band in NYC. We were performing original songs directly influenced by various bands that comprised the original Oi! movement and many of the bands who had in turn influenced them, and of course we were also openly identifying with the Oi! genre. While other bands played a few Oi! covers or had one or two original songs that had an Oi! influence, they were basically hardcore or punk bands. Then there was all the skinhead bands playing slowed down hardcore along with the predictable cliché lyrics. I don't know about the whole North America thing since I'm aware of at least one or two bands in Montreal, Canada who could make that claim as well, but I won't argue with the idea that we were the first in the US knowing which bands some will suggest were actually the first. Skinhead is more than just a haircut, and Oi! isn't just about skinheads, right?

MRR: How did the Press come together and why?
Andre: As early as 1982 I had been interested in forming a new punk band in NYC. Previously I had fronted a few low-level projects in my hometown in upstate NY. After hearing bands like The Gonads and Cockney Rejects on the NYU radio show Noise The Show (formerly Oi! The Show), I had become increasingly interested in the Oi! sound and subject matter, which I felt I identified with on many levels. I was becoming somewhat disappointed with the development of the hardcore punk sound, which by then had become more hardcore and less punk. After several trips and an extended stay in Montreal, which had a strong Oi! following at the time, I came back to NYC on a mission to create a dedicated Oi! band. By 1984, I had the band formed with a preliminary line up, and after tossing around a few ideas for a name (early considerations included the Spy Boys among others), I came up with the Press.

MRR: OK, so what was it about the Oi! sound and subject matter that spoke to you? Any bands in particular that you found inspiring?
Andre: Environmental factors and personal experiences influenced the songs of the Press as much as anything else. Just prior to starting the Press I had worked in a factory operating a power press and driving a forklift, and both before and after that period I had worked at various printing press jobs. Now I don't think that working in a factory shop or manual labor is bad; it builds character and a bit of muscle when it's done within reason. There's a certain camaraderie that develops around the work place, and that went into songs like "Carry On Harry" and "Friday 5 PM," but when it becomes redundant, boring, demeaning, or even dangerous and you've become bitter over it, well "It's Not What I Want" and "Revolution Now!"

As far as sound and style I'd say a big influence was the Gonads, and I believe their song "Tucker's Ruckers Ain't No Suckers" was the very first Oi! track I ever heard. It definitely inspired the sound on songs like "Revolution Now." Cockney Rejects, another band that introduced me to Oi!, figures prominently in there as well as Sham 69, Cock Sparrer, the Business, and Angelic Upstarts. Prior to that, when I was a kid the Stranglers, Sex Pistols, the Clash, and the Damned go without saying. I think the album that I repeatedly listened to the most back then was *The Good, The Bad and The 4 Skins*, particularly the studio side. I was always impressed by the album cover's artwork and the way the band looked on the back. And then there were the Redskins… I had hopes that the Press would become a bit more progressive, and perhaps we were perceived as such in comparison to our peers. I had always been a big Stranglers and Roxy Music fan, and I had appreciated certain unpopular tracks and albums recorded by the Angelic Upstarts and Blitz. You know the ones...I had a lot of appreciation for the Pathetique bands, apart from the Gonads, such as Splodgenessabounds and Peter and The Testube Babies, who were very progressive if not experimental. Then there was a reggae, ska, and soul aspect to us, so I was open to broadening our sound. Certain songs, particularly "ASAP," "Try," "Carry On Harry," and "Shot Heard Around The World," were begging for keyboards, and we performed at least one show with an additional saxophone player. Some songs like "It's Not What I Want" had originated in visual art and I wanted to incorporate this into our live performances. The music I was beginning to write was more complex, particularly the reggae songs. I was becoming very curious about using synthesizers in the band, and since Mick Jones' Big Audio Dynamite was another favorite around that time, I was entertaining the idea of using samples and tape loops. I think I'm starting to realize that concept now.

MRR: What was people's reaction to the Press at the time? Today it seems the Press is held in high-regard, and even considered legendary in some circles...

Andre: People's initial expectation of a punk band, particularly a skinhead band in NYC back in the '80s, was that we'd sound more like a hardcore band. Of course we weren't a hardcore band, and in the beginning, or at least when we started playing live, people's responses varied between pleasant surprise to unpleasant disapproval. Again, although it wasn't always to the extent that I wanted, there was a progressive aspect to the Press. We were playing ska and reggae songs like "Try" and "Break Up Dub" and the Motown/Soul influenced "ASAP" on top of punk songs with a rhythmic and melodic sound. Not to mention that I'm a singer, not a screamer. Also, we had been associated somewhat with the NYC ska scene early on through our friendship with Rob Hingley of the Toasters. We released our first track, "Just Another Warning," on the *New York Beat: Hit And Run/Skaville USA* compilation on the Toaster's Moon Records label. Additionally, I had played guitar with a mod band, the Scene for a short period of time. Those were the latter days of the CBGB's hardcore matinees—which we refused to play—where it seemed that everyone was trying to emulate Agnostic Front. People seeing us for the first time often said that they didn't realize that a band like the Press existed in our area. We were definitely providing a much needed service.

I'm really tempted to expand on this but I feel like I can't do the feeling justice. You really had to be there to understand. There was this void between the hardcore scene and the ska/mod scene in NYC—a place where you might expect there to be a middle ground. There was no Oi! scene at the time, although there were plenty of enthusiasts, myself, the guys who would eventually be members of the Press, and many of our friends and loyal fans included. The Press was really the kind of band I wanted to experience as a spectator, and a major aspect that went into our sound and style was what I wanted to see and hear as a punk music fan, as much as being a product of our own creativity and other bands' influences.

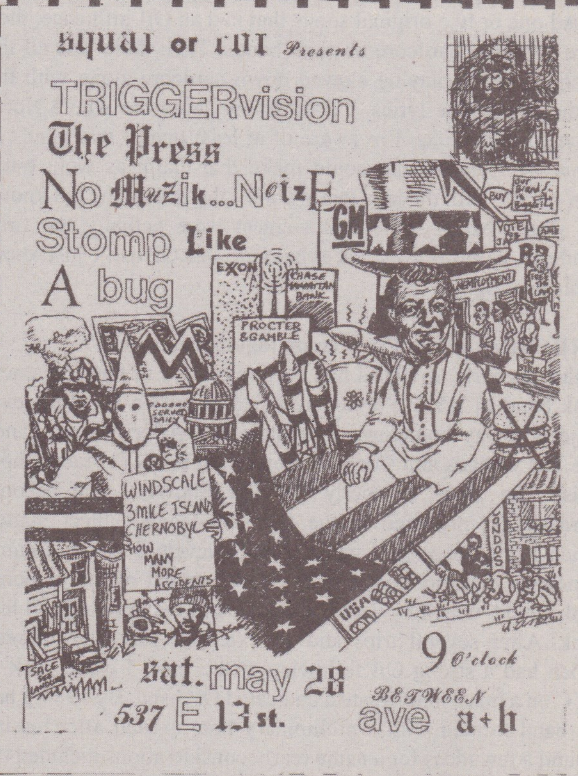
The legendary status surrounding the Press is likely due in part to the fact that we were under everyone's radar. By the time most people were discovering us, we had already ceased to be a band. Although we played plenty of shows in Manhattan, we didn't venture out of the area much. We never toured, and we only released a handful of tracks. Perhaps if we had proliferated more, we'd seem less legendary. In a way the Press is a band that exists in a certain place and time, but is still waiting to be discovered.

MRR: Everything I've read about the Press points to the band's involvement in the *original* SHARP (Skinheads Against Racial Prejudice) movement. In fact I've seen the Press touted as *the originators of SHARP.* What's the story behind that?

Andre: We were certainly involved early on, having played the first SHARP benefit shows in NYC, but we didn't start it. That honor goes to Marcus Pachecho, who is now a successful tattoo artist in San Francisco. We were instrumental in SHARP being exported to the UK and abroad, since I had introduced Roddy Moreno to Marcus while the Press was making arrangements to appear on Oi! Records' *Skins 'N' Punks Vol. 5*. The SHARP logo appeared next to ours on that album cover.

MRR: Why did SHARP come into being at that particular time ('80s) in New York City? And what was the guiding philosophy of the original SHARP chapter?

Andre: Skin-Heads Against Racial Prejudice was basically formed to educate the media and public about the skinhead subculture, which, in the early '80s in the US, was starting off on the wrong foot. As it is with most everything else, it's the loudmouths who get noticed and the subsequent press coverage. Skinheads were quickly becoming synonymous with racial hated and violence in the US, and almost no one had a clue that the vast majority of skinheads weren't racist, or that there were even skinheads of non-white racial backgrounds. Some of the organized racialist groups were actually trying to convince people that that skinhead subculture had originated out of the racialist movement in the Southern US. Much like Holocaust deniers, they were trying to rewrite history to further their agendas.



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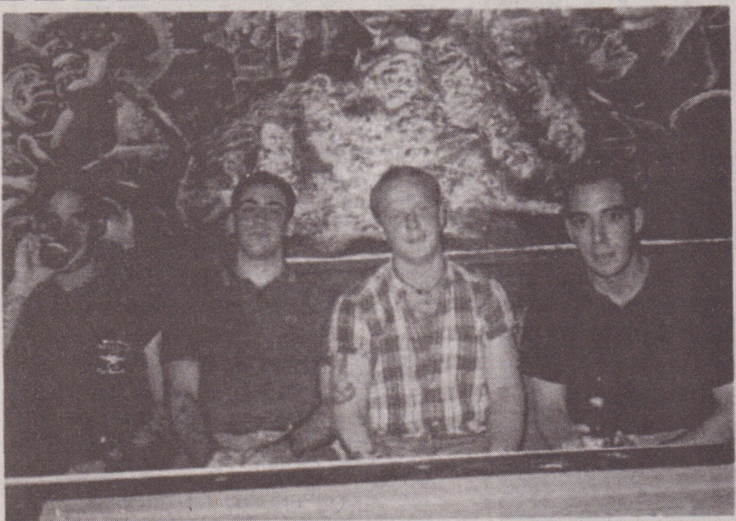
In the mid '80s, SHARP was a good idea whose time had come, but it had many limitations that weren't considered by the large circle of friends and supporters who made up the initial organization. There were aspects of SHARP that bordered on organized political activism, while the group overall maintained more or less a crew mentality and structure as the idea spread and became less centralized.

MRR: The Press, because of their association with SHARP, get lumped together with other political punk/Oi! bands. Did you consider yourselves a political band? Was there a particular political message you were trying to get across?
Andre: From my point of view that seems a bit ironic since there were people who viewed the NYC SHARP crew as being political by way of their association with me and the Press. In the same respect, the other members of the Press—throughout the several line-up changes—had little or no political stance, and would have preferred to distance themselves from any political labeling, although everyone who had been in the band believed in what SHARP had set out to do and fully supported it. That being said, I formed the Press, kept it together, was the obvious front man, wrote all the songs, and was the only consistent member over the years, so naturally it was going to be associated with my disposition.

MRR: Although it's been a whole lot of years since the Press performed or recorded, you've just released *The Complete Press*, on Insurgence Records. How'd that come about? How'd you end up on Insurgence?
Andre: A few years ago, I had been approached by another label about releasing a collection of studio recordings by the Press. While this was being negotiated a couple of other labels approached me with a similar deal. After the initial deal dragged on for an inordinate amount of time I chose to go with Insurgence Records who had been very enthusiastic about the idea.

MRR: The song "21 Guitar Salute" was covered by the Dropkick Murphys on one of their earlier releases. Any idea why they chose that particular song to cover?
Andre: Actually, the song appears on their split EP with Face To Face and on *Singles Collection: Vol. 2.* I think Al Barr has explained that he received our demo tapes with the song at one of our early shows. Dropkick Murphys had been covering the song for some time, and after he joined they decided to record it. Would have been nice if they had followed up on their offer to have me perform it live with them at one of the several shows they've played in NYC since then. It would have also been nice if they had asked my permission to record the song before they recorded it.



MRR: You've got a new band, Maninblack, that I've seen described as a mixture of streetpunk, synth, and reggae. Is this an update of the Press sound, or is this something different? You did say earlier you wished that the Press had sounded a bit more progressive...
Andre: Maninblack is definitely more of what I've wanted all along. Not that I have any more control over the situation than I had in the Press. I'm more mature and resolved to stick to my guns while the goal is to accomplish what the Press couldn't. In a way, I've taken ideas that I only entertained in the Press—while others were developed during my hiatus between the two bands—and have implemented them in Maninblack. The concept is similar, and Maninblack owes a great deal to the Press. There are resources, such as computers, the internet, and my association with Garry Bushell that I just didn't have back then. What I'm writing is more educated in the literal sense, but also in life experience. There's a basic Oi! and punk influence here, but I've expanded on this much further than I ever did or could with the Press.

I don't think Maninblack plays any more reggae, relatively, than we did in the Press. Although since I'm counting on accomplishing more than we did in the Press, there may be more individual songs. The content is more inspired and personal. When I wrote songs like Maninblack's "Straight Out Of Babylon" and "I Don't Believe In Jah" I was looking for an authentic feeling that I just didn't get in the Press' "Break Up Dub" and "Try." I wanted to emulate the sounds of Jimmy Cliff's "The Harder They Come" and Desmond Dekker's "Isrealites," something primitive that I think is lost in today's ska and so called ska-punk bands.

Although there are synthesizers present in the music I don't think that synth is quite applicable to Maninblack as a genre. We're currently using guitar synthesizers, keyboards, and electronic drums as well as conventional electric guitars and acoustic drums, but this is as much a matter of bringing the sound up-to-date as it is anything else. Maninblack is punk, and the Oi! influence remains absolutely prominent, but it's also evolved in a 21st century direction and in a way that reflects me personally. I think in some ways Maninblack speaks to a people that feel disenfranchised by what punk has become in the media and music industry, and in other ways it's something new. Like with the Press I feel that Maninblack is something I would otherwise like to see and hear as a punk music fan myself.

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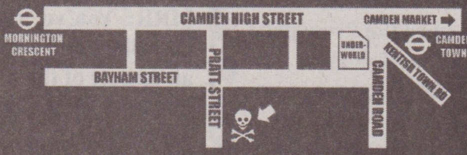

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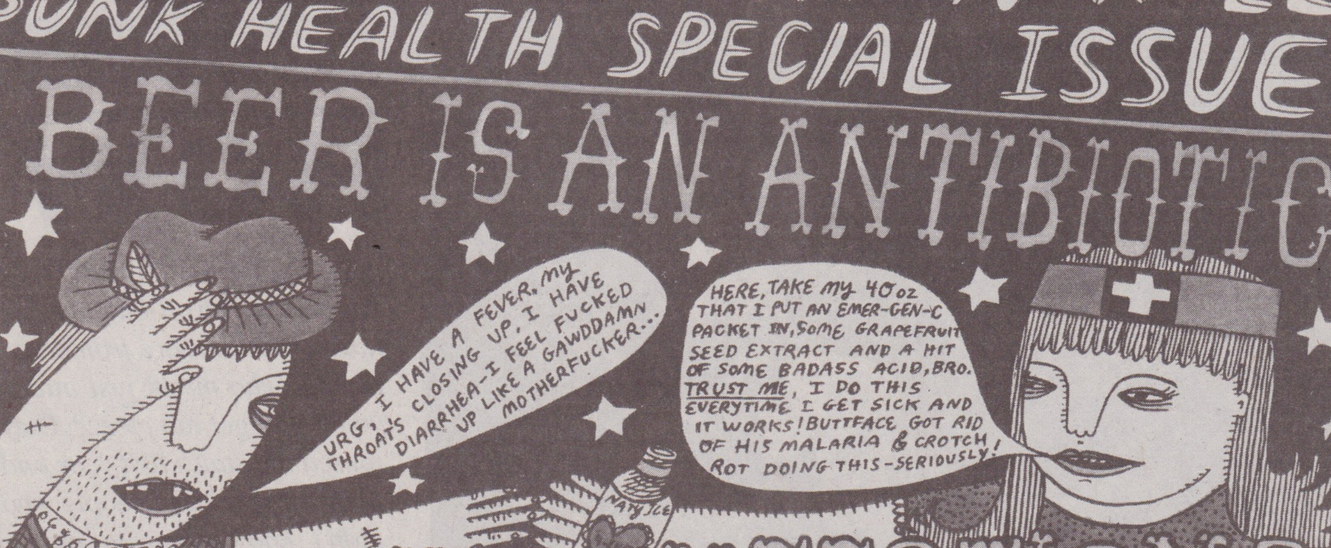
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THE COLA FREAKS

are PUNK ROCK WEIRDOS IN THE BEST POSSIBLE SENSE.

Photo above: Matthew Juarez
Photo below: Mort Harder

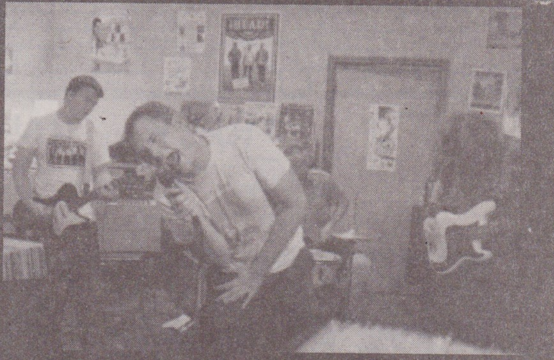

Photo: BullyRook

Photo: Jason Penner

HOW

many bands can you think of these days with off-kilter poppy harmonies that are fronted by a goon who might just attack you if you get too close? They toured the states last year and blew away a lot of people who didn't know what to expect from this unknown band from Denmark that barely had any copies of their records with them. I can only hope that upon their return this fall that people show up and know what to expect.

MRR: First and foremost… I've seen you guys with three different configurations and there was another previous member in the band. Who is permanent in the band?
Cola Freaks: Cola Freaks are: Anders – bass, Jacob – drums, Mads – vocals, Kasper – guitar, and Morten – guitar. We started out with another bass player but we had to let him go. Anders took over the bass duty but he couldn't go with us on the USA tour, so we called up Kasper and asked him if he could go instead. He was up for it and now he's playing guitar in the band.

MRR: For those of us who are not fluent in your native tongue, what are you guys singing about anyhow? I imagine it's something more than the usual "war is bad, cops are really mean, etc" stuff. Fill us in…
Cola Freaks: We haven't got anything against cops and politicians. We really don't care that much about politics, or at least not in band context. All the lyrics so far are written by Mads and the majority are about human interaction and personal stuff. We've matured a bit since our days in hardcore bands singing about breasts and penises.

MRR: So you all have previous and/or current bands/projects going. Plug away.
Cola Freaks: Long story… Jacob and Anders play in a hardcore band together named Rotter and Jacob also plays in the psychobilly band Johnny nightmare and Anders played with Austin and South Paw. Morten and Mads have been together since 1998 in different bands: TÆVE, The Real Moneymakers, the Johns, Pregnants, ShitPansy and Knicky Nickers. Morten also plays bass in Snöwball. Mads is in a Canadian band called Shock Corridor. They recorded a demo last year. He is planning to go back in June '08 to work on some new recordings. Kasper played punk rock and stoner rock in Pitstop and the Futants.

MRR: Tæve did a homocore release with a good story behind it. Do tell...
Cola Freaks: When Tæve started out in 1999 the Danish punk scene were very politically correct. We were more into bands like GG Allin, Angry Samoans, Dwarves etc., and drinking beers and being stupid, so we thought we'd do something else (and try to piss people off a bit).

We had lyrics about PC guys preaching just to get laid, getting wasted, fucking around, my dick is bigger than yours etc., etc., and we did get alot of shit from that. The lyrics usually had a humouristic or satirical touch, but I guess that not everybody got it through the noise and we didn't tell. It was more fun to be an "offensive" band. We managed to launch rumors that we were banned from this and that venue for being too incorrect and people ate it and it ended up being reality in some cases. According to the PC codex we couldn't use the word "pussy" without being labeled sexists, and songs about lust and hate were not OK for us!?! So being tired of double standards and the fact that It was OK to express your sex drive in an aggressive way if you were gay, but not if you were hetero, we labeled ourselves homocore at some point. It had the effect that the PC's still hated us and now all the homophobic skins and punks hated us too... Pissing people off? Mission accomplished! Tæve did two 7"s. One self released 7" limited to 200 copies and the 2nd, *Homocore aus Dänemark*, came out on the Canadian label Audio Fellattio.

Photo: Jason Penner

MRR: So, I think it was The Johns that played in Denmark at a show with Kværn and from the pictures it looks like it turned into a full blown brodeo of nude dudes. What the hell? Do The Johns always get that reaction?
Cola Freaks: Well, the kids from Elsinore (hometown of Kværn) knows how to party, and I guess getting drunk and dancing naked was the thing that night. Martin from Kværn told me they did the same when the Hipshakes played there, maybe they're starting a new tradition?

MRR: So Aarhus is home to The Lost Kids who did the song "Cola Freaks," which you lifted your name from. What do you find about that besides the regional aspect that you identified with in that song? Why not name your band "Rådden Dig"?
Cola Freaks: Cola Freaks is a better song, and as a band name it makes sense both in Danish and English… It can really be a pain in the ass to figure out new band names, so when Cola Freaks came up, we just decided to stick with that.

MRR: Since your name is in homage to an old Danish band, any other greats from long ago we should be checking out beyond Lost Kids? Obviously The Brats (featuring a young King Diamond, no shit!) come to mind. I recall mentioning Electric Deads and getting a negative response.
Cola Freaks: The Electric Deads 7"s are ok, they're just overrated by my opinion, but I guess it's a matter of taste. Not a lot of Danish punk/hc bands from the late '70s/early '80s made it to a record, but there's definitely some really good ones people should check out: NRG made one really good 7" and one 12". It's kinda new wave-ish punk rock. Sods made the first Danish punk full length in '79 and it's all killer. War Of Destruction did a 7" and a 12"—great Scandinavian HC. City X did two cool 7"s too. The Gatecrashers 7", Freshly Riots 7" and first 12" are also solid releases. The "Pære Punk" compilation from 1979 is totally awesome, it's better than most KBD volumes, raw and varied—get that one. Other good old Danish rock bands were: Wild Horses, Kalmaris and Burnin' Red Ivanhoe.

MRR: How about current stuff? Tell us about things as far as the music scene in Aarhus and Denmark in general. Any bands worth mentioning beyond the obvious Kick N Punch related bands?
Cola Freaks: There's a lot going on in the Danish music scene right now; Dust Bugs from Aalborg will have a 7" out on Mastermind records soon. They're playing trashed garage punk and have members from Columbian Neckties, who released three LPs and Shake Appeal. Also from Aalborg is Time Waste Us who also shares members with Columbian Neckties. In Aarhus we have stoner rockers Double Space and Fossils who are great. Powersolo is one of the best live acts in Denmark and they tour the US now and then, so keep an eye out gringos. From the Powersolo "family" there's also Kim and the Cinders and Horatio and the Deviants who definitely are worth checking out too. The Surfin' Henchmen is really good too, not just the usual surf band—they kinda have their own sound and kills live. Hailing from Elsinore, there's Kværn who plays cool early-Dwarves-ish punk rock. Check out the following bands too: Virgin Suicide, Defectors, Guv'nors, Thee Attacks, De høje hæle, Under Al Kritik, President Fetch, Ear and Dark, War of Destruction, Don Saund, Kirsten Ketsjer, Idiot, Volvulus and Reaktion and of course the above mentioned Cola Freaks side projects.

MRR: You did something I don't think most people would advise and toured the States on the back of an EP that was just barely out. How were you received? How's the record going?
Cola Freaks: Yeah, it was kind of stupid touring the states so early, but keeping in mind that the 7" was just out, we were really well received I think. We had a little trouble in the beginning of the tour with getting shows on the west coast, but we ended up playing about 45 shows for everything from 10 to 300 people. The first press of the 7" is almost sold out from our label and a second press is on it's way soon.

MRR: What is the story with Hjernespind by the way? I seem to recall hearing it related to Kick N Punch Records but can't remember how.
Cola Freaks: Tommas who runs Hjernespind ran

Photo: David Grant

Kick N Punch with another dude. They decided to close down Kick N Punch and start their own separate labels, so the relation is Tommas, the label the other guy has started is called Plague Bearer.

MRR: Back to your tour—was this your first time in the US? Any memorable experiences? Culture shocks?
Cola Freaks: This was our first time in the US, yeah. We had a lot of good experiences. In Boston we played a basement show where the drain pipe from the toilet upstairs had been leaking and the floor was covered with human waste and broken glass. They also had chicken wire hooked up to 110 volts to keep the rats out, so with all the liquids on the floor we got electric shocks from almost everything we touched. That was fucked up, but a really fun and memorable show to play… they also kept a dead cat in a bucket on the front porch. In Santa Ana a lady did a striptease when we played and then started a fight… It was kind of sad to see her so fucked up, but still a show we'll never forget. In Austin we played on a pedestrian bridge at 3am, that was really cool too. San Antonio was a special experience too, we got the show two days before, and it turned out to be at this Mexican bar with a banda band and some rock and hardcore. They told us the last white person who visited the bar was shot down, and were a bit amazed that we were there all the way from Denmark. It turned out to be a great night—sold lots of merch and people were so nice. Hope to play a show there next time we go overseas. Driving from Arizona to New Mexico we drove thru a giant sandstorm and that made a big impact on all of us I think. It might be common in the states, but we don't see that in Denmark ever. We met lots of really cool/fucked up people and played with lots of really good bands, but we didn't really experience any culture shocks, it's still the western world.

MRR: Now you have toured Europe with Cola Freaks and with your previous bands and you just got back from the US. What are your thoughts on the differences between touring Europe and the US?
Cola Freaks: When playing shows in Europe you usually get fed, a place to stay and free beer and the door money or whatever the deal is. From what we've heard before doing the US tour we shouldn't expect to get more than gas money and that's it, but it turned out that most people were really friendly and opened their homes to us, and sometimes let us stay several days. These people know who they are and we're truly grateful to them… let us know if you go to Denmark. Compared to Europe, the drives can be a lot longer in the US, also finding your way around is a bit different. In the US signs often state north/south something or east/west something, in Europe you usually drive after the big cities. We had a GPS though so we didn't fuck up that much. We also had to get used to the different US alcohol regulations. We were surprised that we could buy alcohol in one state all night long and then in the next it's almost impossible to buy at any hour. Yeah, we're just stupid Danes, but we learned.

MRR: You guys have played a lot of shows with American bands in Europe and it begs the question: how do you guys feel about American bands coming to Europe? It seems like the days of bands being treated like God are over but, in my opinion, it still seems like bands do get treated better in Europe. Do you feel like some bands are hoping to take advantage of that?
Cola Freaks: I don't know if American bands hope to take advantage of European hospitality. Maybe some do. I think it's great that so many American bands come to Europe and play for us. I love it. We get to play shows with bands we're fans of, and I have no complaint about that. People treated us very well when we were in the states, so maybe the thing is that if you're a foreign band you get treated better. I don't know.

MRR: Another thing I noticed is that you guys seem to play gigs with a wide array of bands. What do you attribute that to? Ever had a bad reaction to your sound from a mixed crowd?
Cola Freaks: I think we appeal to a lot of different people since we have a lot of different influences ourselves. Some of us listen to indie and psychedelic rock while others listen to rockabilly. We all like good punk rock though. Recently we played an indie rock festival in our hometown and somehow we got away with offending each and every reporter present, so we got shitty reviews. A lot of the people from the audience seemed to like it though.

MRR: We talked a bit about your influences and how people interpret them. I mentioned that I could hear the Beach Boys, Warsaw-era Joy Division, Dangerhouse Records, etc. How would you describe the band's sound and what were some of the interpretations you heard?
Cola Freaks: We're not heading for a certain sound and when we try to write songs we just pick the stuff we like the best and keep working on that. We have all been playing punk rock or hardcore punk before and I guess you can hear that in our music, but we listens to all kinds of music. We share some favorite bands that we all like, but in general we're influenced by '60s psychedelia, '70s punk, '80s new wave, '90s garage and indie rock and '00s art bands. Interpretations we've heard have been Wire, Joy Division, Wipers and Lost kids, blahh, Oh yeah, and Kraut rock

MRR: You recorded some stuff in the US while on tour. Tell us about that. Any idea when we can expect it?
Cola Freaks: We recorded with Alicja from the River City Tanlines in Memphis, and it turned out really good. Three of those songs will be on our next 7" that will be out on Hjernespind Records this March or April. We also recorded a few songs with Jay Reatard for another 7". These songs will be mixed soon and both sessions were really good and we're very excited about it. Right now, we're writing songs for an album, and this February we'll record songs for another 7", which will be out on Torrie from Bloodstain distro's new label.

MRR: One single out, more on the way. When's the LP coming out?
Cola Freaks: Next year is the plan. We also have a single coming out on Local Cross Records, and a split single with Autistic Youth on Taken by Surprise Records. Our second 7" that we recorded with Alicja of River City Tanlines is out now on Hjernespind Records.

MRR: Your next stateside tour is going to be much shorter. Why? Where are you going?
Cola Freaks: We will tour the East Coast next time we come to the states.

MRR: Why no Anders in America last time? Will America see the full five piece line up this time around?
Cola Freaks: I had some (t)issues with an education I'm probably dropping out of anyway, so a pretty bad decision staying home. This time around though it's going to be all five of us, so expect some loud ass kicking stadium rock!

MRR: Closing comments?
Cola Freaks: We might throw in some extra US dates, touring with a full-blown rock star who can't be named just yet. But it isn't quite settled, so keep yourself updated on: myspace.com/colafreaks. See you.

Photo: BullyRook

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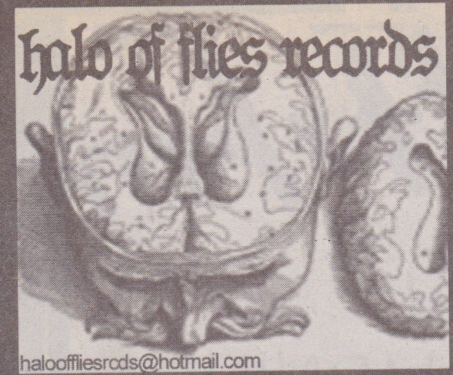

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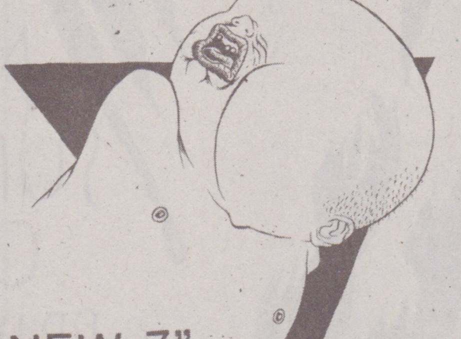

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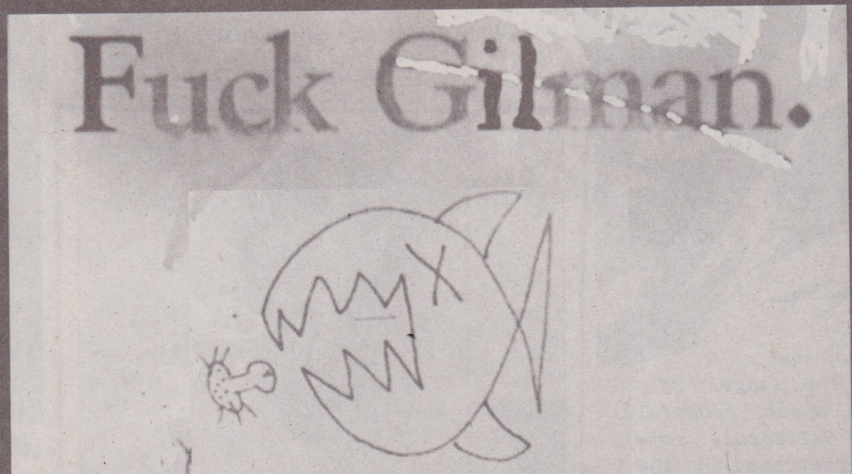

Fuck Gilman.

Yeah, that's right, fuck Gilman. Face it, the club sucks. And there's nothing that can change it. Absolutely nothing. So it's probably useless to even go to the next membership meeting. *Membership meeting?* God, what a fucking joke. Imagine, a bunch of kids sitting around pretending to decide what happens where they hang out. What a fucking joke.

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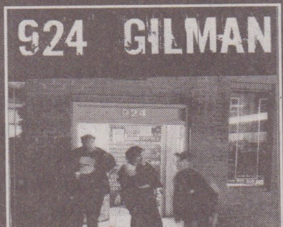

924 GILMAN
COMPILED BY BRIAN EDGE
THE STORY SO FAR...

"One of the main reasons for the existence of Gilman is to be a vehicle for personal expression. One look at the walls inside, with their countless layers of band names, spraypaint, artwork, tags, stickers, flyers, and absurd commentary will tell you this. It is meant to be a place where anyone can come down, participate, and let their creativity run riot. Although it is often described as being run by a monolithic "collective", Gilman is made up of a diverse collection of individuals. Over and over, I've seen new people get involved, contribute to the club, and grow from the experience. An all-ages, volunteer-run club is vital as an example that young people can control their own cultural interests independent of the dominant mainstream culture." -- Susan S. '00
(excerpt from 924 Gilman book)

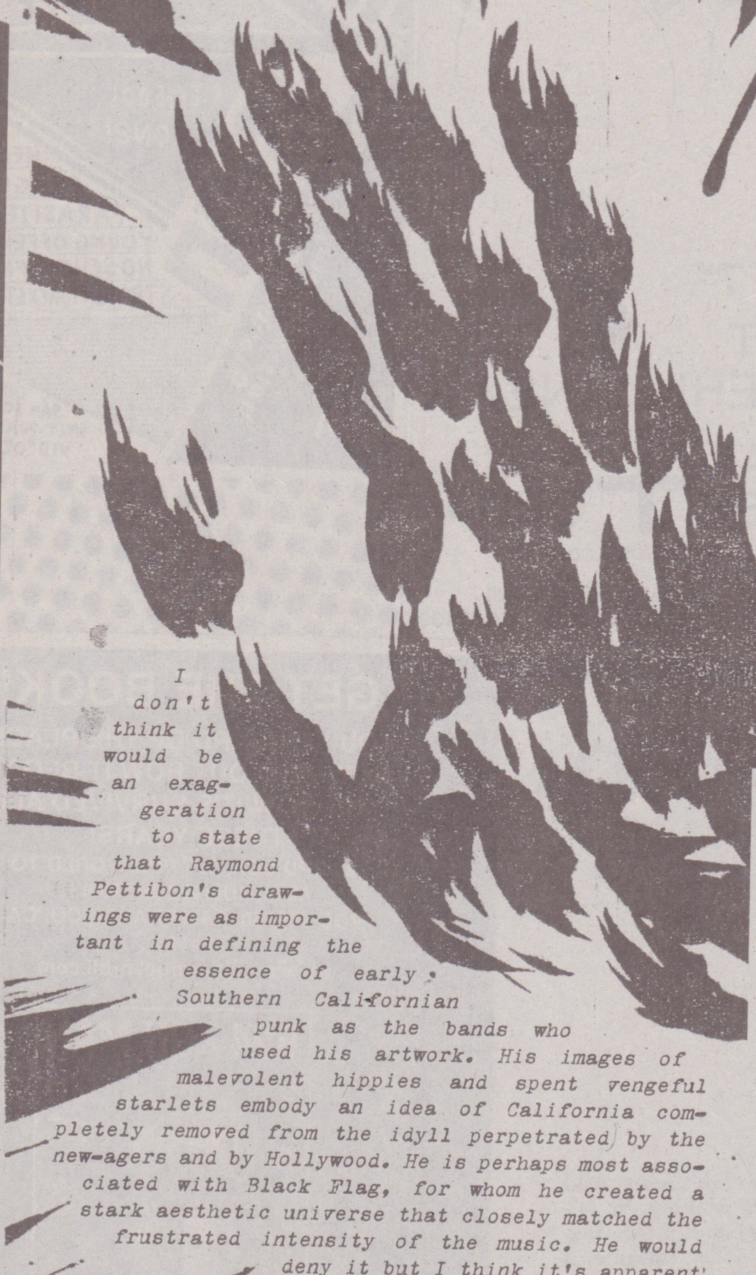
Raymond Pettibon

NO SUMMONING OF PRIESTS.

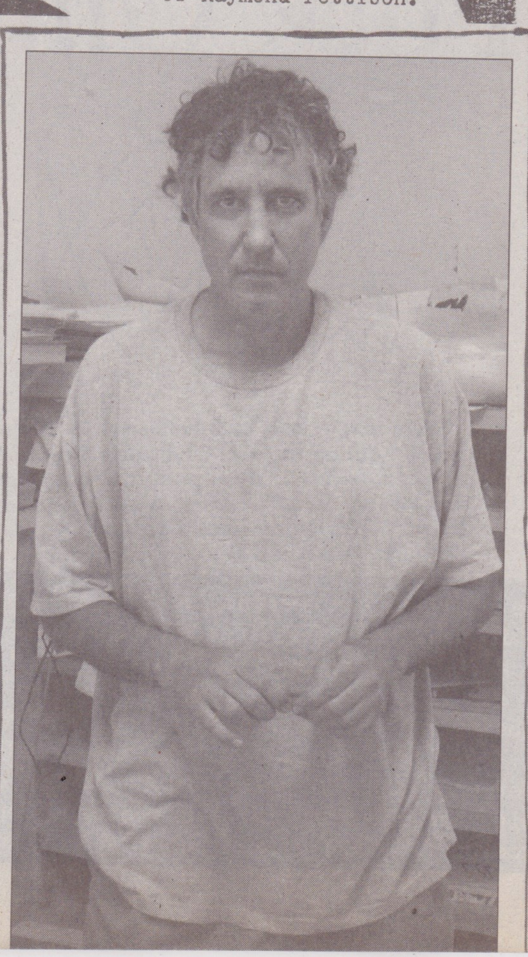
Interview and photos by

Layla Gibbon

All artwork from the collection of Layla Gibbon and used with the permission of Raymond Pettibon.



I don't think it would be an exaggeration to state that Raymond Pettibon's drawings were as important in defining the essence of early Southern Californian punk as the bands who used his artwork. His images of malevolent hippies and spent vengeful starlets embody an idea of California completely removed from the idyll perpetrated by the new-agers and by Hollywood. He is perhaps most associated with Black Flag, for whom he created a stark aesthetic universe that closely matched the frustrated intensity of the music. He would deny it but I think it's apparent that his work created a visual identity that helped solidify Black Flag's myth and importance as a band.



The interview started with me walking into his studio and realizing I had left my question sheet in my bag in his kitchen. I was intimidated already and felt super under prepared so I just started rambling about the magazine. Maybe if I had been less nervous and actually asked the questions I planned to rather than resorting to an elaborate five-questions-rolled-into-one confused-sprawl interview style this would have been more focused. So it's more of a random conversation than an incisive Q and A session. Disclaimers in the introduction? I was so nervous I barely asked about his artwork! Interview and introduction by Layla Gibbon.

MRR: …The way the magazine works, there are two people that are in charge of getting content together, but then some kid in Malaysia can write a scene report about local punk and we would run it. We do have editorial control and there are things we don't cover, we have a very strong stance in regards to...

Raymond: You keep a strict separation between editorial and the business part of culture, except you run ads.

MRR: *(Laughs nervously)* I like how strict it is in keeping certain values intact, like we're pretty much non-profit at this point, and I am sure if we broadened our view we could make a lot more money than we do. But then I like figuring out how to operate in such on such narrow terms, it almost opens up possibilities because you have to figure out how to do things that other magazines probably don't even have to think about. The nature of the magazine is that you have to be your own boss. There's no one to tell you what to do, and you have to motivate people to help you do random shitwork, or to contribute content to the magazine with no monetary rewards you know? It's made me think about the nature of work and free time. Also it makes me happy it's existed for so long on its own terms.

Raymond: These books I am making for Wendy, they kind of come from fanzine culture, they have a price on the cover but they sell for so little I am basically giving them away. I like the idea of that. Typically it's around rock music or comics or films, ham radio, these things that are a labor of love first of all.

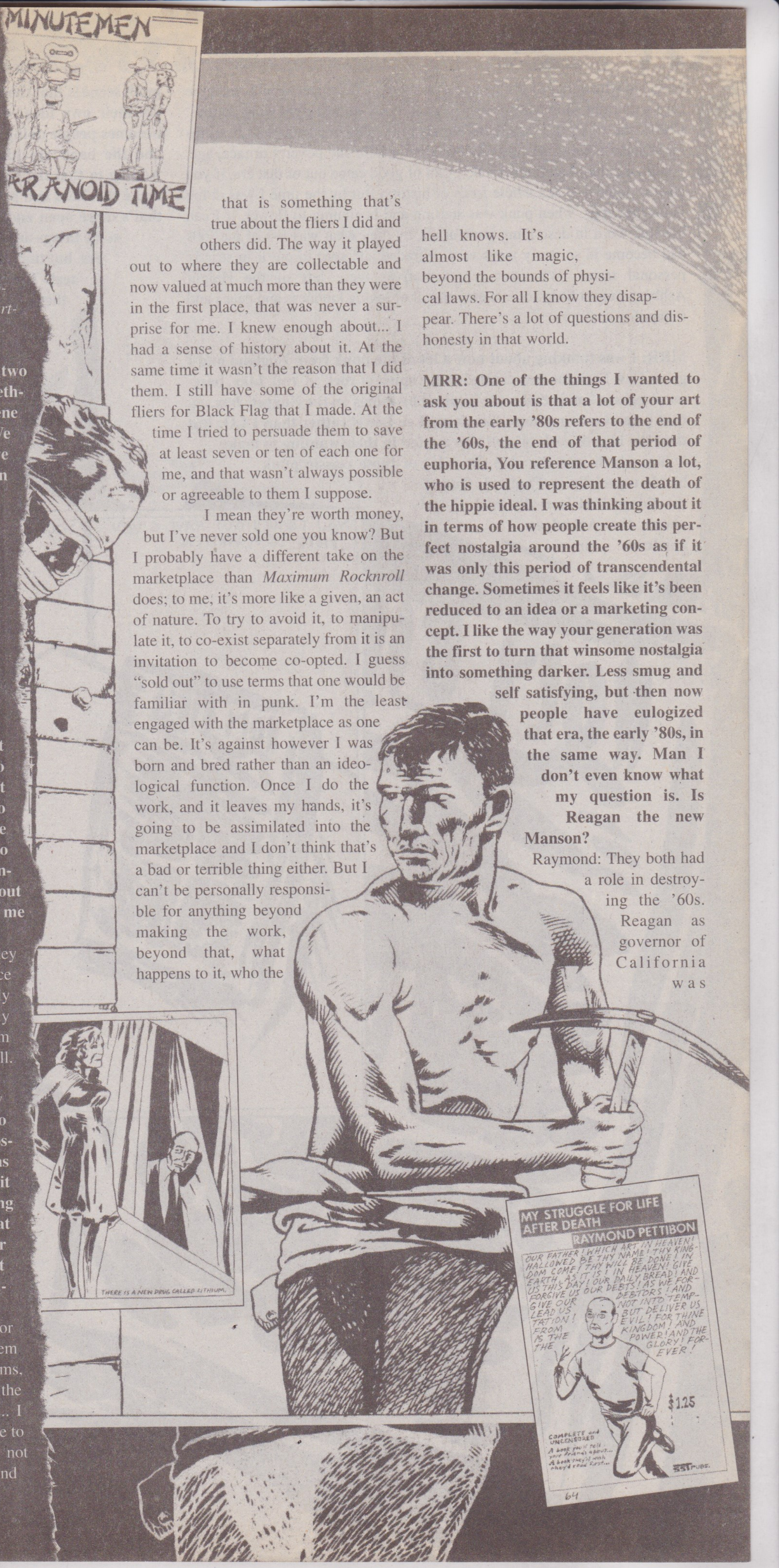
MRR: I was talking to a collector yesterday about collecting fliers. One of the things I like so much about punk culture is that it's very disposable, things disappear and get replaced. I was thinking about this in terms of what you do, it seems like at the time when you were producing your fanzines they had a different value to what they have now. Now they're precious collector objects, but at the time they had a different meaning, they were made in a different context…

Raymond: Right, they're precious objects now for one thing because there weren't that many of them produced. The idea wasn't to make collectors items, or precious objects. That sort of thing is done all the time now. A first edition of Superman is worth... I mean you'd have to have a first edition of the bible to rival it now, because they were ephemeral and not considered something worth saving at the time. And that is something that's true about the fliers I did and others did. The way it played out to where they are collectable and now valued at much more than they were in the first place, that was never a surprise for me. I knew enough about... I had a sense of history about it. At the same time it wasn't the reason that I did them. I still have some of the original fliers for Black Flag that I made. At the time I tried to persuade them to save at least seven or ten of each one for me, and that wasn't always possible or agreeable to them I suppose.

I mean they're worth money, but I've never sold one you know? But I probably have a different take on the marketplace than *Maximum Rocknroll* does; to me, it's more like a given, an act of nature. To try to avoid it, to manipulate it, to co-exist separately from it is an invitation to become co-opted. I guess "sold out" to use terms that one would be familiar with in punk. I'm the least engaged with the marketplace as one can be. It's against however I was born and bred rather than an ideological function. Once I do the work, and it leaves my hands, it's going to be assimilated into the marketplace and I don't think that's a bad or terrible thing either. But I can't be personally responsible for anything beyond making the work, beyond that, what happens to it, who the hell knows. It's almost like magic, beyond the bounds of physical laws. For all I know they disappear. There's a lot of questions and dishonesty in that world.

MRR: One of the things I wanted to ask you about is that a lot of your art from the early '80s refers to the end of the '60s, the end of that period of euphoria, You reference Manson a lot, who is used to represent the death of the hippie ideal. I was thinking about it in terms of how people create this perfect nostalgia around the '60s as if it was only this period of transcendental change. Sometimes it feels like it's been reduced to an idea or a marketing concept. I like the way your generation was the first to turn that winsome nostalgia into something darker. Less smug and self satisfying, but then now people have eulogized that era, the early '80s, in the same way. Man I don't even know what my question is. Is Reagan the new Manson?

Raymond: They both had a role in destroying the '60s. Reagan as governor of California was



MINUTEMEN
RANOID TIME
THERE IS A NEW DRUG CALLED LITHIUM.
MY STRUGGLE FOR LIFE AFTER DEATH
RAYMOND PETTIBON
OUR FATHER! WHICH ART IN HEAVEN! HALLOWED BE THY NAME! THY KINGDOM COME! THY WILL BE DONE! IN EARTH, AS IT IS! IN HEAVEN! GIVE US THIS DAY! OUR DAILY BREAD! AND FORGIVE US OUR DEBTS! AS WE FORGIVE OUR DEBTORS! AND LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION! BUT DELIVER US FROM EVIL! FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM! AND THE POWER! AND THE GLORY! FOREVER!
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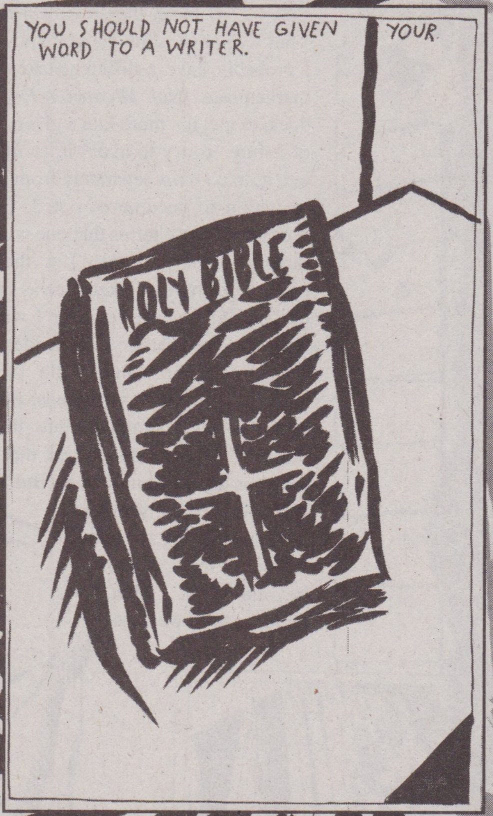
SST PUBS.
64

obsessed with college kids; he had a personal pathological agenda, as is the case with right wing politics in general. I mean not just right wing politics. Christ, the right, the left, there are no principles or ideologies. It seems more about taking sides, usually based on wealth and poverty or race, age, youth, or cultural preferences etc. A lot of good came out of that era, if you want to look at it as a whole force of history. But by the time I was doing those drawings, when punk was starting and beginning to flower, if I can use that word in describing punk at all, by then what was left of the '60s had become in so many ways very degraded and sour to put it in strictly personal terms. Whatever representatives were left of the Haight Ashbury/Sunset Strip scene were not full of loving kindness and peace and tranquility anymore.

MRR: I was thinking about how a lot of the punk from England and I guess New York too was created in the spirit of rock 'n' roll. Like, basement garage bands that were inspired by things on the Nuggets box set, that primal energy, more like Jerry Lee Lewis rather than ELO. But then the idea of rock 'n' roll also existed in their wanting to make it big, which was the case for a lot of those classic punk bands especially in England. One of the things that is really cool about the American hardcore or punk scene is that those opportunities didn't exist so people had to create their own idea of music. Eventually it becomes codified and it becomes people doing the same thing forever. I like that the audience and the band are just as important in the context of their scene. Adding to that the people that put on the show, and the people that make the fliers and produce the art work are kind of linked in a way that's more open ended that in the traditional rock idea. Obviously some things are gonna wind up being more interesting than others, but that idea is what really appeals to me about the punk ideal. The idea that people instead of buying it, make it themselves.

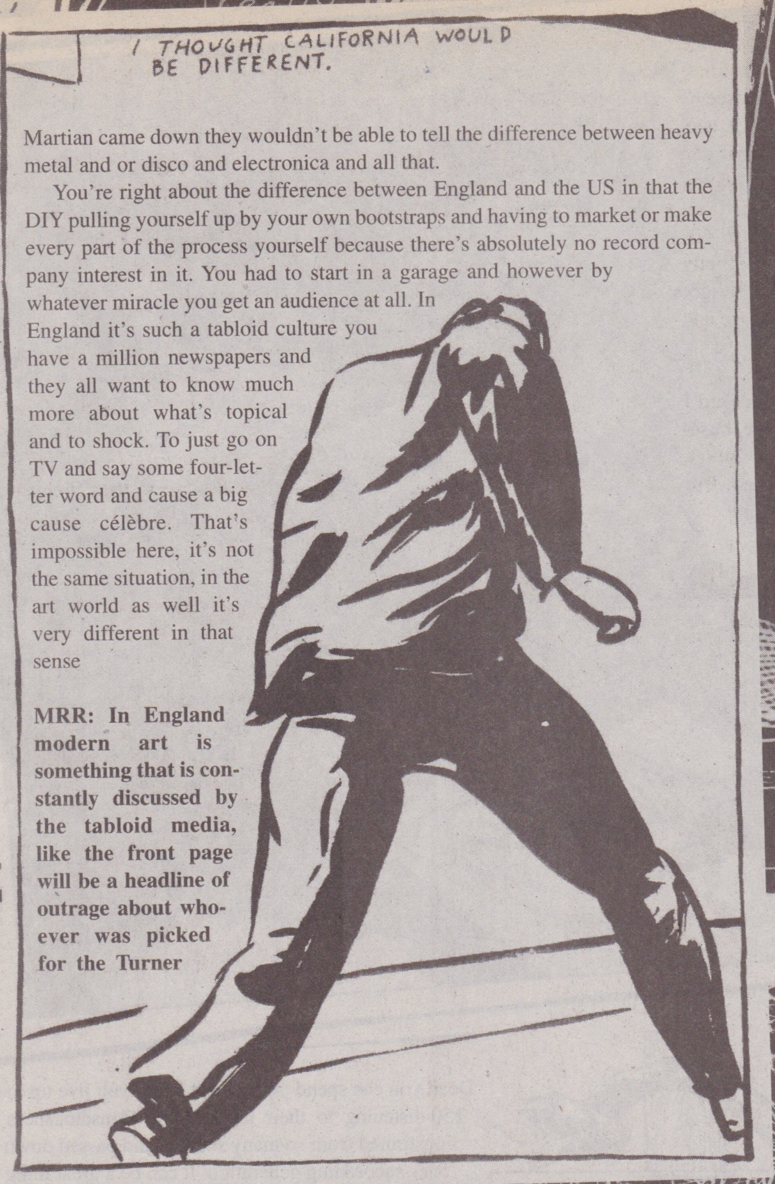
That was what I was trying to get at with that last question. It frustrates me that it's become like Henry Rollins and Keith Morris talking about the good old days, not that they don't have a right to document what happened. It's irritating the way that people respond to it like it's a package. I feel like there are ways of engaging with culture production and not becoming someone that just replicates what's gone before, and becoming irrelevant that punk doesn't engage with sometimes.


YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE GIVEN YOUR WORD TO A WRITER.
HOLY BIBLE

Raymond: There are a lot of good things and bad things about anything. And nostalgia is a common human trait. I don't think it's such a great thing usually, but it's better in general to look at history as much as one can. People often think of the good times of their life, that's nostalgia in a personal sense, and there again perhaps it's more healthy to think of what one could accomplish now. They say when you die your whole life flashes back for you, maybe it's better to count on that happening rather than living on the past. If it's more from the kids who didn't experience it taking hits from whatever is still being passed around, rather than the people who did go through it. You know what the hell does a 15-year old kid know about what it was like in '77, what punk was, for one thing. It's all not all such an insidious thing or evil. In general, I do think it's good to work in the present, to work on the future rather than live in the past; to make something out of existence and circumstances.

I don't mean that in living in the present one has to be completely cut off from the past at all. Past influences are everywhere and since the time of the Victrola or the phonograph, music is something that…I mean records don't all wear out, any kid can listen... that's a great thing. But if it's just a complete copy, hell who needs that particularly? In punk they went through their rockabilly phase, but it's hard to imitate or duplicate Jerry Lee Lewis. I suppose if one adopts the pompadour. But that's not really important any way. There's a whole underground of imitation tribute bands. How many records did Sha Na Na sell?

Punk doesn't come out of a vacuum, rock 'n' roll didn't and just the rudiments, the technology I guess of loud instruments and amplifiers and fast beats, there are always going to be new generations of kids in bands who are going to be into that. Maybe if a


Do you really want to b free?
I THOUGHT CALIFORNIA WOULD BE DIFFERENT.

Martian came down they wouldn't be able to tell the difference between heavy metal and or disco and electronica and all that.

You're right about the difference between England and the US in that the DIY pulling yourself up by your own bootstraps and having to market or make every part of the process yourself because there's absolutely no record company interest in it. You had to start in a garage and however by whatever miracle you get an audience at all. In England it's such a tabloid culture you have a million newspapers and they all want to know much more about what's topical and to shock. To just go on TV and say some four-letter word and cause a big cause célèbre. That's impossible here, it's not the same situation, in the art world as well it's very different in that sense

MRR: In England modern art is something that is constantly discussed by the tabloid media, like the front page will be a headline of outrage about whoever was picked for the Turner prize, whereas you can't imagine something like that happening in like the *NY Post*.

Raymond: The closest would be when it became a really important fundraising issue and way to draw support for the right wing, to attack art. Hell, that and gay rights and abortion issues raised more money to keep the radical right afloat in the '80s. Mapplethorpe, Serrano, civilization's going down the drain because of these people; to make an issue out of such a pittance of public funding.

MRR: It seems like a lot of funding for the arts comes from those corporations that funded those right wing groups in the '80s.

Raymond: Well, corporations hedge their bets, they'll support both sides. That's why a lot of the left, whatever is left of the Marxist left, or Chomsky or whatever, starts with the corporation, big business, the marketplace as the big evil. Their participants who do a lot of bad things. To me that's not the originating problem—it's the forces of government. Any concentration of power is not going to be lacking for participants and people who wanna get involved in it.

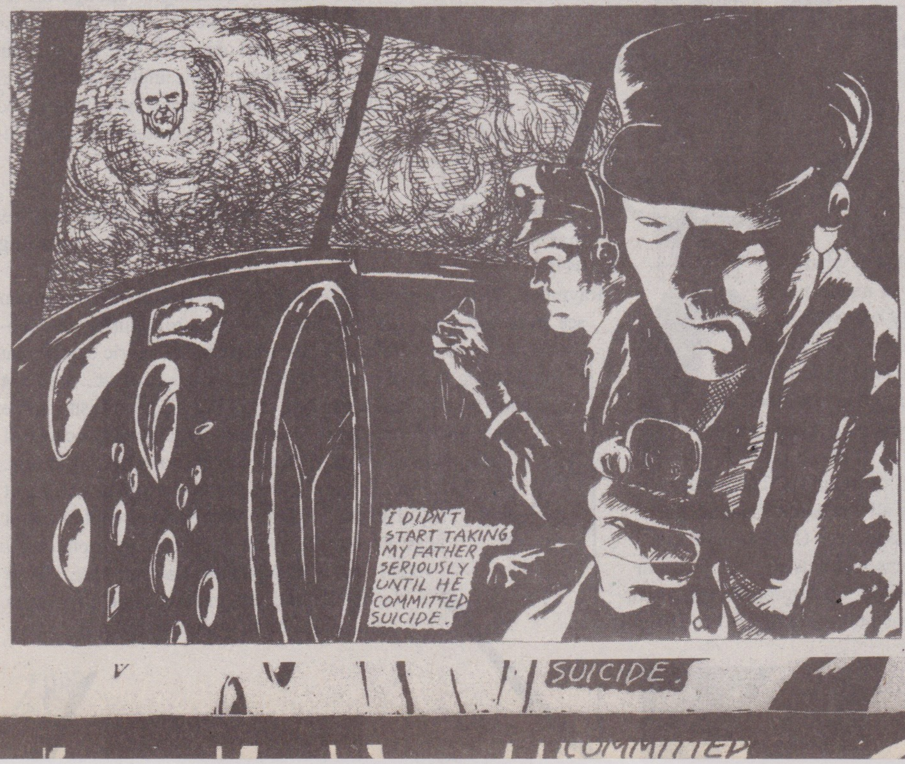
MRR: My roommate tried to convince me that I am an Anarchist. My problem with that ideology is that it's rooted in an ideal world that could never exist

Raymond: Everyone has their own idea, there's nothing wrong with having some concept of utopia somewhere in the back of your mind, it's never gonna be this arrival but you can engage with it. Politics is defined by forces, strange physical dangerous forces; the police, government. To be engaged politically is going up against such a great number of forces and that means everything only happens with small steps. I'm not saying that it's all futile and not worth doing, I think it's good to have a sensible head on ones shoulders about it.

MRR: So, viewing political ideas as a process rather than an end. I think it's really easy to feel betrayed by an idea if you expect salvation, or just to become really cynical and just opt out. Also, how the right wing is able to position its viewpoints as the "natural" way. And people don't get that a lot of these ideas aren't "natural" but are just constructed traditions.

Raymond: I would call myself basically an Anarchist as well. When one's put under the interrogation lights and expected to explain or defend a utopian rationalization... The other side doesn't have to do that. We just have to accept what we have now if we agree with it in the first place.

MRR: You can't exist in a total vacuum, you have to create things for... I don't know, things exist to be consumed in a certain respect. Music doesn't exist outside of the market, but I like the things that exist for an audience who then get inspired to make things on their


I DIDN'T START TAKING MY FATHER SERIOUSLY UNTIL HE COMMITTED SUICIDE.
SUICIDE.
COMMITTED

own terms rather than just be "the audience." I guess I just get frustrated by the culture of nostalgia, and not necessarily that people shouldn't look back to old ideas. Just the constant replication, and how formerly revolutionary ideas get turned into advertorials. The way that the '60s have become a shirt you can buy. One of the things I was thinking about is that the guy that started *OZ* magazine, which was an English satirical irreverent political underground magazine, is now the publisher of *Maxim* magazine…

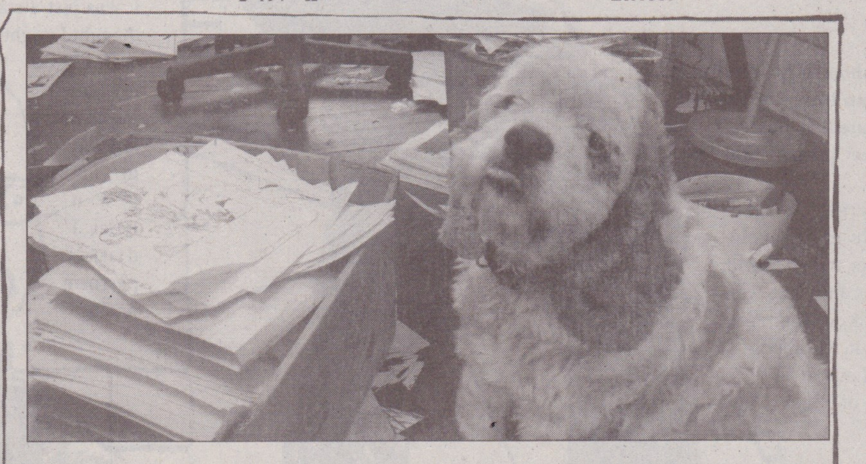
Raymond: That's the most worthless transition. If I was looking to make it in '69 in journalism or publishing, I would have had to have close to a Maoist position to get in the game in the first place because that's what was selling at the time, so that was what was going to be marketed. There are so many of those people. Who's a more despicable publisher or journalist or whatever you wanna call him than the guy at *Rolling Stone* magazine, who's that jerk off—Bob Guccione Jr. Does one really believe that there was some change of ideology, morals ethics, some embodiment of whatever you want to call it that took place from the time he was putting John and Yoko on the cover to this point? Were these good guys then and bad guys now? Whatever one thinks of what they were doing at the time, it's good to be at least suspicious sometimes of those kind of things and critique the message rather than the svengali or the wizard of oz behind it. There were bourgeois hippie business men in '67 Haight Ashbury all you heard about, all the complaints and so forth, lost my train of though once again... One can take it or leave it. What does that really amount to; bellbottoms and paisley come back in style, so what? The first time a kid listens to The Velvet Underground or Elvis or Black Sabbath or whoever it is, it's new to them. I mean hell, speaking of The Grateful Dead you can spend your whole life if you live up to be 150 listening to their tapes right? Consciousness is constituted from so many sources and passed down to ones succeeding generation. It can be a great thing to harbor enthusiasms for a certain kind of music, if it becomes important or meaningful enough all it's going to do is influence one to go somewhere else with it you know? I mean that's one of the best things about rock, or especially in rap music, the samples, direct influences that it kind of taking an influence but giving a nod or a credit to it at the same time. It's a historical continuum that is a largely positive.

MRR: It's one of the more inspiring things about culture, that someone can take something and change the meaning entirely.

Raymond: Well you see the idea has a lot of importance when you see from where it's being attacked. The record industry, the publishers, the copyright owners, all of this bold historic capital that is wanting to hold on as much as they can to what... well not what they made for Christ's sake! For Michael Eisner to be able rewrite copyright laws almost indefinitely because of his political power. That motherfucker, why stop at him. Well Walt Disney didn't draw more than a straight line, or the squiggle of Mickey Mouse's tail but at least he was there when those things were created. There is management and the idea... Even the CEOs and the management, they do a productive thing in the economy. It's possible, but in this case, using political power to change the law of the land, to stem the exchange of ideas and communication of one's talents with one's peers and with future generations as well. I don't know what Mickey would say. I don't know if he went over to the other side. He was always their kept boy. Donald Duck was more subversive, and Bugs and Daffy, the Warner Brothers, Chuck Jones; those cartoons were much more subversive than what Disney was selling with that whole program.

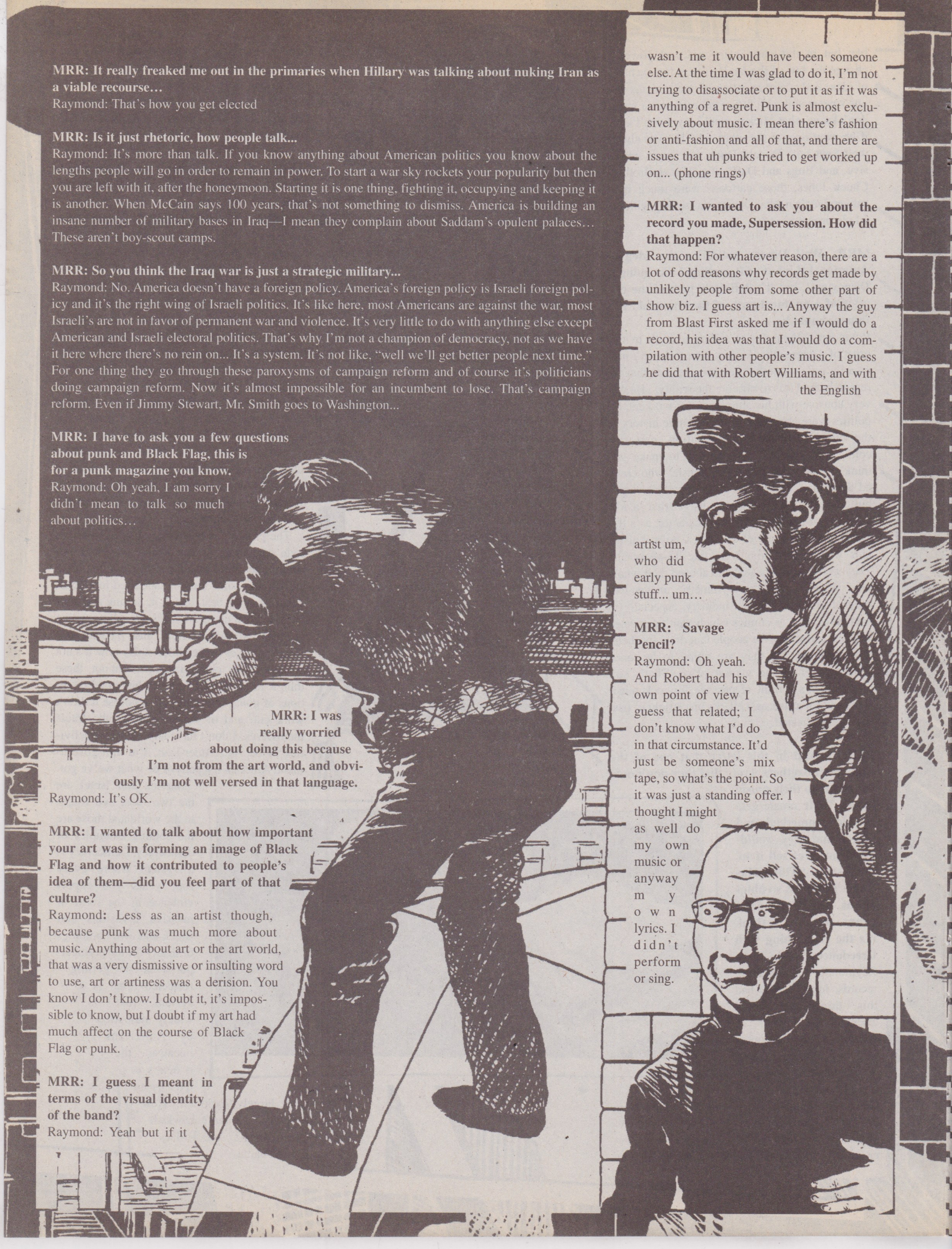
MRR: Well Disney solidifies the idea of America. I think it's interesting, I like going to Disneyland, but it's definitely part of the creation of a mythical past, of the "natural" way things should be.
Raymond: When you're selling a myth to that great of a degree that Disney was, it doesn't necessarily follow but so often it comes out that the reason behind it is to obscure the reality... He was very abusive with his animators, his workers, his politics were abhorrent. The economic history or the business history of animation, cartoons, comic books is really something to make you think. Think about Siegel and Shuster who created Superman, one of the most important contributions, for bad or good, leave that aside. Superman I don't admire as a character, as a figure he's kind of one of Giuliani's boys, but the kids who created him were like 15-years old. They were just so cheated and abused their whole lives. When you have an asymmetric, uneven balance of power within an industry, especially in something such as comics which aren't respected anyway, especially the people that draw for them, it's inevitable that they are going to be taken advantage of in the market place. That's still going on, it's a right of passage for rock musicians and for artists as well, it's just a right of passage to be cheated.

MRR: I read in this letter that one of the Chambers Brothers wrote that they don't own the rights to their music at all. Their music gets used in commercials and places that they wouldn't themselves sell it to, that song "Time Has Come Today" is so ubiquitous. They don't get a penny from it. I think it's the same thing with Creedence...
Raymond: Yeah Fantasy records, John Fogerty had this thing with Saul Zaentz, the owner of Fantasy, it just consumed him for more than a decade to where he wouldn't do anything in music. He was just in the courts, it split up his family, his brothers... That's going to go on because whatever the law says, and the laws are made by whoever has the most money and that's the reason why there are campaign contributions at all. I can't think of anything more disgusting than that to give a cent to any politician, over and above what you pay taxes for. That's not done for spirited civic duty, I'm sure there's fools that would you know…



MRR: Well, do you think it's even possible to get into a career of politics without having some...
Raymond: There is any number of reasons that a person can do anything. Human beings are capable of doing shocking and unheard of things, you hear about it on the news, we are capable as a species of doing unspeakable things. You can go in with Pollyannaish pure thoughts into politics, you won't go anywhere. I mean this last election, the primaries, I mean by now the public is not in favor of the Iraq war, there were three candidates, Ron Paul Kucinich, Gravel, who weren't. Paul's case, he's an interesting figure, that he has office at all on a local level is remarkable, Kucinich has a history in politics, Gravel was part of the Pentagon Papers. So there were three admirable choices, but the system isn't going to let that happen and politics is not about getting the right person. The way it's posed is pathetic, as if they're saviors.

The problem is democracy itself, American style democracy is responsible for more evil around the world than any other system and to glorify it as some kind of sanctified feel-good, America at it's best, to sell it. Selling and buying? Hell, I'd go for that. It's not selling, going in with aircraft carriers and passing our Hershey kisses to the children. By now it's not acceptable to claim innocence about these things, to claim that America had good intentions of going into Iraq and of course it didn't work out, and of course blaming the Iraqis themselves. I don't have any natural proclivities to be Anti Amer-ican, I'm anti-government. America happens to be what we've got. America and Israel are the two most evil forces in the world and those are the shining examples of democracy. Democracy is a system where every four years you export violence in the form of massive invasions and shock and awe bombings basically for the political purposes of getting reelected. That is a system that is widely supported by Americans because the consequences are largely exported. How can you be more hawkish than Bush? Ask Hillary and Obama.



MRR: It really freaked me out in the primaries when Hillary was talking about nuking Iran as a viable recourse…
Raymond: That's how you get elected

MRR: Is it just rhetoric, how people talk...
Raymond: It's more than talk. If you know anything about American politics you know about the lengths people will go in order to remain in power. To start a war sky rockets your popularity but then you are left with it, after the honeymoon. Starting it is one thing, fighting it, occupying and keeping it is another. When McCain says 100 years, that's not something to dismiss. America is building an insane number of military bases in Iraq—I mean they complain about Saddam's opulent palaces… These aren't boy-scout camps.

MRR: So you think the Iraq war is just a strategic military...
Raymond: No. America doesn't have a foreign policy. America's foreign policy is Israeli foreign policy and it's the right wing of Israeli politics. It's like here, most Americans are against the war, most Israeli's are not in favor of permanent war and violence. It's very little to do with anything else except American and Israeli electoral politics. That's why I'm not a champion of democracy, not as we have it here where there's no rein on... It's a system. It's not like, "well we'll get better people next time." For one thing they go through these paroxysms of campaign reform and of course it's politicians doing campaign reform. Now it's almost impossible for an incumbent to lose. That's campaign reform. Even if Jimmy Stewart, Mr. Smith goes to Washington...

MRR: I have to ask you a few questions about punk and Black Flag, this is for a punk magazine you know.
Raymond: Oh yeah, I am sorry I didn't mean to talk so much about politics…

MRR: I was really worried about doing this because I'm not from the art world, and obviously I'm not well versed in that language.
Raymond: It's OK.

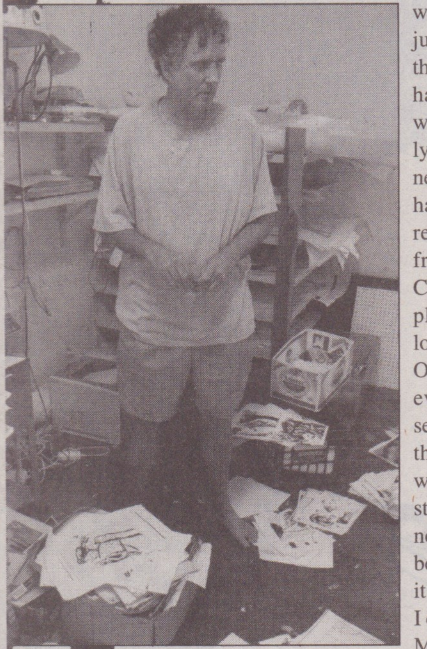
MRR: I wanted to talk about how important your art was in forming an image of Black Flag and how it contributed to people's idea of them—did you feel part of that culture?
Raymond: Less as an artist though, because punk was much more about music. Anything about art or the art world, that was a very dismissive or insulting word to use, art or artiness was a derision. You know I don't know. I doubt it, it's impossible to know, but I doubt if my art had much affect on the course of Black Flag or punk.

MRR: I guess I meant in terms of the visual identity of the band?
Raymond: Yeah but if it wasn't me it would have been someone else. At the time I was glad to do it, I'm not trying to disassociate or to put it as if it was anything of a regret. Punk is almost exclusively about music. I mean there's fashion or anti-fashion and all of that, and there are issues that uh punks tried to get worked up on... (phone rings)

MRR: I wanted to ask you about the record you made, Supersession. How did that happen?
Raymond: For whatever reason, there are a lot of odd reasons why records get made by unlikely people from some other part of show biz. I guess art is... Anyway the guy from Blast First asked me if I would do a record, his idea was that I would do a compilation with other people's music. I guess he did that with Robert Williams, and with the English artist um, who did early punk stuff... um…

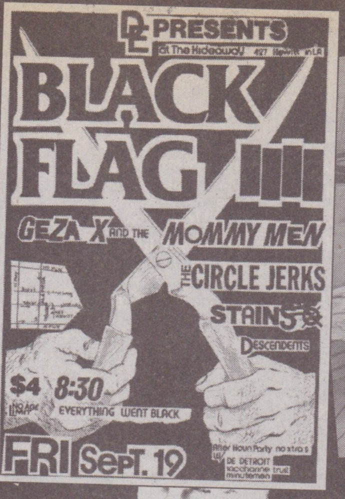
MRR: Savage Pencil?
Raymond: Oh yeah. And Robert had his own point of view I guess that related; I don't know what I'd do in that circumstance. It'd just be someone's mix tape, so what's the point. So it was just a standing offer. I thought I might as well do my own music or anyway my own lyrics. I didn't perform or sing.

I mean I'm not a musician or an instrumentalist. I sing maybe one song on it. But I liked writing songs, and I've continued since then, I've done other records, but I don't know if you or anyone else would have likely have heard of them. It's like my fanzines except even harder to... It's the kind of thing where it's like here's the CD I did, and whoever you give it to is the kind of person who immediately turns ashen and crestfallen. They'll cross the street to avoid you if they see you have some CDs in your hand. With fanzines I give them away, but with the CDs I don't even do that because it's almost an act of violence, or very rude. *[laughter]* But you know I have done a fair number actually. It's so easy to make records nowadays. That's changed so much since the economics of technology changed. There are situations where you kind of just back into it if nothing else. But I like to write songs, it's just another thing I do. I did have one band where we actually rehearsed. We never recorded. I have at least a recording live from Loyola College, we played all the local clubs once. Other than that every time it seems like I'm in this position where I go to the studio cold with no material, not because I prefer it that way or that I don't have time. Maybe it's an indication for the respect that exists between art and music. It's never been done as a joke band. I try to do something that's worthwhile, to do my best job. Either that or it's an acknowledgement of my brilliant improvisation on the microphone.



MRR: I like the idea of that, kind of instinctive music or something. I guess I already said this, but that's what appeals to me about punk. That you don't have to be a genius, having an idea, a good idea is as important as the mode of operation or you abilities.

Raymond: Yeah, well there are not too many "geniuses"—they exist in more commercial music. The skill level, the slickness, and operative standards that are expected is different. That never held much interest for me anyway. It's the same with my art I think, anyone can scribble on paper, there's no outside force that is reining in or keeping anyone from making a great work of art. There are some things you can't do that with. Even with video. I do videos as well, basically no budget, sometimes there are scripts and concepts that could be done with a full Hollywood production, to me it's unnecessary, just as unnecessary as getting to play these big prohibitive institutional spaces, like say Carnegie Hall. Well, maybe not Carnegie Hall. It's one of the big American myths that if you have enough talent you can play Carnegie Hall. Getting on the airwaves in 1977? No, there were complete barriers of entry. The idea itself was unimaginable. Punk was done in basements rather than going out into People's Park or Golden Gate or Griffith Park.


DE PRESENTS
at The Hideaway 427 Hewitt in LA
BLACK FLAG
GEZA X AND THE MOMMY MEN
THE CIRCLE JERKS
STAINS
DESCENDENTS
$4 8:30
NO AGE LIMIT
EVERYTHING WENT BLACK
FRI SEPT. 19
After Hours Party no xtra $
DE DETROIT
saccharine trust
minutemen

MRR: That makes me think of I was a teenager I was in a band, and someone played us a Shaggs record that really like…

Raymond: Yeah, I love The Shaggs. For that time, for that to be made. There was like Mrs. Miller who sang opera and who was a fad for a while because she sang really badly, and maybe The Shaggs were marketed or looked upon as sort of the same thing. To me that's not necessary, they're totally legitimately a good band.

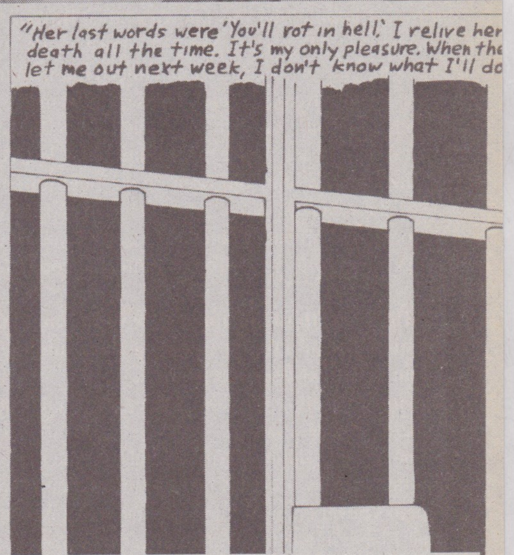
MRR: Yeah totally. The story behind them and then that sound...

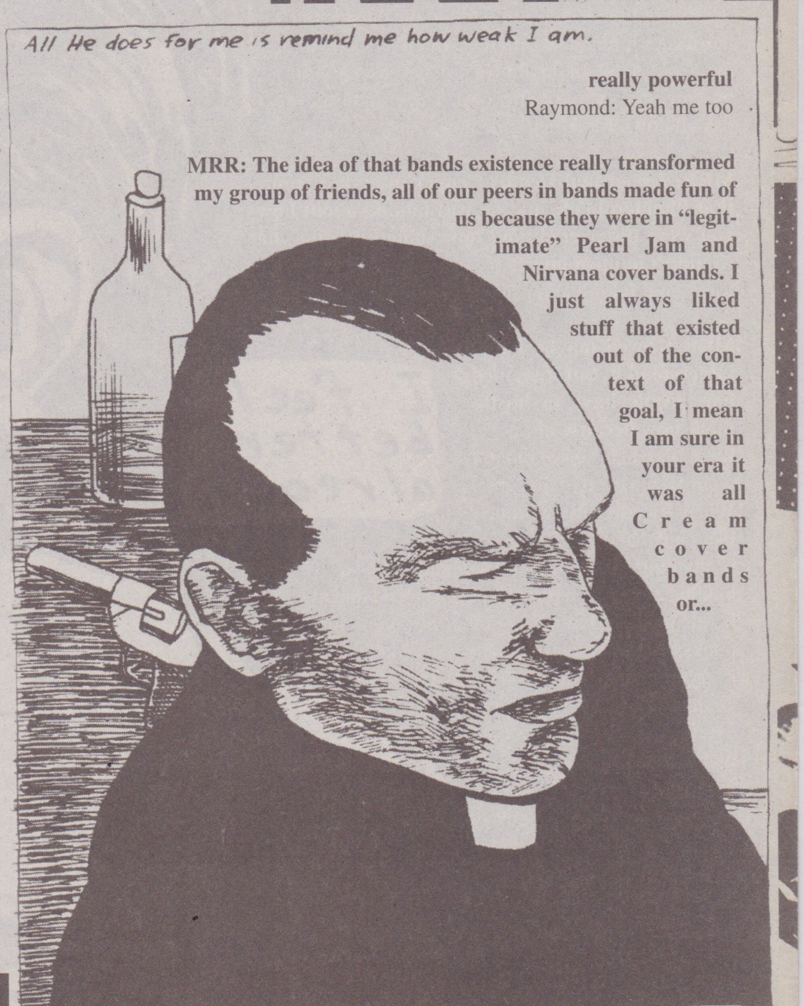
Raymond: It's more than that though

MRR: The weight of those records, the feeling. I think that they're really powerful

Raymond: Yeah me too

MRR: The idea of that bands existence really transformed my group of friends, all of our peers in bands made fun of us because they were in "legitimate" Pearl Jam and Nirvana cover bands. I just always liked stuff that existed out of the context of that goal, I mean I am sure in your era it was all Cream cover bands or...


"Her last words were 'You'll rot in hell.' I relive her
death all the time. It's my only pleasure. When the
let me out next week, I don't know what I'll do


All He does for me is remind me how weak I am.

Raymond: Sure.

MRR: I also like hearing music that wants to be legitimate but doesn't quite make it, like some of those bands from the Nuggets era. There's this band Los Saicos from Peru I think, their music just sounds so unhinged, they were really popular in Peru I think. It was part of that teenage post Beatles explosion..
Raymond: Because they were from Brooklyn or something Like Yma Sumac?

MRR: No! Lima!
Raymond: She had an eight or nine or twelve hundred range... No I'm just joking. She was known as the "Bird of the Andes"—but she was from Brooklyn. Not to diminish her or anything. I've seen her sing. She was cool. You mentioned those compilation records, I have some from obscure places, it does make you realize how much was going on with the garage do-it-yourself idea. A lot of that does go back to the Beatles invasion, The Beatles were such a phenomenon, they did open up the field for so many imitators, who then can go on to find their own identity and style. My records will probably be on some compilation record fifty years from now having never sold a legitimate copy. *[laughter]*

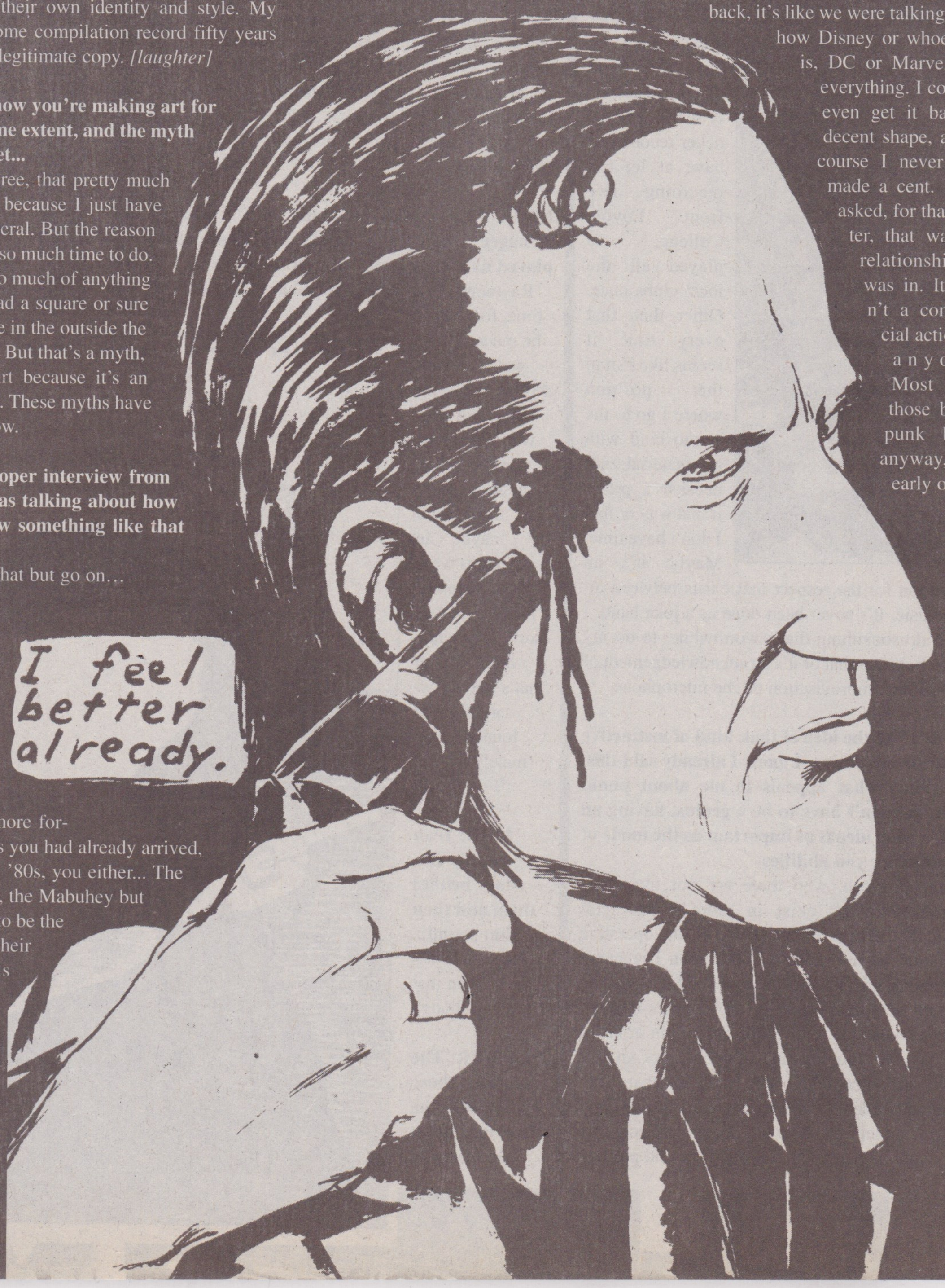
MRR: I was thinking about how you're making art for an audience or a public to some extent, and the myth of an artist existing in a garret...
Raymond: Well, I would disagree, that pretty much describes what I do, less now because I just have some nagging duties but in general. But the reason for that is that work itself takes so much time to do. There's never enough time to do much of anything that I have in the works. If I had a square or sure or straight life, or much of a life in the outside the barricades it might be different. But that's a myth, there are a lot of myths of art because it's an obscure, it's a very small world. These myths have passed down for a long time now.

MRR: I read that Dennis Cooper interview from that Phaidon book, and he was talking about how you were discovered, and how something like that wouldn't happen now...
Raymond: I don't know about that but go on…

MRR: …well maybe I misunderstood it, but it seemed like people have to hustle more now because of ...
Raymond: I can answer that. I would have to disagree. When I started it was much like punk bands in '77 or '78, if anything the art world was more forbidding and impenetrable unless you had already arrived, it was like San Francisco in the '80s, you either... The punks did have their alternative, the Mabuhey but everything above that, you had to be the Grateful Dead or be a part of their extended family. Now art is much more pluralistic. It's much easier to show, you can at a younger age, when you're less polished or developed, way more so than it used to be. Drawing itself wasn't really considered a primary way of working or making art, it was considered something else, a study for paintings or whatever. A record or evidence of performance or whatever that lends itself to an evening out of the playing field so that you don't have to be working in sculptural forms or big canvasses and big museums or galleries or expensive homes.

MRR: I wanted to ask you about the fanzines you made, you were talking about how you couldn't get Black Flag to save copies of the fliers...
Raymond: Well sometimes I could, but I was… Hell, I don't have anything to say bad abut Black Flag, they were one of the most brilliant and their influence is way more than most anyone could imagine in ways that go beyond music, but that's not important…

Most bands did fliers, most bands did records; you didn't have an art director or an illustrator, or a commercial artist. You either did it yourself or the guitar player or the bassist did, maybe not the bassist or the drummer. Someone is the band would or their sister or brother or aunt or uncle or whatever and so I don't know. I appreciate when people say how the art has influenced them, I mean I am in a rare position to accept public accolades, and I completely appreciate that but then, at the time? It's more from succeeding generations than from back then. At the time I couldn't even get my original art back, it's like we were talking about how Disney or whoever it is, DC or Marvel own everything. I couldn't even get it back in decent shape, and of course I never even made a cent. Never asked, for that matter, that was the relationship I was in. It wasn't a commercial action for anyone. Most of those bands, punk bands anyway, the early ones,


I feel better already.

most of the later ones for that matter, started, formed and continued to play for usually many years with no expectations of making money or of that kind of success.

I'm not ideologically set against success in anything to do with the arts or music or whatever, good for them. Success in making armaments? That to me is the problem, fucking Jane Harman, the war whore representative of this area, married to one of the most wealthy war profiteers. There's more at stake there than to waste one's energy bickering about each other because the best friend you grew up with got to make a record, or signed with someone so he or she is a sell out. The record industry never supported LA punk in the first place. By some rare accident if it did then great but, these are bands that weren't pitched to sell records in the place. There are many bands, you know the kind of bands that had their ads in the music papers wanting this, pro-audio... no um…

MRR: Pro-audio, Pro attitude

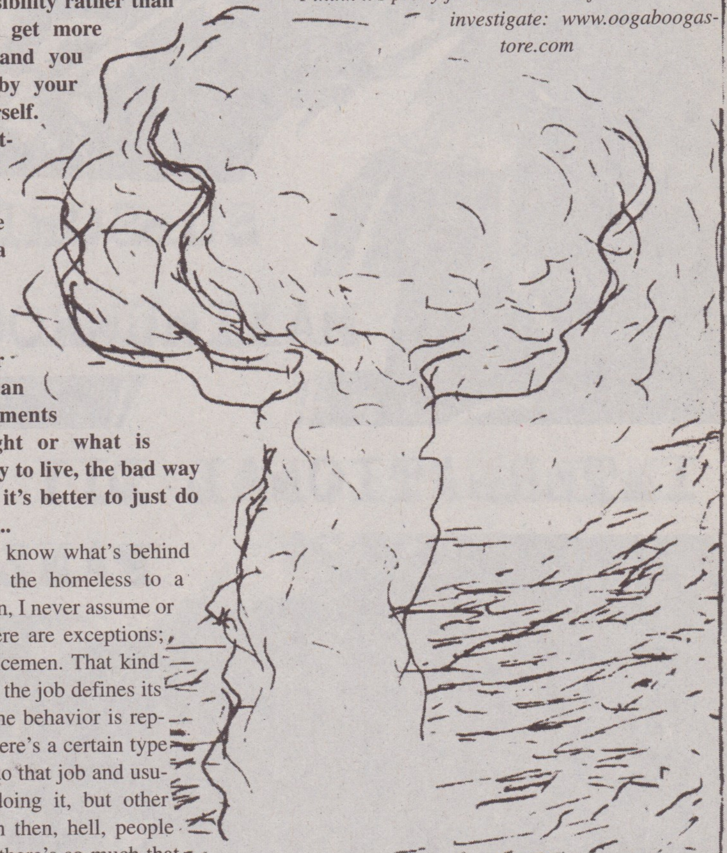
Raymond: Yeah yeah they're chasing whatever is big currently, some of them do a knock off of whatever is big at the time; Guns and Roses or whatever. Usually the band that they are all chasing, well I wouldn't say in the case of Guns and Roses because they were one of those bands of the type that were trying to make it, maybe Nirvana for instance. The bands that do have an impact, an impact commercially sometimes, they tend to be the bands that the last thing on their minds was making a commercial success. The lesson in that is you're very unlikely to do important work that changes things or makes a mark if your motivations are driven by making it. That's a very paltry motive. It's very unlikely to lead to something that's going to bring out the best in you. In the first place most pros are guitar hacks and the lead singers with their mic-stand technique down, looking the part, they tend to be pretty dull witted types in the first place. That can add or be a benefit for some situations, when you listen to the radio you can end up thinking that way. It's of no consequence really. I'm sure they still do this but punks, over the most meaningless things, have this contentious back and forth about who's being pure to the idea. For Christ's sake, it's based on some thing for all I've said in its favor that still was not a very pure thing in the first place. I mean what the hell is. There are better fights. People grow out of that.

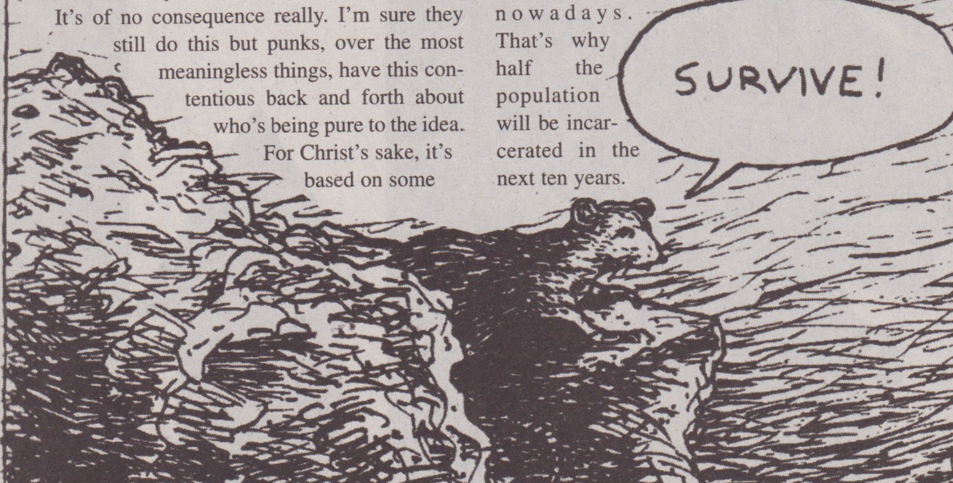
MRR: My whole idea of punk is that it's an idea, not a definition. I think if you can embrace it as a possibility rather than a set of rules you get more interesting results and you feel less betrayed by your friends or by yourself. It's really complicated, all the people that talk about selling out but the maybe they have a job working for Starbucks because of the health insurance or whatever. You can have many arguments about what is right or what is wrong, the good way to live, the bad way to live, but I think it's better to just do rather than discuss...

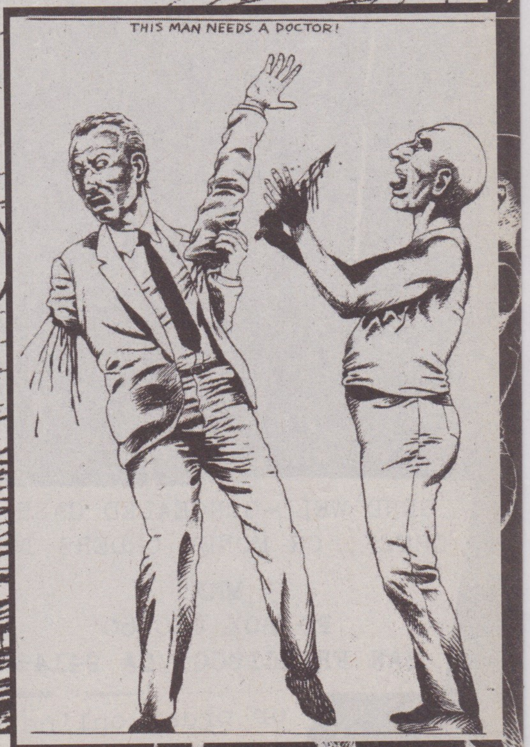
Raymond: We don't know what's behind whoever it is from the homeless to a wealthy business man, I never assume or judge. Of course there are exceptions; I'm not fond of policemen. That kind of goes with the job, the job defines its own behavior, and the behavior is reprehensible to me. There's a certain type of person who will do that job and usually actually love doing it, but other than that... But even then, hell, people are so complex and there's so much that even when we do evil to make it such a black and white thing that doesn't do any good. It takes away from looking into why it is and how they got there how they can be redeemed. But that's an old idea from long ago that has no impact nowadays. That's why half the population will be incarcerated in the next ten years.

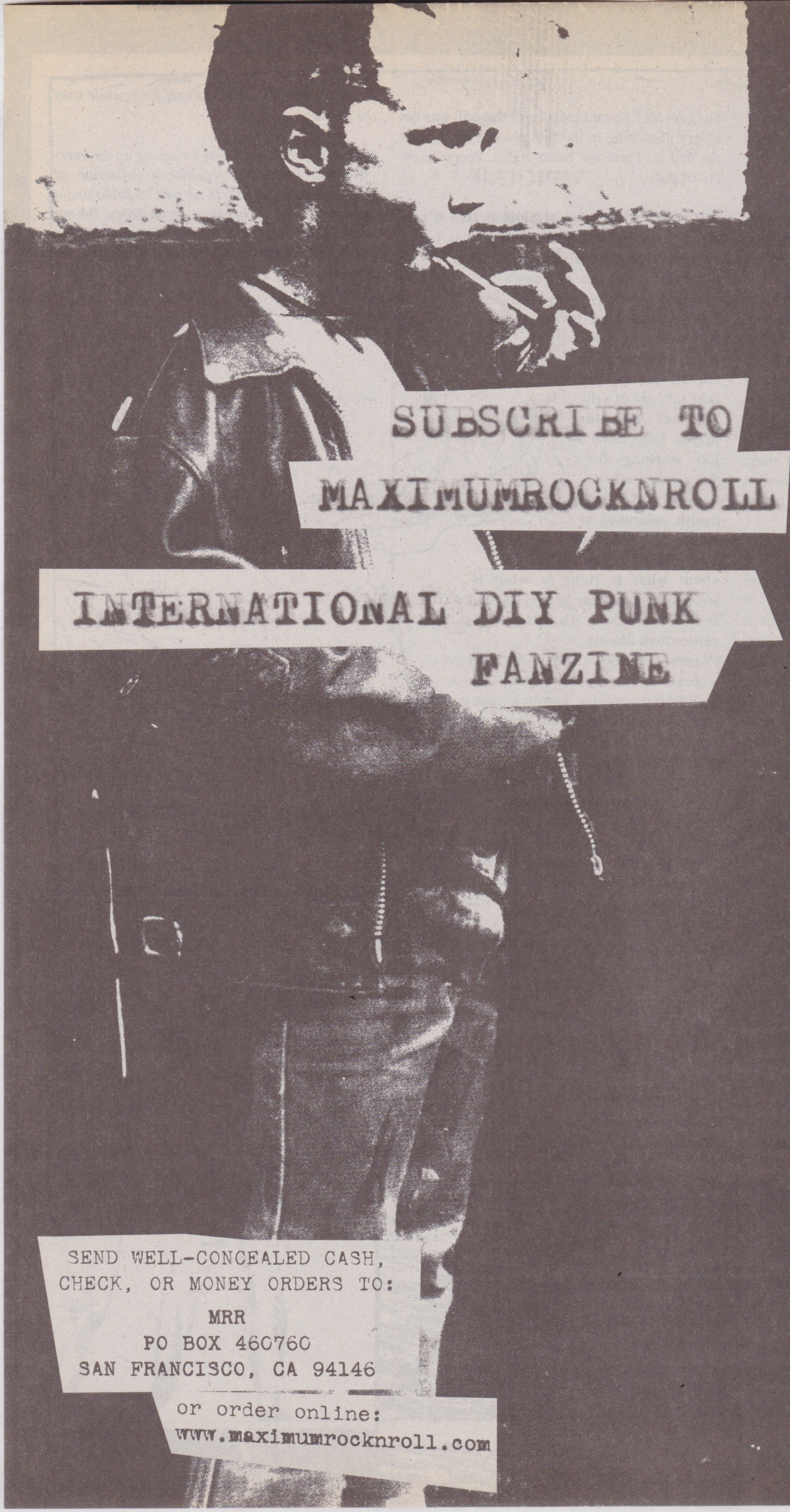
[we talk about Dashiell Hamnet for a while then the phone rings.]

I would like to thank Wendy for setting up the interview. She is putting together a collection of Pettibon's films onto DVD, as well as publishing a new fanzine through her store, Ooga Booga. I'm not sure what the exact release date information is but I think it's pretty far ahead in the future. You can investigate: www.oogaboogastore.com






THIS MAN NEEDS A DOCTOR!



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KULTURKAMPF

A NATION WITH NO GLORY **THE KULTURKAMPF STORY**

BY LANCE HAHN

Kulturkampf is a term as offensively relevant today as it was 135 years ago. Meaning "culture fight" or "culture war," the term that originally represented the struggle between the Kingdom of Prussia and the German Catholic Church in the 1870s now represents the struggle for so-called public morality within First World non-secular society. For most anarchists, the term represents the absurd mechanism for how State enforced laws are born of fictitious and mythological origins. Christian mythology is debated as if it were science fact, thus forming the rules of modern society. This is why anarchists are all so grouchy.

Twenty-five years ago in the rural city of Barnsley, the term also had relevance to a young group of punks starting a band.

Mark (in Crash Course fanzine #1): "Kulturkampf means the struggle for civilization. In other words, the struggle for dominance between the state and the Roman Catholic Church in Germany at the time when Bismarck was chancellor. We thought the overall meaning 'the struggle for civilization' was relevant to today. So we used it. We are Mark (vocals), Andy (guitar), Paul (bass), and Carl (drums)."

Having spent time in other unknown garage bands, Kulturkampf came together at the start of 1982.

Andy (in Crash Course): "Kulturkampf arose from the ashes of another band sometime in February '82. Since then, there has been a few changes in the lineup, which would be too boring to mention. Then, from June '83 the band became a steady 3-piece, with Mark on vocals, Paul on bass, and Carl on drums. With this lineup, they did a few gigs and recorded a demo."

That demo was titled The Struggle. Like many bands of that era, the demo was far more important at getting the word out than live performances. In fact, even with a practicing trio, the band barely played live at all, instead focusing on the growing cassette community.

Though rough, The Struggle features six great melodic punk songs. "The War," "Disturbed," "A Change," "The Only Way To Live," "General Instigators," and "A Statement" all sound like hardcore anthems. But the band in fact had a lot more in common with the Mob or Flowers in the Dustbin with moments that were actually reminiscent of the first couple of records from The Cure, especially with Mark's Robert Smith-like, fragile vocals.

Lyrically, it was obvious what camp they were in.

Mark (in Crash Course): "I think music is an excellent form of protest. As when people buy a tape or record, they start singing along with the lyrics and start to realize what the band is talking about. And eventually they start to believe in such subjects such as anti-war. The more that they listen to the music, the more people there will be to join in demonstrations, etc. So obviously there is going to be a stronger protest, to fight for the things they believe in."

But even this new band had some apprehensions about the larger political groups.

Mark (in Crash Course): "I believe in just about all the things CND/ALF say. But I am apprehensive about sending money to them because I don't really believe it all goes to the cause. So I prefer to send money to smaller (not as commercial) organizations. Then you know what your money's being spent on. If there were any CND/ALF marches I would obviously go on them supporting the cause, not the members."

Of the few gigs the band did at this stage, they were with other likeminded groups.

Mark (in Crash Course): "We've played with the Subhumans at Leeds and Nottingham. We've also done a few gigs with the Passion Killers and Chumbawamba."

After a year and a half as a trio, they added a second guitarist.

Andy (in Crash Course): "Then in September '83 I joined to add a second guitar to the band. This then added more scope to the band and also gave us more power. To date, we've only done two gigs, but we hope to do a lot more in the future. We also recorded a new demo in '83."

That second demo was The Corpse of Bureaucracy. With the same pretty, minor chord punk as the first demo, the extra guitar did help fill out their sound without taking away from their melodic elements. The addition of sampled speeches now seems like a precursor to Thatcher on Acid.

Musically, the band is more aggressive at times over the ten songs. The opening number, "We Need No More," is more in the vibe of Omega Tribe's early stuff or the louder Anthrax tracks. Other tracks like "Violent Pride" or "Let Them Live" are more like the first demo, with a beefier sound. The band manages to perfectly marry those more introspective vocals from the first tape with an angrier version of the same person.

Paul (in Crash Course): "I think our music is mixed, a type of hardcore punk and then a sound that anyone can listen to. We try to get as wide an audience as possible, as then more people will read the lyrics."

The track "Please Help" off of the demo would eventually find its way onto the third Fight Back compilation We Won't Be Your Fucking Poor double LP. But the band was all but done by then. The lack of steady gigs and inability to release their own record eventually took its toll. It would be easier for this promising band to split than change what they stood for.

Andy (in Crash Course): "The trouble with punk today is it's too misinterpreted, and that it's been made a fashion by the businessmen and the media. If you don't wear a leather jacket and studs you're branded a fucking joke. No one should wear what other people want them to. Especially not rip-off gear that just makes money for fat businessmen's pockets. I'm more against the buying of a leather jacket. As nothing can justify the killing of an animal just for the sake of a coat, when there are lots of cheaper alternatives. We should do things for ourselves and not keep the con-men rich."

LIVING IN FEAR OF TOMORROW

THE STORY OF

ANDY T

By Lance Hahn

Spoken word and protest music seem to go hand in hand. It was certainly true in the punk scene, and that's not limited to the anarcho world. In the earliest days you had Patti Smith and Jim Carroll in New York. You had John Cooper Clarke in England, and later Atilla the Stockbroker. You could even find some inadvertently hilarious poetry on many of the early Oi! compilations.

Andy T came from the world of Crass, and within a short period of time inspired many people to go out and get on the mic. Part of the intellectual tradition that many of the anarchos get coy about, Andy T came from the ideological angle before discovering the artistic side.

Andy T: "I was interested in anarchism before the punk thing. I was a member of a political group called Direct Action Movement. We met in a pub every week and talked endlessly. That was about as direct and active as it got."

But before his renown as a spoken word artist, he came to punk rock as excited and inspired as anyone else.

Andy T: "I have been into music ever since I could crawl, having two older sisters who brought music into the house. Listened to anything and everything—The Who, Beatles, Stones, Small Faces, Elvis, Little Richard, Chuck Berry, etc, soaked it up like the proverbial sponge. Had a big pile of singles and albums with an old dansette to play them on. I began buying stuff myself in the early '70s. Spent Saturday afternoons rooting round in dusty shops in Manchester and Rochdale. T Rex, Bowie, Velvets, Stooges, Mott, Zappa, and loads of other obscure stuff. I used to go to a club in Manchester called 'Pips,' which had Bowie and Roxy rooms. A lot of the people who later formed punk bands went there."

"I had a girlfriend who worked in a record shop and was able to borrow LPs to tape. It was a chart return shop, and they got all the latest releases. I picked up the Ramones' first album due to liking the cover, as I had done with the New York Dolls a few years before. Like so many others who heard that album, something primal clicked inside."

"When punk came along it seemed like a natural progression. Bands suddenly seemed younger and more like the audience. It was a very exciting time, new bands springing up every week—some better than others but all worthwhile in their own way. There were suddenly lots more gigs to go to every week. Manchester had such a vibrant scene. I went to gigs in London as well but they didn't seem as exciting as 'up north,' I suppose because they were saturated with music more than us."

In those early days, he was able to pull a band together. In 1977 Reputations in Jeopardy was born.

Andy T: "We formed Reputations in Jeopardy in Rochdale, where we lived in late 1977. I had been writing lyrics and poetry for about four or five years. My boyfriend Chris had a bass guitar and two female friends (whom I'd met through my girlfriend) played drums and guitar—Jane on drums, Siobhan on guitar. We practiced every week at the local youth club in the basement. We knocked a short set together very quickly. None of us was very proficient but we did a few gigs and enjoyed the spirit of the times. We advertised for a second guitarist to fill out the sound. Chris the Joiner was more proficient than any of us but wasn't into the punk scene as such."

"We played quite a few gigs in and around the Manchester area. The first time we used a PA was a bit of a shock as I was used to shouting to be heard above the others. A singer from one of the other bands on the bill advised me not to shout so much. I hadn't realized I was doing that, and after that everything sounded so much better."

While well documented at the time, nothing more than gigs ever developed and the many recordings have since been lost.

Andy T: "I used to record most things we did and send them to people with a view to getting gigs. Everything was recorded on a little portable cassette player. I don't have any of these anymore, which is a shame. We never went into a proper recording studio; I don't think it ever occurred to us to try."

More of a hobby, the band wound up having an expiration date.

Andy T: "The girls left the band to finish their A levels and we got a new drummer, Pete, the result of another advert. He used to complain his drum kit was rubbish all the time, so I invited a friend of mine from Manchester to come down and listen to us rehearse. He was John Maher, the drummer from the Buzzcocks. He liked us and had a go on Pete's kit with us. Of course, it sounded really good, and I wish I had a tape of it. Pete never mentioned his rubbish kit again after that night!

"The band didn't have the same dynamic after the girls left, but this was the lineup that was picked for the *Bullshit Detector* album."

Andy's continued involvement with the local punk scene made him aware of the growing anarcho world floating up from London.

Andy T: "We used to put gigs on in our area with a group of close friends. We would hire a local hall or pub, hire the PA, and print tickets and posters and book the bands. Most of the anarcho-punk bands from that time played at one of our gigs. We also produced fanzines and fliers giving information. We also used to put the bands up in our flat. I felt very involved in that scene and met a lot of lovely people through it."

Eventually relocating to London, Andy soon got to know other likeminded thinkers.

Andy T: "I cannot remember where I first met Crass exactly. I think it was through my friendship with the Poison Girls, who lived just down the road from Crass. I found we had very similar ideas and Penny, Gee, and Steve have been lifelong friends and are very dear to me.

"Sometimes people said they felt intimidated in their presence although I never felt this. We always had lots of fun. They pioneered the playing in very out of the way places, not on the usual rock 'n' roll circuit. We went places bands didn't normally play and always met enthusiastic audiences."

Pretty soon, Andy got very involved in the first *Bullshit Detector* compilation, showing up on several tracks.

Andy T: "Since about 1974 I had been writing to people I read about or met at gigs and sent tapes of my stuff. Used to correspond with a lot of interesting people. Crass chose five tracks from a pile of tapes I sent them for *Bullshit Detector*. They asked for artwork of a certain size so I crammed the info for all five tracks into that size space but when the sleeve was printed they had blown the writing up large. I didn't realize that I had five such spaces to fill up, a bit of a missed opportunity."

This compilation would start (and almost end) with the first documents of his spoken word.

Andy T: "I had been doing it for years and it seemed quite a natural thing to do. Also you didn't have to worry about loads of equipment. It was a lot easier to do gigs. Just to get up on stage between bands armed with a backing tape, and shout at people. I used to get friends from other bands to back me sometimes, just improvising in the background. Mostly we used a backing tape but not every PA had a tape deck we could use. I had a poem in the middle of the set, which needed drums and it served to break the set up. I'd often get a drummer from one of the other bands to play. Martin from Flux, Spider from The System, Penny from Crass, and Sid from Rubella Ballet all had a bash at some poin,t and very good they all were too."

Along with those tracks, he was also credited to having been in the group Fuck the CIA.

Andy T: "I used to record loads of poems/songs in my bedroom. The Fuck the CIA track was me and my younger brother Jerry. When Crass chose the track for the album I had to think of a nam,e and chose it from an old 1960s poster. It was never really a band to speak of but he's still my brother."

Many of the groups from the first two *Bullshit Detector* comps did subsequent recordings for Crass Records (Alternative, The Snipers, Omega Tribe, Anthrax). Andy T was no different.

Andy T: "They asked me to make the record. Penny wanted to record me for posterity."

Weary of the Flesh is equal parts spoken word and sound collage. Its eeriness both precedes the second Rudimentary Peni LP as well as more avant-garde groups like Nurse with Wound.

Your lifestyle is built upon pain and suffering
Money is the poison in your mind
Your face is a mask of violence
Fear is your power and force is your tool
Blind acceptance is the food of your paranoia

The recording was unlike any other Crass Records release. Much of the initial material was put together at Dial House.

Andy T: "Just another nice weekend up at Dial House. Then mixing at Southern Studios in Wood Green. I thought it came out well. We aimed to cram as much as possible into those grooves and I think we filled about 15 minutes, quite good for a 7" single.

"The inside cover photo was from another fun session involving Phil, Annie, and Steve and a lot of printing ink—not blood"!

"I was quite proud of the finished article and wanted to give John Peel a copy to play on his show. Rather than post it, I chose to wait for hours outside the BBC to give it to him in person. I'd been listening to his radio programs since the early '70s, and he'd introduced me to a lot of good music. I told him a little bit about it and he seemed interested. Unfortunately he never played it on his show. A friend of mine asked him about it at one of his University gigs in Suffolk a few years later; John said he thought it was a bit too extreme for his show. That made me very proud indeed, to be thought too extreme for John Peel's listeners."

Along with the usual suspects, a mysterious "E" is credited as additional vocalist.

Andy T: "Ian Edwards was a friend from Lowestoft in Suffolk who I had met at gigs. He could make some very strange noises with his mouth... excellent stuff."

Much like the bands on the label, he did a lot of touring once the record came out.

ANDY T

Andy T: "We toured loads, all over the UK. Did lots of gigs with the likes of Crass, Flux of Pink Indians, Dirt, Poison Girls, The System, The Alternative, Chumbawamba, Anti-Sect, and Kukl. Must have done hundreds of gigs in the early '80s."

Rather than be a lone voice on stage, Andy used prerecorded tapes at some gigs. Most often he would have live players improvising behind him.

Andy T: "I don't think I was ever very subtle—especially 'live'. The message was fairly clear and direct and not buried within the music. People tended to stop pogoing and listen. and they responded in a positive way. Sometimes they would throw bottles, but I saw this as a sign of affection."

His different approaches had a drastic effect on the performances. At a show in Brixton at the Old Queens Head in August 1983 Andy with a single drummer sounds minimal and particularly brutal. A show four months earlier at the 62 Club in Aberdeen he uses prerecorded tapes to a much eerier affect. It's the second gig that gets the crowd chanting the words along. But the effect is most striking on newer poems like "Phallic Metallic" and "Sexuality."

In his hands he holds his power
His prick, his doomsday machine
To rape the flesh of womankind
To burn the flesh of mankind
The tool of man's sexual violence
The tool of man's ultimate violence

Fortunately, Andy kept good track recording many of these dynamic performances, all of which in their tone have a very different feel from the record.

Andy T: "I used to record most things and very often, taped backing tracks for use in live performance. I did a tour with a guitarist friend improvising, which went down very well indeed. I also still had a tendency to get anyone who happened to be about to improvise behind me. Often, I like to get people to use instruments they weren't familiar with. I always liked to experiment with ideas and subvert expectations."

There was talk of possibly doing a record for Corpus Christi. In fact, it was more than in the talking stage.

Andy T: "We did intend to record an album for the Corpus Christi label. I had quite a few things written and several ideas for backing from various musicians. Also I had some things I had written for Nico, from the Velvet Underground, to sing. She was a friend and liked my stuff. It would have been interesting to have taken that further. We recorded some live shows for possible inclusion on an album too."

But with the dissolution of Crass in 1984, so did much of their work with the label, and the Andy T album was one of many projects never finished. It was just as well, as Andy had himself been losing interest in the scene.

Andy T: "Towards the end of 1983 I was becoming increasingly jaded by masses of punks who seemed more interested in getting stoned and pissed than doing anything constructive. A lot of audiences seemed stuck in a time warp, and not actually moving at all. Prior to this time, I experienced the scene to be more productive, people got together and achieved things, often small but sometimes bigger.

"It seemed that people were learning that they didn't have to wait for things to happen but could actually do things for themselves."

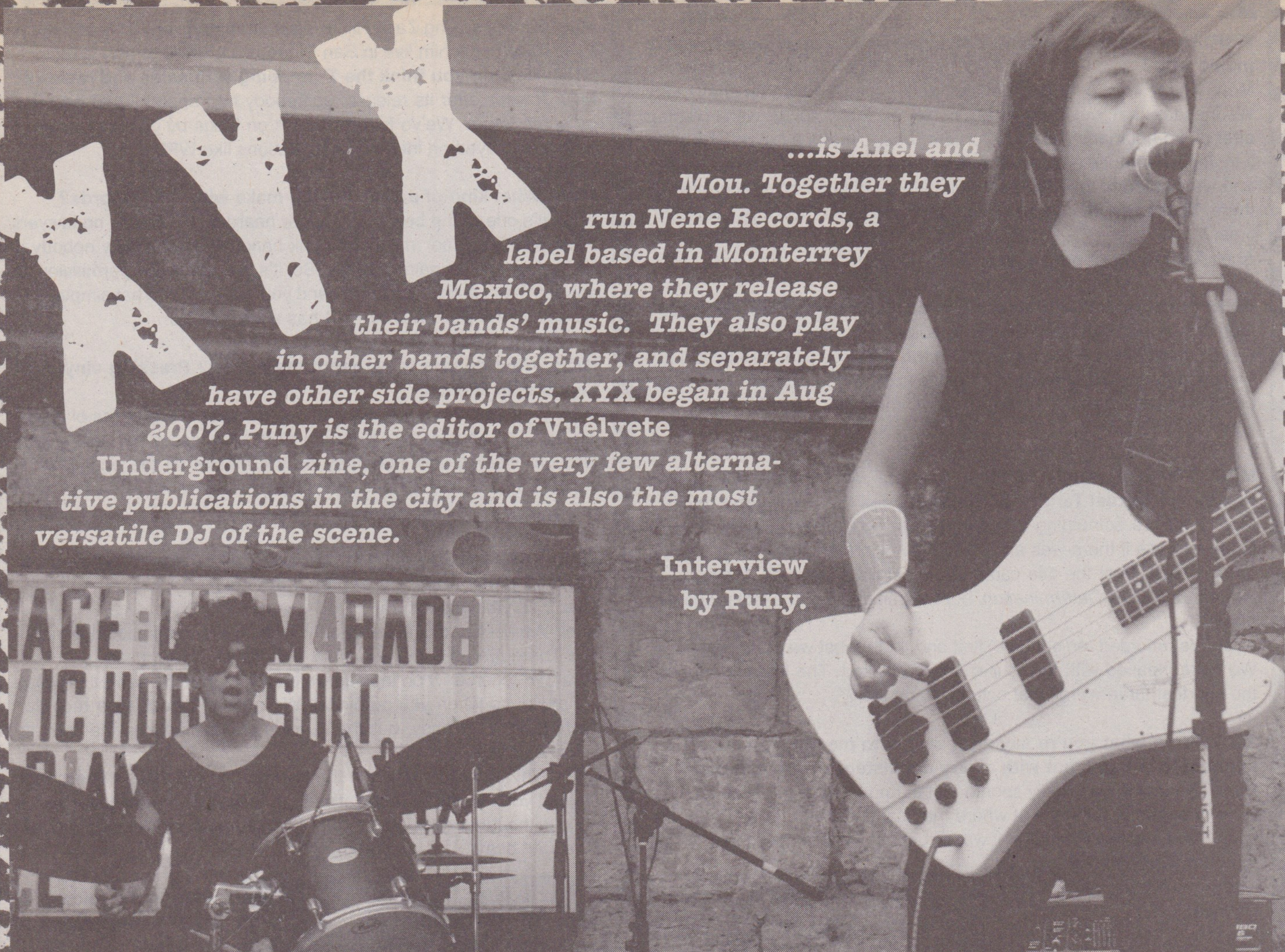
Even though he's long since retired from spoken word, he still maintains the convictions that got him onstage in the first place.

Andy T: "The politics almost seem more relevant now than they did then with political lies, warfare, ID cards, corporate greed and corruption, and environmental destruction. Nothing's really changed much on a worldwide scale. At the time we had Thatcher and Reagan in power and each other's pockets. Now we have Bush and Blair still treating us all like fools and getting away with it."

XYX

...is Anel and Mou. Together they run Nene Records, a label based in Monterrey Mexico, where they release their bands' music. They also play in other bands together, and separately have other side projects. XYX began in Aug 2007. Puny is the editor of Vuélvete Underground zine, one of the very few alternative publications in the city and is also the most versatile DJ of the scene.

Interview by Puny.



MRR: The only time that I've seen you live there was somebody else with you. Who is helping with voice effects now?

Mou: DJ Valone was more like an engineer. Now the idea is to be just the two of us. It's wonderful to have a two-person band, it simplifies a lot of things.

Anel: Now it's my job to manipulate the voice effects, besides playing bass.

MRR: Tell us a little about the projects that each of you have.

Mou: I play in Bam Bam, and with Anel in Mamá Burger. We also have another project together called Penetración Cósmica. It sounds very different. It's more of a synthesizer thing and not a live band.

Anel: It's more synth and loops. It could be called space porn, demented, tripped out. I'm starting a new band with Mamá Burger's drummer too, which is more folk and friendly. Also, I recently recorded for a side project with Sagan, Los Llamarada's front man.

MRR: It's a real advantage to have a studio like this one, be able to record, and have simultaneous projects.

Anel: Well, we've only recorded once for Penetración Cósmica—forty minutes of taped jamming. In the past, when we had the other studio downtown, we did it for XYX with only a tape recorder too. Basically, we use the studio room more for rehearsal.

MRR: How important are the instruments that you choose to make music with?
Mou: There was only a drum set and a bass guitar on that crazy Wednesday that we dropped LSD. Two or three songs were created after a two-hour jam that day. Our idea was to make a record and send it to Japan because a friend of ours was traveling there for a few weeks, and we wanted to take the opportunity to send it to some record labels there. That's why the songs were written and recorded in a very short time.
Anel: And we never got an answer from Japan.

MRR: Who got you in touch with Scott Soriano from S-S Records?
Mou: We knew about him thanks to Los Llamarada, who has released two EPs and one LP on that label. In the past, we [Nene Records] put Los Llamarada's homemade recordings compilation from 2001-2004 on our website as a free download, so we've known the band for a long time now.

MRR: The XYX single is titled *Sistema de Terminación Sexual* (System of Sexual Termination). What does the name refer to?
Mou: Well, it's something about chromosomes. I was looking through Google to see if there was an XYX combination of chromosomes, but it doesn't exist. First the title came out in English, because it referred to *System of Sexual Determination,* but we translated it to a tricky Spanish phrase.
Anel: We recorded ten songs at first and that's what we sent to Soriano. We were pleased with the four songs he picked. The longest one and the shortest three were what actually fit on the 7".

MRR: From what you're saying it seems to me like you are a very spontaneous band, but with a very consistent sound and concept.
Anel: The music was really spontaneous, and most of the titles too. We never stopped to think about where they came from or how—like in the song "Anel and Her Problem," it wasn't until Soriano sent us the track list that I remembered the song was a parody/tribute to Gibby Haynes.

MRR: What were you listening to at the time that XYX started?
Anel: 1000% Butthole Surfers. In those days, we were dropping acid every Wednesday, and one day *Locust Abortion Technician* accidentally started playing. We heard it as if for the first time.
Mou: It was like rediscovering all that shit. It connected acid, the Butthole Surfers, and us as a new band.
Anel: I realized all I wanted to do was make music to trip out to.

MRR: So, how important is the state of mind caused by lysergic drugs for you?
Anel: For me, it's my biggest influence.
Mou: It has influenced us a lot, but we need to be sober to write songs and record them.

MRR: I think there has to be an influence from girl bands. Is there?
Anel: Yes, that's what I've been thinking of lately. It happens all the time to everybody: when you see someone who inspires you, you wanna do the same, like I did when I saw Donita Sparks in the '90s, and same when I saw Gibby Haynes with his Gibbytronix. It was like, "Hey, I want that too!"

Mou: For me seeing Zach Hill [Hella's drummer] was a big influence. Ever since I saw him live in San Diego I've wanted to play drums.
MRR: How do you think the 7" is doing with sales and reviews?
Mou: A week after its release, somebody had ripped it and posted it on some forum. We've found reviews on blogs by googling it, and it has been played on internet radio stations like WFMU.

MRR: What kind of a deal did you make with S-S Records?
Anel: It's one of the best deals we've heard of. There are no lawyers involved. It's a label mainly for punk bands, and obviously nobody is becoming a millionaire from it. So it's just: give us permission to release these songs, and we'll send you 100 copies. That simple. And it's doing very well because S-S has a large distro.

MRR: What do you think about the format? Pressing vinyl isn't common in Mexico.
Mou: Well it's like, very exciting to me, because the process of pressing the vinyl amazes me. Knowing all the processes our songs went through, starting with how they do the master till the end. I find it delightful. They don't have the same sound as CD-Rs. The vinyl sound is more in line with what we do.

MRR: From what I heard in rehearsal, what else do you add to the recordings, in terms of digital effects?
Mou: Everything is natural.
Anel: We used a digital delay effect pedal and manipulated it manually. There are no computer tricks, if that's what you mean.
Mou: We recorded it on tape so we could saturate it—something really hard to do when you go digital. We used a 4-track tape recorder. Technically very easy, but there are a lot of mistakes that can be heard on the record.
Anel: Why record so much in the background if it loses the essence of what you wanted? I mean, it's about feeling all the madness of the song without worrying about, "Oh, I fucked up here or there, it doesn't sound okay."

MRR: Is the release of the 7" a reactivation of the band?
Mou: We are in the middle of so many things—each of us with our other bands and recordings and touring. But yes, right now we want to start playing again. We have some gigs booked for June, one with Psychedelic Horseshit and then Nene Fiesta 2008. We hope to have the same luck as Los Llamarada, who was able to tour Europe this year.
Anel: This reactivation isn't only for shows, but because we want to release more stuff and also record an LP. Hopefully we can release it with S-S again, because we know the 7" is doing really well.

MRR: How long do you plan to keep the free download catalog on the Nene Records website?
Anel: Who knows?
Mou: We'll keep releasing physical formats, but vinyl and cassette only, because CD-Rs aren't good business, and we're not interested in them. We've done CD-Rs for other bands, but we end up giving them away, because all that matters is that the music is heard.

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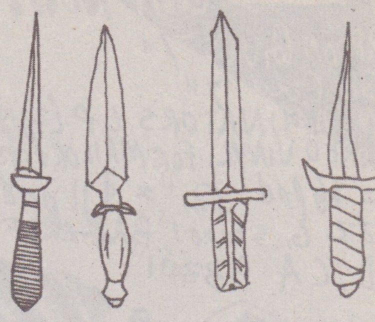

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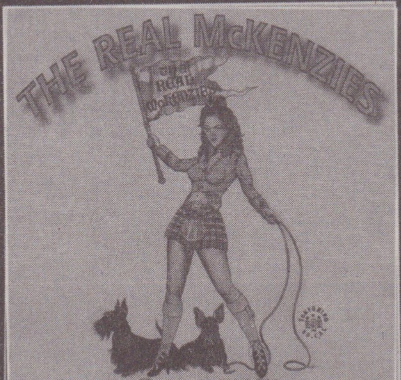

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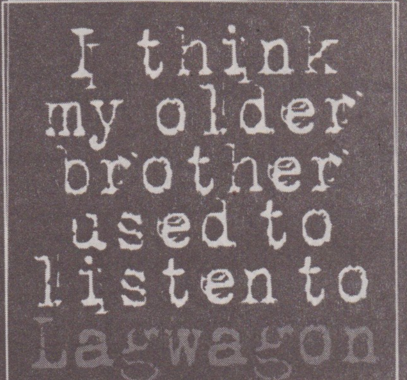

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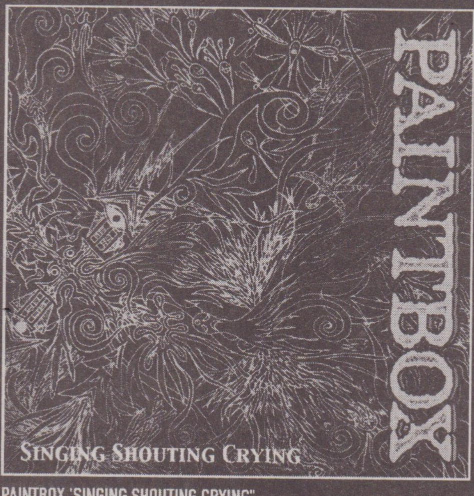

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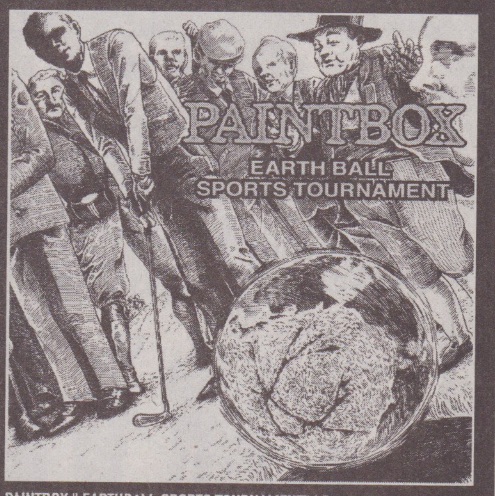

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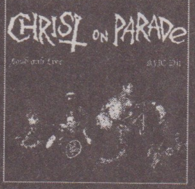

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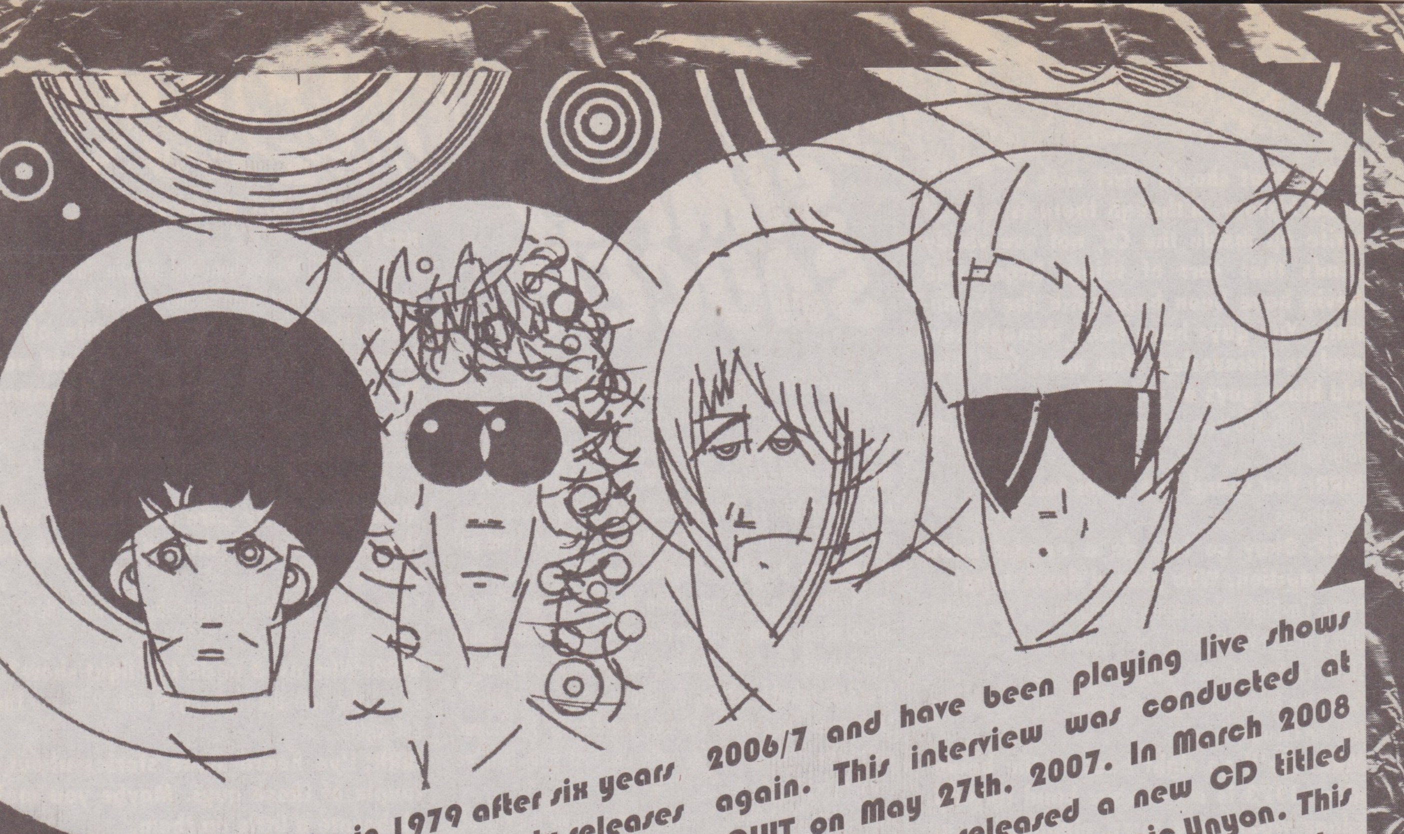


Simply Saucer broke up in 1979 after six years of slugging around Ontario. Their only releases were a 7" called "She's a Dig / I Can't Change My Mind" from 1978 and their 1974/5 tapes, which resulted in the Cyborgs Revisited LP and its various re-issues. Original members Edgar Breau and Kevin Christoff recruited new members in 2006/7 and have been playing live shows again. This interview was conducted at CIUT on May 27th, 2007. In March 2008 Simply Saucer released a new CD titled Half Human, Half Live on Sonic Unyon. This interview was conducted by Imants Krumins, and Robert Sikora.

SIMPLY SAUCER

SIMPLY SAUCER

MRR: What should start with a band history. Although there is a good write up inside the CD, not everybody reads that sort of thing. Edgar and Kevin have been here since the beginning. You guys have been through several re-discoveries. You must feel like old blues guys or something.

Edgar: Yeah, like these rediscovered ...y'know, Mississippi John Hurt or....

MRR: You sound like them too.

Joe: Thanks.

MRR: Okay so lets do a current band introduction. Who played downstairs?

Edgar: I'm Edgar Breau and I play guitar and lead vocals.

Dan: I'm Dan Winterman, I play guitar and theremin.

Steve: I'm Steve Foster, I play guitar.

Kevin: I'm Kevin Christoff, I play bass.

Joe: Joe Csontos, drums.

MRR: We'll go right back to the beginning. 1973 is when your band formed. Edgar would you mind elaborating on that? Tell us a little bit about the stories from around that time.

Edgar: We were record collecting geeks that all hung out together. We used to buy records at the same store. That's where we met our good friend Imants...

MRR: I'm not a geek.

Edgar: ...Believe it or not buying some English folkie stuff at the time. The secret comes out. There was a fellow by the name of David Byers who had recently seen the Velvet Underground do an open-air concert at Varsity Stadium if I'm not wrong. He was really hip to the Velvet Underground and a number of Dutch bands like Wally Tax and the Outsiders, Supersister, and Savage Rose. Dave was into Tim Hardin, a lot of the torch singers, and girl groups from the '60s—An excellent songwriter and a very creative guy. I guess I met Kevin, the bass player, at high school through my brother Paul. We went to the same high school. We were looking for a weird bass player. That's we asked for. We said, "Can you play weird bass?" Kevin goes, "Of course I can play weird bass." He showed up at the practice and actually the first song that we taught you...

Kevin: Was "Exit Plexit," which is going to be the kick off track on the upcoming CD. So it's been a long time coming for that.

MRR: "Exit Plexit" was the instrumental that you played at the Ciao Eddie shows if anyone saw those shows. Back to a little bit of geekdom here, and record collecting, I understand you met your manager Rick Bissel at a record shop called Hermandad, which was in what is now the Lister Block.

Edgar: Right. I think the drummer Neil Demerchant used to buy records there and invited Rick out to a practice. Rick came out and he liked the band, and he started booking us mainly around southern Ontario in high schools, and that's where Mr. Sikora saw us. It was an outdoor battle of the bands.

MRR: The Burlington Battle of the Bands.

Edgar: And the winner was ...

MRR: I always wanted to know. Who won? Bill Wood's band? The Oh-nos?

Edgar: No. Bill Wood's band did not win. The Lucky 7 or something like that. Yeah so that's where Rob came out.

MRR: That wasn't just a battle of the bands. It was a carnival in a field near the Shell refinery. It wasn't a gymnasium. Lets be clear on that.

Edgar: It was an outdoor... You know my memory is a little shaky here.

MRR: I'm pretty sure you played while the sun was still shining, and you had strobe lights.

Edgar: Yeah. We had our light show in those days... in broad daylight.

MRR: Who used to do the light show?

Edgar: The light show was my brother Paul and Carol Bukowski.

MRR: I've heard some stories about a couple of those guys. Maybe you could elaborate a little on them.

Edgar: Where do I begin? Carol had some good ideas. Like one time he took all the big PA speakers, and he decided the sound would be better if he turned it all around and faced the band and not the audience and reflect off the back wall. He had all the angles worked out mathematically so that they would hit the back wall rebound off the ceiling and then come straight down and devastate the audience.

Kevin: It didn't work.

Edgar: He had fallen asleep or passed out at the control boards. I don't know if he knew if his idea ever worked or not. We discovered him passed out. We had some unorthodox PA people.

MRR: OK, I saw you at that show (the battle of the bands), I picked up the *Hamilton Spectator* ... I didn't even know you guys or anything ... and I read you're playing on the roof in downtown Hamilton. I parked my car at Jackson Square, walked up the stairs. I get to the roof and there are ten people watching you guys, mostly friends, some street people, and I am hearing what I heard tonight.

Edgar: Yeah. We were wailing up there.

MRR: You played there three times, and just so people know Jackson Square is no big deal. Bands still play there.

Edgar: The show that we recorded back in 1975 later made it onto the original 9-track vinyl copy of *Cyborgs Revisited* that was issued by Bruce Mowat.

MRR: I understand that recording was from fragments because it was a real rough tape and they got fragments and re-doctored it.

Edgar: It was a Tannenburg tape recorder. Reel-to-reel. Everything was recorded through the vocal mic. The band and the amplifiers. Everything came out.

Kevin: That should give you an idea of how loud everything was.

Edgar: Yeah. We had very loud vocals with the band in the background. We had six studio tracks that we recorded with the Lanois Brothers in Ancaster in their mother's basement in 1974. We needed a few more tracks so... and we are talking '88 now... I am getting ahead of myself in the story.

MRR: Again this is... You talk about music from that era and this fits in with it...

Edgar: The original studio tracks–the six that we did with Bob and Dan Lanois–when our Manager Rick Bissel split from the band he took the tapes with him. He moved to Montreal and eventually ended up in Arabia at the Canadian compound there for Northern Telecom, and the tapes were at the bottom of his closet or something like that for many years. I decided to get in touch with him to try and get the tapes back in '87 or so, and he was good enough to meet me in Burlington and return the tapes. I gave them to Bruce Mowat. Bruce Mowat sent them to Byron Coley who wrote for *Spin Magazine,* and Byron was urging us to release them. He liked them along with Chris Stigliano who writes for *Black To Comm* and *Pffud! Magazine*, a well-known zine that comes out of Sharon, Pennsylvania. He was always a big promoter of the band.

MRR: He's on the net now as *Blog To Comm* as opposed to *Black To Comm.*

Edgar: So eventually it came out on vinyl and the world finally heard us.

MRR: And it seems to have spiraled from there.

Edgar: The critical kind of...

MRR: Those are the songs that people know, but we will get to some of your later songs as well. I wanted to ask you... Okay, again there are a lot of indie bands around that don't necessarily know the function of a manager. I don't know if you want to take a minute to explain the function of a manager because he booked you all these gigs, which I'm going to ask you about. We have a list of them from *Black To Comm* because Kevin was the archivist. Listen to some of these: Hawksbury District High School. Smith Falls, Sutton High School, Keenahan, Elmira, Trenton, Carleton area, Champlain High School in Pembroke. Where are all these places? No disrespect to these places. You have a whole tour in 1975 booked through these things with no indie clubs.

Kevin: They were all high school gigs. The high schools were all doing dances and things. Some of them worked and quite a few of them didn't. That was Rick though.

MRR: So you got some new fans and some people that hated you. Do you have memories of that?

Kevin: We have been pelted with rubber ends, you know the bottoms of tables from gymnasiums.

Edgar: They cut our brake line after we played in St Kitts. They were trying to *moider* us.

MRR: They requested "Stairway to Heaven" and things like that.

Edgar: Yeah. The 707 Club. Oakville, they physically picked up our drummer and threw him out of the club after they pulled us off the stage. They just threw us out.

Kevin: After about four songs.

MRR: These were the days when bands just did cover songs, so it was all Led Zeppelin and Doobie Brothers. I guess you didn't convert all that many people.

Kevin: Some of the tapes are interesting though. We have a complete show from Carleton Place. The place was packed with a really rough crowd. When you listen to the tapes you don't hear any applause, which is really weird, but you don't hear anything else. Like you hear people talking, but you don't hear any catcalls or anything like that. And when you listen to the music that we were laying out for them you have to wonder what they were hearing.

Edgar: There was one person that applauded though at the end of it.

MRR: Sam was at Carleton Place with Piers Hemmingsen, his pal in Toronto. You are talking about tapes from those recordings and on the *Cyborgs Revisited* CD it says there are going to be CD-R releases of some of those. Is that still in the works?

Edgar: Just some bootleg kind of...

MRR: It's in your CD there.

Joe: This might have been "manufactured" by someone else.

MRR: I know a few of the archivists played some of the tapes and there is good stuff there. And some of the songs... lets talk about a couple of old songs that are not on *Cyborgs Revisited.* "Ring-a-ling Oh My," "Oh So Much," "Limitless Love," "Clearly Invisible." Are you going to re-record any of these for the new one?

Steve: One of those will make it.

MRR: Any hints?

Steve: Well that's up to Ed.

MRR: I have a bunch of songs written down. "Baby Nova," what about that one?

Edgar: We have thought of that one. "Oh So Much"–excuse me guys but I have got to promote my own record–is going to be on my own solo record. It might be out this year. Not on the Saucer album. Some of these we are definitely looking at for the new Saucer album, which is called *Half Human, Half Live*, which is coming out in October of this year.

MRR: Some of *Half Human, Half Live* is going to be live and some studio like you said. It should be great. Did you do any covers at these gigs like you were supposed to do?

Kevin: Which gigs?

MRR: The 1974-1975 gigs.

Kevin: No we didn't.

Edgar: Yeah, we did "Waiting For My Man."

Kevin: Oh yeah. In '75.

Edgar: And "Sweet Jane / Waiting For My Man" medley. I think we did "Rebel Rebel" maybe.

Kevin: We did a few more covers as time went on.

Edgar: We did covers over the years especially near the end there. When we were too drunk to play our own music because it was too complicated so we thought lets just play covers.

MRR: A little question about your instrumentation. John Laplante (Ping Romany)...they had audio generators and things. What was all that?

Edgar: Well that was the Hawkwind influence, because when Hawkwind's first record came out I don't believe they had a synthesizer; they had audio generators, and so David Byers went to the Heathkit manufacturer and came back with two audio generators. I played one at the beginning and John from Ping Romany—actually John was my foster brother—he wanted to join the band so I suggested he find some electronic gizmo to play and we would love to have him aboard. Eventually we got a theremin, which was a Gibson Maestro, and then the Mini Moog to complete it all. KC played the fuzz bass. I hope he's going to play a lot more of it.

Kevin: Since you put it that way, sure.

MRR: Were you aware of other bands at the time? I understand that you were members of Terrapin, the Syd Barrett fan club, and you knew Craig Bell who played with Rocket From The Tombs, and eventually Pere Ubu.

Edgar: Right. Craig and I used to be pen pals. That would be '73 or '74—something like that. He was the first American member of the Syd Barrett Appreciation Society. I was the first Canadian. I discovered that he had a band called the Saucer and my band's name was Simply Saucer, and then he went on to play for Rocket From The Tombs. From Rocket From The Tombs came Pere Ubu.

MRR: I thought he was in the Mirrors too.

Edgar: Yeah. Richard Lloyd was well aware of that too, because I brought up Craig.

Joe: Oh no. A Richard Lloyd story. Ask Liz in the other room about Richard Lloyd. She already wrote about it.

Edgar: Gotta stay away from the Dream Whip.

MRR: I am going to bring up a few other bands from back then. You always read Velvet Underground, Kinks, T-Rex, Hawkwind. I know Kevin's into the Beatles and Soft Machine. So I am going to throw out a couple of names and anybody who wants to answer this, go ahead. Moby Grape.

Kevin: Oh yeah. We were into Moby Grape for a while.

Edgar: Yeah, I was a big fan of the Grape.

MRR: Roy Orbison.

Kevin: Yeah, he's great.

Edgar: We saw Roy Orbison the same night as the Ramones.

MRR: Where?

Kevin: McMaster. And then we piled into Imants' car and boogied on up and caught the Ramones at the Victory or something like that. Midnight show.

Joe: New Yorker.

MRR: Not just Roy Orbison, but other rockabilly. I guess this was one of your musical interests a little bit.

Joe: Johnny Valentine.

MRR: You guys did "Summertime Blues" and "Something Else."

Edgar: Eddie Cochran. I love Eddie Cochran.

MRR: "Boom Boom," "Don't You Lie To Me."

Joe: When Sparky was in the band he did a version of Dion's "The Wanderer" when they opened for Pere Ubu.

MRR: Terry Riley.

Edgar: Yeah. We all went and saw Terry Riley once.

MRR: Somewhere in Toronto. We were sitting on cushions.

Edgar: Big red pillows. We all sat on the floor and he came out in his long white robes.

MRR: John Fahey.

Edgar: He was a big influence on me especially after Simply Saucer's demise in 1979. I started playing open-tuning, acoustic guitar finger-style stuff, and he was a big influence.

MRR: We all went to see John Fahey at the El Mocambo. One of the waitresses was Margarita Passion, Freddie Pompeii's wife. We had just come from the Viletones the week before, and she was saying, "What the hell are you guys doing here"? One or two more—Hapshash and The Coloured Coat.

Edgar: You tell us all about that.

MRR: Okay. In the Carleton Place tape someone is requesting "Stairway to Heaven" and you say, "How about the Stooges?" and then you say, "How would you like to hear Hapshash and The Coloured Coat"?

Edgar: There was no response. They weren't being played on the radio I guess. The Godz?

Joe: Every ESP record.

MRR: So the first band broke up when you got booted from your rehearsal space on Kenilworth Avenue. Describe that time. What happened at that point?

Kevin: Well there were a lot of bad things that went down. Ed and I had our guitars ripped off, which kind of put us in a little bit of limbo for several months anyway and things started happening. The original band started disintegrating. Johnny lost interest. It is hard to say what happened with John.

MRR: Yeah, because he still hung around afterwards.

Kevin: He still hung around afterwards, but he eventually just walked out on the band. Then we got our eviction notice at Kenilworth and we started drifting. We didn't have any place to play or practice or anything like that.

MRR: Don had been in the band earlier, and he came back when you reformed.

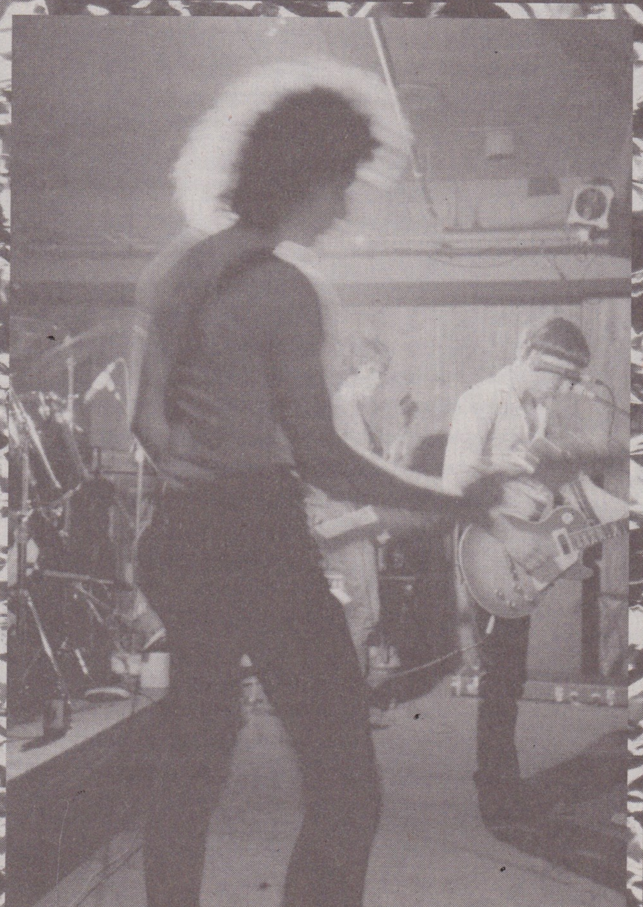
Kevin: Yeah.

MRR: Which would be early '77, and that was when you got the house on Ferguson.

Kevin: Pretty well.

MRR: Let's talk about the house on Ferguson.

Joe: I met the band through Steve Parks, Sparky. He had just either quit Teenage Head or he had quit the Loved Ones, and I was at his basement in an affluent neighborhood in Hamilton. He had a giant basement with tons of musical instruments, so we would go there and hang out. He said, "You gotta come and see my new band. They are called Simply Saucer" and I said, "Oh, where are you playing?" and he said, "We are playing at the Ottawa Street YMCA in the basement." I said, "Okay. Cool." So I went down there. He was already there. I just showed up by myself. Took the bus down, I think. The opening band ironically was the Forgotten Rebels.



MRR: That was their first ever show.

Joe: I got to play with them about ten years later.

Edgar: So you have played with both bands.

Joe: Yes, I have.

MRR: You played with the Forgotten Rebels in 1982, Joe, because there is a video. And you are not on any of their records. You are on their video.

Steve: Thank god for recorded medium so we can all remember what we were doing?

MRR: I just watched that because Steve Berman showed it to me.

Joe: Well, it's true what they say about the '80s. It's bad juju.

MRR: Okay, so more about the house. You were playing in the house almost every night. I remember going by there, and you could hear the music, and every night you would practice. You got really, *really* good by that point—some nights at least anyway. You got a whole lot of new songs, and somebody tell the story come on…

Edgar: I think we are unusual for the amount of practicing that we did. It's my understanding that a lot of the other bands didn't quite practice every day of the week as we did. We were kind of fanatical about it. I would get the whip out, round everybody up, and give them shit for taking a day off for Christmas or something like that.

Kevin: Seven days a week. Christmas day. You name it.

Edgar: Yeah, so we did get very tight. We probably over practiced. You can do that too.

MRR: But songs came out of that.

Edgar: And the place just got…we had a lot of visitors…

MRR: …and trains.

Edgar: Yeah we had a train running right down the center of the street we lived on. Every time it went by, the house shook. Now and then we would ride the train and do crazy things.

Kevin: To the beer store.

MRR: That's right. You went down to the beer store.

Kevin: Down on Barton Street.

Joe: Hop off. Wait for the other train on the other track.

SIMPLY SAUCER

MRR: One of your guitarists, Alex, he heard your band when he was passing by and he walked in and joined the band in 1977.

Edgar: Alex was a very fine musician.

Kevin: He came along at kind of a transition point where there was just the three of us, and it was at that point with him joining that we became a four-piece, two-guitar band. We stayed that way once Alex left and Sparky came on. He came up with some key ideas and motifs that we still use like "She's a Dog."

Edgar: "Low Profile," maybe too.

MRR: Where is he at now?

Kevin: The last I heard he was in Edmonton in the insurance game. He's an insurance man. That was in '85.

Dan: Well that was like twenty years ago.

Kevin: It's hard to say.

Edgar: I know the Poles threatened to kick his ass.

Kevin: They did?

Edgar: We did a gig with the Poles and Alex made some remarks, and I think the whole band was ready to chase him down.

MRR: Okay we are getting into the punk rock era here. I know that you never fit in anywhere. You didn't fit into punk rock either but you played with a lot of those bands.

Edgar: Well, Queen Street was where the punk scene was happening, and that just seemed to be the place to go. We had some influences that were similar because we were big fans of the Stooges and the Ramones. I guess there were a few others. Donnie liked a lot of the punk stuff. We thought, "We will go and play those clubs." So we retooled our sound a little and we took out some of the wiggy psychedelic stuff and we went for more of a hard-edged rock thing.

MRR: Most people haven't heard those songs because the only thing that was released was the "She's a Dog" record.

Edgar: Yeah right. By the time we played punk clubs in Toronto we had dropped a lot of those songs that had made it onto *Cyborgs Revisited.* The bands were really unaware of what we had already accomplished, which in a way was frustrating because it was almost like we were starting over—breaking into that scene when we had played music in 1973-1974 that was actually a lot more out there. We had free jazz influences—a lot of improvising—you know Sun Ra and all that. We had really toned down our sound.

Kevin: Once we moved into Ferguson, and the house with Alex and then Sparky, everything switched.

Edgar: I think we wanted to survive and keep the band together. There were not a lot of gigs. Managers sort of came and went. Gary Pig was managing us for a while. Then Joe…

Joe: I was manager for about three gigs. I got you Guelph and Kitchener.

Edgar: But we were still hopeful. We were intending to record a full record, but there were a lot of personal kind of things with each and every one of us. There were substance abuse issues.

Kevin: There were a lot of distractions. Not enough focus. Not enough money for recording projects.

Edgar: There were scary people coming into our lives at that house. Some really scary kind of criminal elements. We were held up… I remember the one night the house got broken into. I had a machete on my neck with this guy threatening to kill me, which was the second time I had a knife on me. We were really starting to attract some unsavory elements.

Dan: Then Edgar agreed to let Steve into the band.

Edgar: Years later after doing his time. No we're just kidding. It was Dan, not Steve. We were falling apart. Live we were usually too drunk to really perform in the end.

Kevin: It's too bad because there was a lot of good material that came out from those days despite all the distractions. There was some good stuff, but it never saw the light of day and probably won't unless Ed can remember it.

MRR: There were a few songs that made it to *Cyborgs Revisited* from demos and live shows. Again, that goes back to my question—is there any more old stuff coming out or being re-recorded for the new record?

Edgar: Some of it is going to be on *Half Human Half Live.* Hopefully we will record again afterwards. It will be a mix.

MRR: So, onto the breakup in 1979, Sparky was the first to quit, then Kevin. Did you and Don plan to look for new band members?

Edgar: No.

MRR: What was next?

Edgar: I wanted to buy an acoustic guitar and begin experimenting on my own and continue to write songs, but maybe a bit removed from the music biz itself. Things hadn't panned out. We had a good ten years trying to make this thing work, and I thought I had a good kick at the can. It was time to move onto something different. I had a whole pile of John Fahey records. I spent the next year just listening to him, playing guitar. I bought an Alaskan guitar, which is made by Canadian guitar makers. Their guitars are recognized world wide as being some of the best acoustic guitars in the world. One of them is in the Canadian Museum of Civilization in Ottawa. Anyways, I sold all my gear and went to the Mill Wheel in Toronto, and I bought one of his guitars. I just fell in love with that guitar. I have been playing it ever since.

MRR: You still have the same guitar?

Edgar: Yeah.

MRR: There was a gap though before you started that.

Edgar: I was already de-tuning my electric guitar in Simply Saucer–just on my own, not with the band. I was beginning to experiment with that then. I thought I was going to hunker down in my cave and maybe eventually emerge into the light of day again, but I wasn't too confident that it was going to happen anytime soon. I was right about that. I just kept writing and playing on my own.

MRR: For a while, you say "on your own," but soon after all this happened—we are talking 1986— there's a video on YouTube of a band called the Third Kind, which is Edgar and Kevin, Kevin's brother Derek, and Dave Byers who was in the original Simply Saucer. And that sounds great. Would you like to talk about that group?

Kevin: As I recall, it came about because you and Dave met and played at your house, and you gave me a call. I came down with my bass and one thing led to another. My brother played drums. He filled that job.

MRR: He's a sound technician too, right?

Kevin: Yeah. He knows his sound.

MRR: One of the songs on YouTube is "Almost Ready Betty," which you used to do in the Saucer. It has a sort of Velvet Underground guitar thing. Is that Dave on electric and Edgar on acoustic?

Kevin: That was you on electric.

SIMPLY SAUCER

Edgar: Prove me a liar. I didn't have an electric guitar. I borrowed a guitar when we...

Kevin: It was your old guitar that you sold to my brother.

Edgar: Okay.

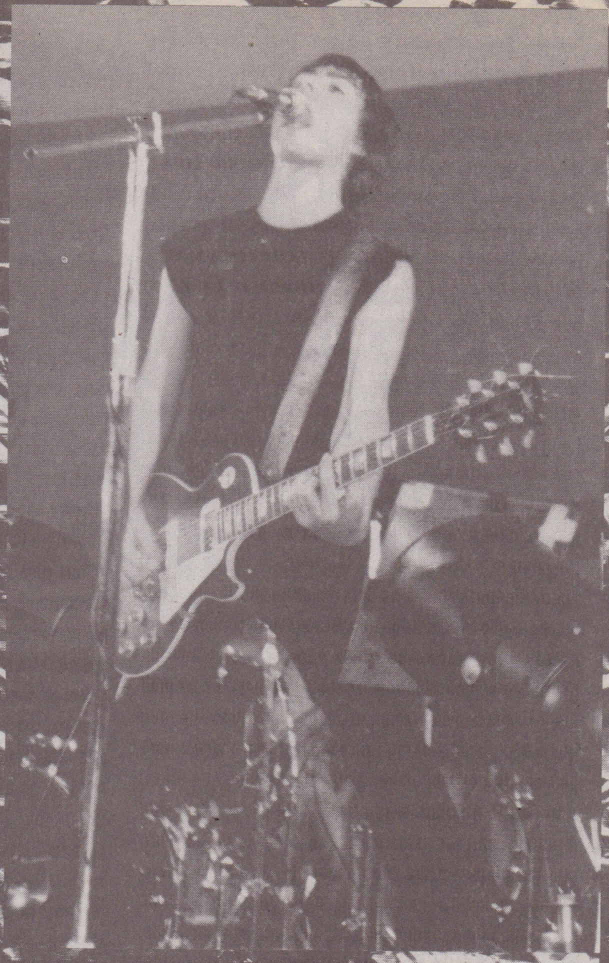
MRR: It definitely sounds like Edgar Breau playing that stuff. You can check out YouTube to see. Again, the recording on that is quite nice. Are there any plans to release that?

Kevin: Not that I know of.

Edgar: If there is a record company out there that wants to do it, just contact us. Make us an offer.

Kevin: Some nice recordings came out of it. In addition to the two on YouTube there are two or three more that came out of those sessions.

Edgar: Dave Byers traveled through the south and discovered all these southern white gospel groups like the Statesmen Quartet, the Chuck Wagon Gang. He met Martha Carson who was an influence on Elvis Presley, sort of one of the first gospel singers that took this live thing over the top. Dave had some roots influences and I did as well. So that band was a little bit different than Simply Saucer, just in the influences we drew upon. Dave went on to form the Shangs who recorded some very fine CDs.



MRR: One of your later bands, the Shadows Of Ecstacy, played with the Shangs on the same gig.

Joe: There are a couple of Shangs videos on YouTube – Dave was playing with his video cam and spliced together some pretty cool stuff.

MRR: So we are trying to limit this interview to Simply Saucer a little bit more than the whole other career area. We have heard how Bruce Mowat released *Cyborgs Revisited* in 1989. How did you meet Bruce?

Edgar: I was playing at the Bay Tides café on an open stage and Bruce came by to listen, and we chatted afterwards. Bruce was writing a history of the Hamilton rock bands and I took umbrage with him because he had neglected my band. I told him about Simply Saucer and our influences, and he became intrigued. It was from there that I decided to try and get back our recording that we had made in '74 with the Lanois brothers. Bruce released it on Mole Sound recordings–just 1,000 copies and a limited edition. So you have to give Mole a lot of credit for putting this out.

MRR: He has been very persistent. It must be his life's mission.

Edgar: Yeah. He is a very unique individual. He's tenacious. He deserves a lot of credit for getting us where we are. Even playing again.

MRR: Which sort of takes us up to the reunion of Edgar Breau and his electric guitar, because Kevin's been in a lot of Edgar's bands over the years. You started bringing in some of the *Cyborgs* songs into your solo shows before you picked up the electric guitar again, and you had an electric guitarist to play those. You seemed to be more cult than Saucer ever was. You were getting less people at your gigs.

Edgar: I think at first I was looking to do my whole career as a solo artist, but eventually I began to realize that the Saucer songs were just better played the way they were written–the way they were intended. Eventually we took a shot at playing together again at the Corktown Tavern, the legendary. We did five songs, and it felt really good. I hadn't really cranked up an electric guitar on stage in years, and it felt right. Also, I could reclaim my own songwriting heritage and once again play material that I had written. I decided I would split my career into an electric side and an acoustic side. I was going to continue songwriting with my acoustic. I didn't want to give that up, but I realized–just like a lot of artists today–you can do more than one thing. You can have your career on dual-track or multi-track or whatever you want. Sometimes you have to do that just to make a go of it. To survive. To gig out. We decided we would put the band back together. The thing that I wanted to do differently was to rediscover the original vision of the band, which I think we lost by the later years. 1978-1979 was a really good band in many ways, but we had lost the electronic side, the improvisational side, which really was the reason the band was formed. I wanted to play the songs on *Cyborgs Revisited* the way they were intended. Under those circumstances I felt it would be something I could really throw myself into wholeheartedly. If we could capture that again.

MRR: I think you've succeeded rather well. You said to Tim Perlich in an interview in *Now Magazine* that you just dropped the electric guitar and then picked it up again. It's like it never developed in any sort of strange direction. Have you any idea where you might have gone or how it may have developed? Do you want to speculate on that one?

Edgar: I couldn't really, but I guess my style didn't have a chance to go in a different direction because I really wasn't playing much electric guitar since 1979. When I did play those songs again it was a familiar feeling, because that's the way I developed. I had certain influences like Syd Barrett, Lou Reed, Ron Asheton, and those kind of guys, so it wasn't as big of a problem as I thought it would be. Picking up the electric guitar again, I kind of surprised myself in a way. I wasn't too sure that I could do it to be honest. It was kind of scary, but I thought I'd go for it. Anyway, we should get into the new lineup.

MRR: How did you meet all these guys? Introduce yourselves. Tell us about yourselves.

Steve: I knew Joe. I used to play in a band with Joe. When they started putting Saucer back together they were rehearsing at the studio in my house. From there it kind of fell into doing a record with them, and then when one of the guys that was playing with them left, I wound up playing guitar.

MRR: So you're the baby of the group?

Steve: Yeah. I guess. Dan has more time by about two months.

Edgar: And your history?

Steve: I grew up in Hamilton playing in a lot of punk rock and rock 'n' roll bands. I played in a punk rock band called Stoked through the '90s, and the Crawling King Snakes. I didn't know Kevin or Edgar at all. I had met Dan a couple of times just from our bands playing around town.

Dan: His brother was in a couple of bands that I played a lot of shows with.

Steve: Yeah, with the Rayburns. I knew Joe since '89 or something like that. During the first version of Saucer, I think I was still probably going to public school.

Dan: Basically, I think Steve and I were in kindergarten when these guys were recording on top of Jackson Square. I have a question for you, Ed. Is it true that Pink Floyd played at Ivor Wynne the same night Simply Saucer recorded that show at Jackson Square?

Kevin: Yes.

Joe: I was at the Pink Floyd gig.

Dan: So that explains why only ten people showed up to the Saucer show.

Steve: Was that the last rock concert at Ivor Wynne?

Dan: I believe it was.

Edgar: What about your background, Dan?

Dan: My background is in Make Joy Cry and Headphone Overtone. That's pretty much it. Oh, Battleship Ethel.

Joe: I was in a band with our esteemed guest here, Ron Gibson. What were we called when we played the Turning Point?

Ron Gibson: You stole the name from Robert Crumb. Mr. Spiff? You were Joey Tissue and we were the Dummies, which I liked a lot.

Joe: We played a gig with the Sophisticatos. We opened for them among other bands circa '77, and Ron was our singer. I was the drummer. We had Jimmy Desroches, who was Dave Rave's younger brother, Jimmy Switchblade, and Peter Timmis was on bass. I remember Ron wore this mock turtleneck. Ron had his hair down to his rear end, long blonde hair. He had two microphones that he was banging together—feeding back as we droned on this two-chord punk rock thing...screaming into the microphone after drinking a bottle of Southern Comfort. I remember because back stage was not much of a stage. The guitar player from the Sophisticatos said, "These guys are better than the fuckin' Sophisticatos, and I'm in the Sophisticatos." That's one of my fondest moments of the Turning Point with Ron Gibson. But yeah, I was in a bunch of bands that played out, High Society with Steve and various others, Jack Dekeyser, with Kevin in 1981. We rehearsed in the basement. I played in the Throbs second incarnation, the Rebels for a couple of years, and the Loudmouths.

Dan: We did those tribute shows for cancer and diabetes.

Joe: We did a Velvet Underground tribute three times.

Dan: I think we did the Kinks once and the Velvets twice.

Joe: We raised a lot of money. So I think that's where I connected with Edgar again. Having not seen him in a long time, and I think Ed was on the bill doing acoustic. "These Days" (?) The Nico version. We kind of got to talking. I don't know how it came up. I think we had another rehearsal at the Steel City Music rehearsal place and Ed came in to do his thing, because we were like the house band, and we had to use guest stars to walk on.

Edgar: No. You know what it was? One of the members of your band was out of control and Bruce called me and he said "Edgar. Will you go down there and try and straighten him out?" That's why I was there.

Joe: Ed came in and that individual had left, and I was still sort of chuffed to play. I said, "Pick up that electric guitar and let's do a couple of old Saucer songs." And Ed said, "I haven't played electric guitar in ten years," or something to that effect. So I just started drumming to "Now's the Time for the Party" or "She's a Dog" or "I Can Change My Mind," and I sort of willfully made him play that electric guitar. That was six months before I got the call to say, "Hey do you want to be in the new incarnation of Saucer?" and I just jumped at the chance. I was a big fan of the band. I booked a couple of gigs, but I was still a fan of the band in perpetuity, so I jumped at the chance to get back in.

Dan: And Joe got us guys in.

MRR: Sparky played the September shows. He didn't rejoin?

Edgar: Well, Sparky is living in Montreal. It was just a travel problem with him.

Kevin: I think that Sparky very much wanted to rejoin. and be a part. Logistically it just wasn't going to work.

Steve: What show was that?

MRR: The Corktown.

Steve: Who else was on that bill?

Kevin: Viletones...members of the Diodes and...

Steve: ...You guys were starting because we were opening for Hugh Dillon across town, and he was being all surly, so we bailed on him. We walked in, and you guys were center stage. That was probably right around when we were doing all those tribute shows.

Edgar: Yeah, I have seen the Crawling King Snakes. They were my favorite act of the night. I went up and shook Paul's hand and told him how much I liked the show. You guys did "Oh Sweet Nothing." Great version of that.

MRR: So you're playing a festival in Montreal called Casa del Popolo, and also something else in Ottawa.

Steve: We are playing at Babylon.

Joe: With Plastic Crime Wave, I believe.

MRR: Do you know Plastic Crime Wave?

Edgar: No, not at all.

MRR: He does a magazine called *Galactic Zoo Dossier*, and it's all about all these sorts of bands. In one old issue, he has great guitarist trading cards, and one of the guitarists is Edgar Breau.

SIMPLY SAUCER

Kevin: Cool. (*round of applause*)

Edgar: Get me that trading card.

Steve: I want the Edgar Breau rookie card.

MRR: Is Sparky going to join those gigs to watch or play?

Kevin: Well, we should contact him for Montreal anyway. Love to have him join us on stage. I'm sure he would like to.

MRR: We only have about five minutes left. Is there anything else you want to put across? Anybody miss anything?

Kevin: We should that we are playing at the recording studio, and we are staging a concert that is in turn going to be recorded.

MRR: Where is that?

Kevin: Catherine North is at Park and Murray Street.

Dan: It is an old converted church.

MRR: And this is in Hamilton.

Kevin: In Hamilton.

Dan: What are the tickets worth?

Edgar: $15 to $20.

Joe: $15 advance, $20 at the door. There is room for sixty. Everybody in attendance will get their name on the CD, which is apparently what Bruce told me.

Edgar: Oh did he?

Joe: Yes.

Dan: Tracks from that will be used on the forthcoming CD.

Edgar: Once in a lifetime opportunity. Come on out.

Joe: I think it's going to be great. You're going to be in the same venue that we recorded in, and it's a very cool venue. It's an old church. The floor is made out of this old wood and there is a good resonance in there. It will be a real fun gig to be at.

Edgar: Yeah, absolutely.

Dan: What song do you want to go out with?

MRR: I have another question here. Stephe always asks the bands—and I want to ask anybody except for Edgar and Kevin this first—what's your favorite Simply Saucer song from a lyrical standpoint and why? Who wants to try that one?

Joe: Mine is "Clearly Invisible" because lyrically it kind of reminds me of Kevin Ayers, and a bit of early Pink Floyd. You know, folkie Pink Floyd like "La Vallee" or "More" or that kind of stuff.

Steve: I like the new one we did the other night, "Dandelion Kingdom." That's got some killer lyrics on it. That is just a nice vibe-y tune. And it's different for us.

Edgar: That's going to surprise a lot of people.

Dan: I like "Illegal Bodies," because it's a song of the future (*loads of laughter*).

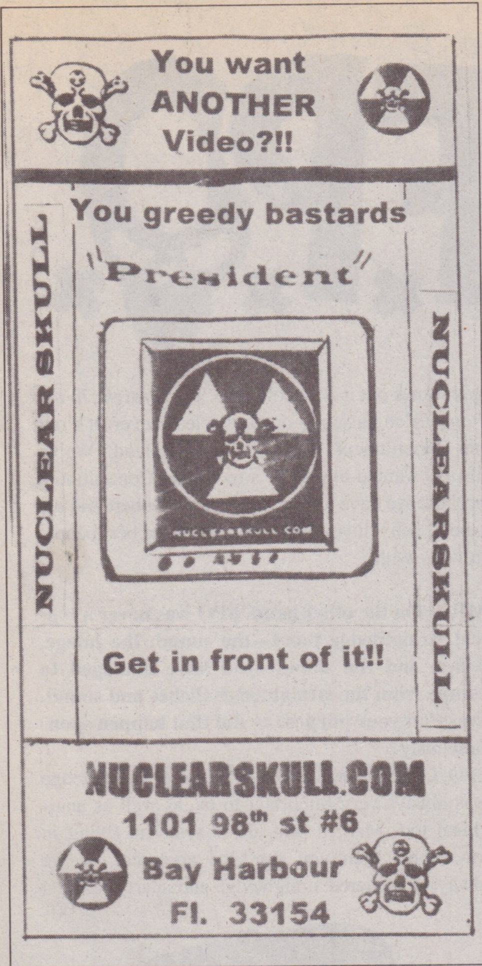
Joe: How are you going to follow that up?

Edgar: I like "Here Come the Cyborgs," because I like any song with cyborgs in the title.

Joe: Ed hasn't told you about this. This has all been designed as a grand scheme. Eventually he will record the rock opera of the cyborgs. Everything is a stepping stone towards that.

MRR: How do you think your predictions of the future have panned out?

Edgar: Well they are all coming true obviously. We are looking for a cyborg to join the band.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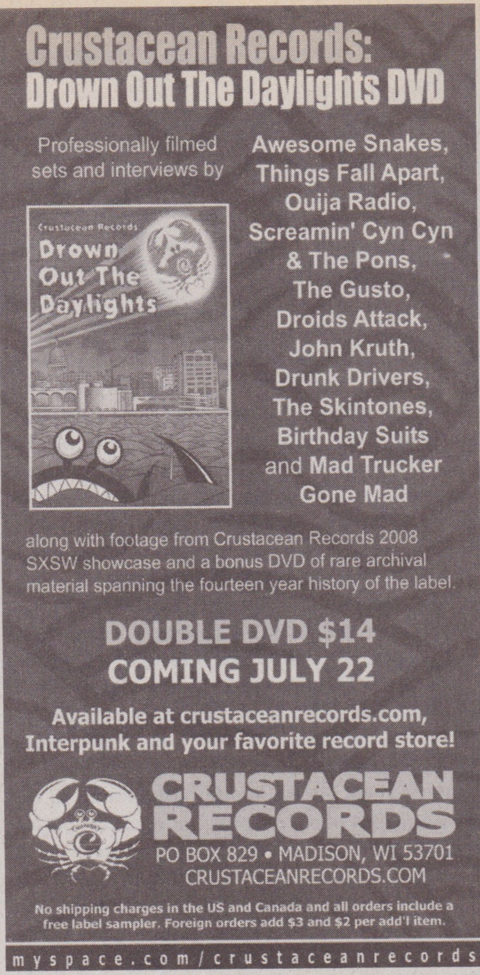
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Interview done by Goran (Obsolete Man records)

MRR: October 10th, 2008—this is the date of FPO's last show ever. Why is the band breaking up after so many productive years?

FPO: There are a few reasons why we are calling it quits, so, here are few of them: there is no flame in some of us for fast-distorted music with socially aware lyrics anymore—laziness and no vision… You know, we have been playing for seven years, and that's a long period for a band like we are. Maybe too much productivity has killed us.

MRR: Actually, FPO was supposed to break up after the Seein' Red/FPO split LP. Why did you decide to continue playing and not split up? On that split you have only one song that lasts around 13 minutes, which is pretty strange for a hardcore/punk band. What made you do such a song?

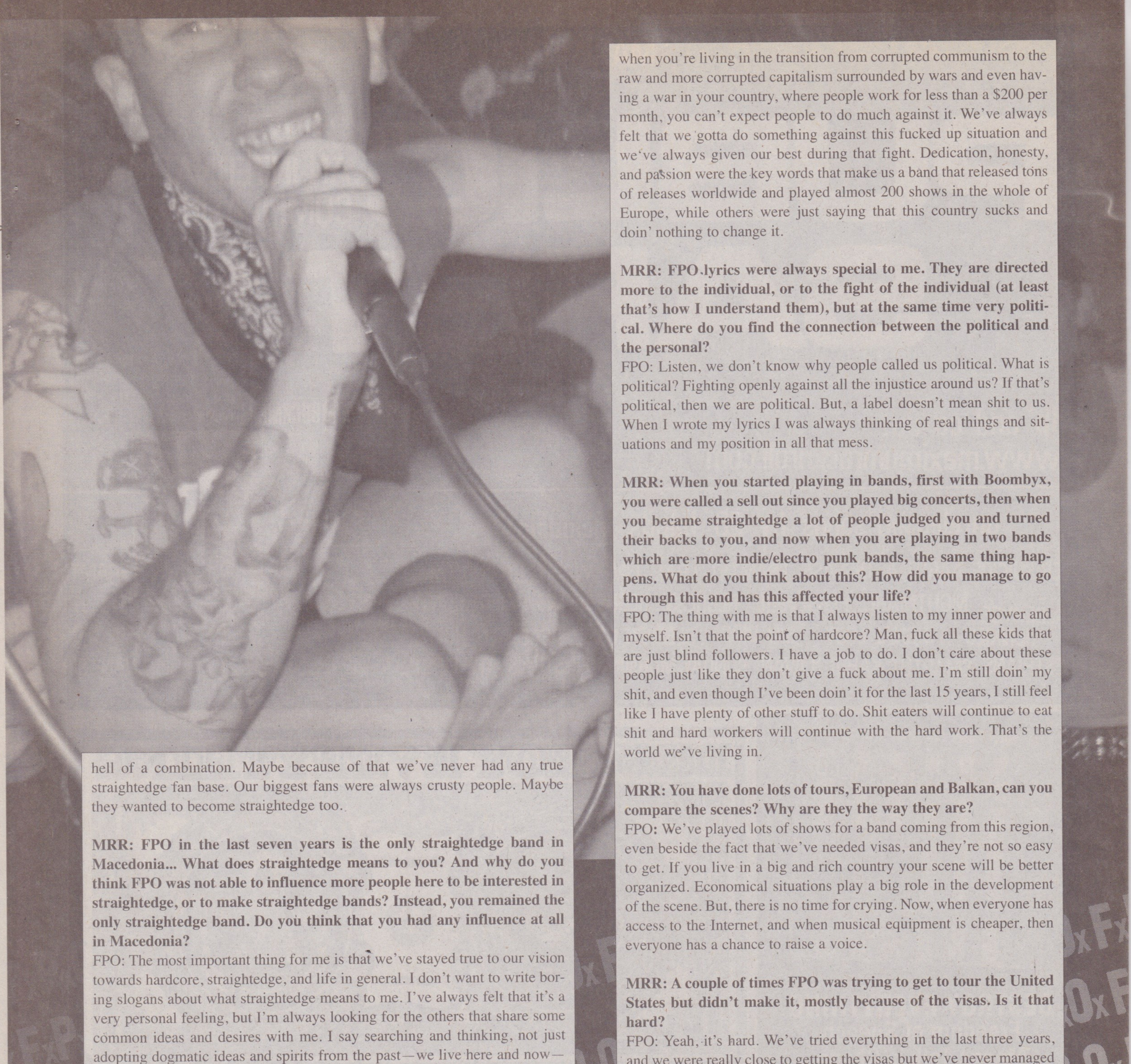
FPO: Yeah, this weakness was around us for the last two years but we decided to continue, hoping that something will change in meantime. It's true that we wanted to split up just before the split with Seein' Red but in that time something changed and we started to work well together like we used to. We made this song 13 minutes long because in that period it was kind of our style. We've done the same with the split with I Object and on a comp LP on Dead Heroes Records. So, now we definitely will be R.I.P., because we feel that we've drank up all reservoirs of creativity and we definitely can't work together as a band anymore. Not as FPO!

MRR: You just released your first LP called *You Don't Know What a Human Is*, and also a 7" called *Straight to the Point* on Commitment Records, can you tell me something about the releases? These two records have a little bit of a different sound from some other FPO releases. It is more of a return to your old sound. How come?

FPO: These releases are our last releases. In the seven years of our existence we've always played kind of a different sound on every release we've had. That's because we are listening to different types of hardcore. The LP is out on Third Party Records in the USA and the CD is out on my own Junk Cola Records. Nick (ThirdxParty) was always a big supporter of our band, so it was logical that he will release our LP. It's only 300 copies pressed so hurry up (maybe by the time this comes out it'll be sold out). The *Straight To the Point* EP is basically our last release ever. It's out on Commitment Records from Holland. We've always wanted to release a record on Commitment because we have a lot of respect for Robert and his label. I can tell you that he is one of the best people to work with!

MRR: On the other hand, FPO was never a typical straightedge band—the sound, the image, lyrics, and the shows—you have managed to escape from the straightedge clichés and sound. Was that your purpose or did that happen spontaneously?

FPO: Our band was a strange mixture. Straightedge was always very important to us, as well as anarchism too. Man, if you are honest and living in Macedonia then you can't be apolitical. We've always considered straightedge and anarchism as a



hell of a combination. Maybe because of that we've never had any true straightedge fan base. Our biggest fans were always crusty people. Maybe they wanted to become straightedge too.

MRR: FPO in the last seven years is the only straightedge band in Macedonia... What does straightedge means to you? And why do you think FPO was not able to influence more people here to be interested in straightedge, or to make straightedge bands? Instead, you remained the only straightedge band. Do you think that you had any influence at all in Macedonia?
FPO: The most important thing for me is that we've stayed true to our vision towards hardcore, straightedge, and life in general. I don't want to write boring slogans about what straightedge means to me. I've always felt that it's a very personal feeling, but I'm always looking for the others that share some common ideas and desires with me. I say searching and thinking, not just adopting dogmatic ideas and spirits from the past—we live here and now—that's what straightedge means to me. I think that as the first and only real straightedge band here, we've done way more than we expected. Maybe we've never influenced too many people to become straightedge or anarchists, but for sure, our hard work and honesty forced people to look at straightedge and anarchism with respect. We've helped to have these options here.

MRR: **Macedonia is a pretty fucked up place to live in, especially for young people. For example, most of the people live with their parents even after they get married, which really affects their lives and makes them more depressed and lame, and they are losing the strength to fight for a better life. Plus, all the unemployment, and trouble getting visas for almost everywhere… Knowing all of this FPO was able to do so much, like lots or releases and tours. How did you managed to do all that?**
FPO: The thing is that Macedonia is so isolated. In that kind of atmosphere, when you're living in the transition from corrupted communism to the raw and more corrupted capitalism surrounded by wars and even having a war in your country, where people work for less than a $200 per month, you can't expect people to do much against it. We've always felt that we gotta do something against this fucked up situation and we've always given our best during that fight. Dedication, honesty, and passion were the key words that make us a band that released tons of releases worldwide and played almost 200 shows in the whole of Europe, while others were just saying that this country sucks and doin' nothing to change it.

MRR: FPO lyrics were always special to me. They are directed more to the individual, or to the fight of the individual (at least that's how I understand them), but at the same time very political. Where do you find the connection between the political and the personal?
FPO: Listen, we don't know why people called us political. What is political? Fighting openly against all the injustice around us? If that's political, then we are political. But, a label doesn't mean shit to us. When I wrote my lyrics I was always thinking of real things and situations and my position in all that mess.

MRR: When you started playing in bands, first with Boombyx, you were called a sell out since you played big concerts, then when you became straightedge a lot of people judged you and turned their backs to you, and now when you are playing in two bands which are more indie/electro punk bands, the same thing happens. What do you think about this? How did you manage to go through this and has this affected your life?
FPO: The thing with me is that I always listen to my inner power and myself. Isn't that the point of hardcore? Man, fuck all these kids that are just blind followers. I have a job to do. I don't care about these people just like they don't give a fuck about me. I'm still doin' my shit, and even though I've been doin' it for the last 15 years, I still feel like I have plenty of other stuff to do. Shit eaters will continue to eat shit and hard workers will continue with the hard work. That's the world we've living in.

MRR: You have done lots of tours, European and Balkan, can you compare the scenes? Why are they the way they are?
FPO: We've played lots of shows for a band coming from this region, even beside the fact that we've needed visas, and they're not so easy to get. If you live in a big and rich country your scene will be better organized. Economical situations play a big role in the development of the scene. But, there is no time for crying. Now, when everyone has access to the Internet, and when musical equipment is cheaper, then everyone has a chance to raise a voice.

MRR: A couple of times FPO was trying to get to tour the United States but didn't make it, mostly because of the visas. Is it that hard?
FPO: Yeah, it's hard. We've tried everything in the last three years, and we were really close to getting the visas but we've never managed to. Unemployed and poor kids from Macedonia can't visit the USA. Big thanx goes to all the kids writing us from the USA and all the people helping out to get us there.

MRR: After all these years the band probably affected and changed your lives forever. How do you look back on all this now? Is the story going to continue? Future plans? New Bands?
FPO: It changed us a lot and we are definitely staying in this scene. We will tour Europe from the 28th of August till the 22nd of September together with xVASELINE CHILDRENx from Croatia, and we'll play our last show ever on the 10th of October. FPO will split up, but in two parts: SMARTxBOMB and TAKE IT EASY. In the meantime, you can reach us at:
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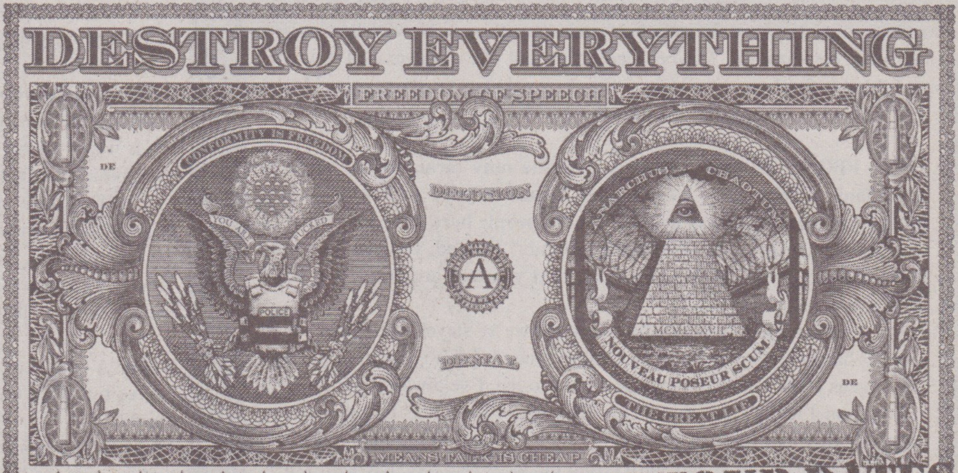
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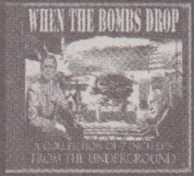
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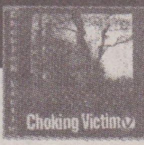
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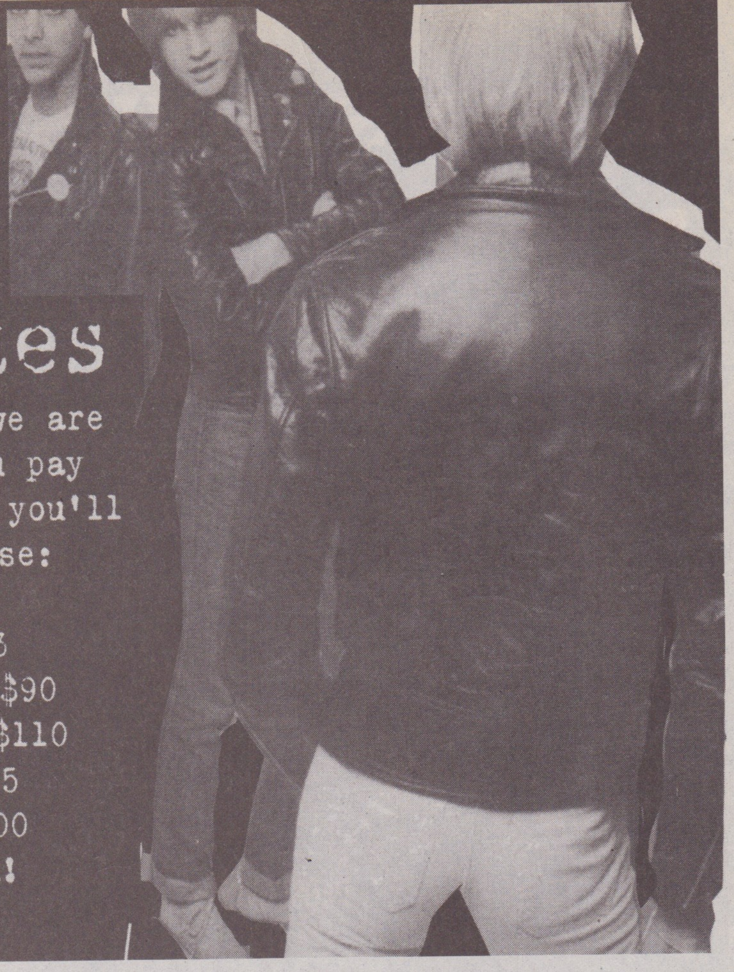

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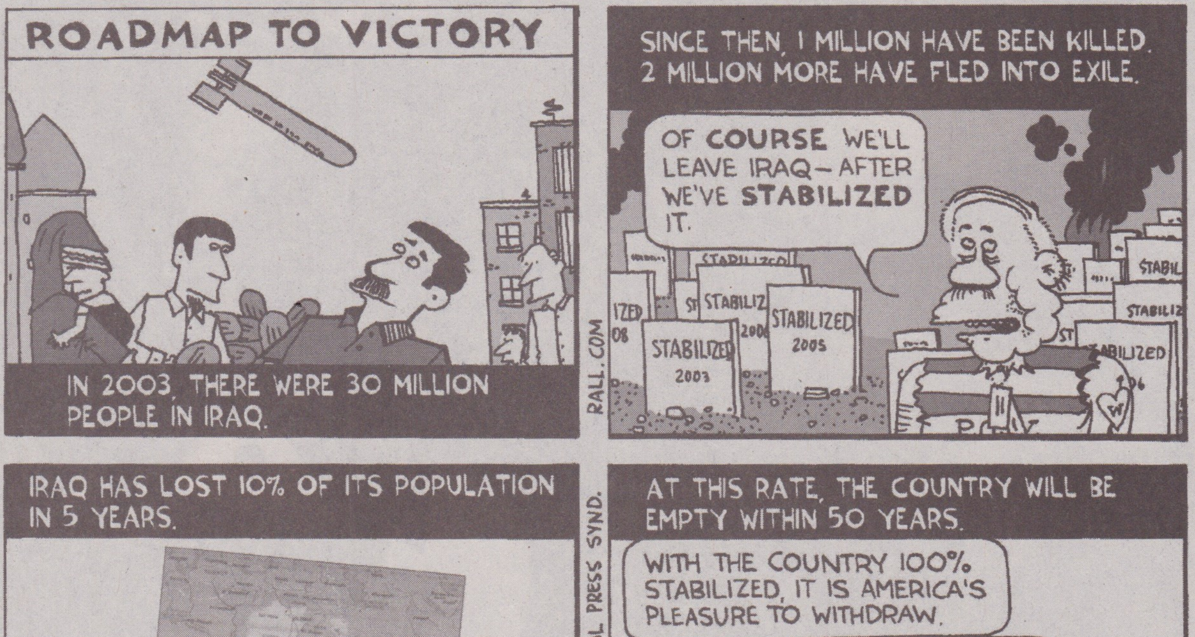
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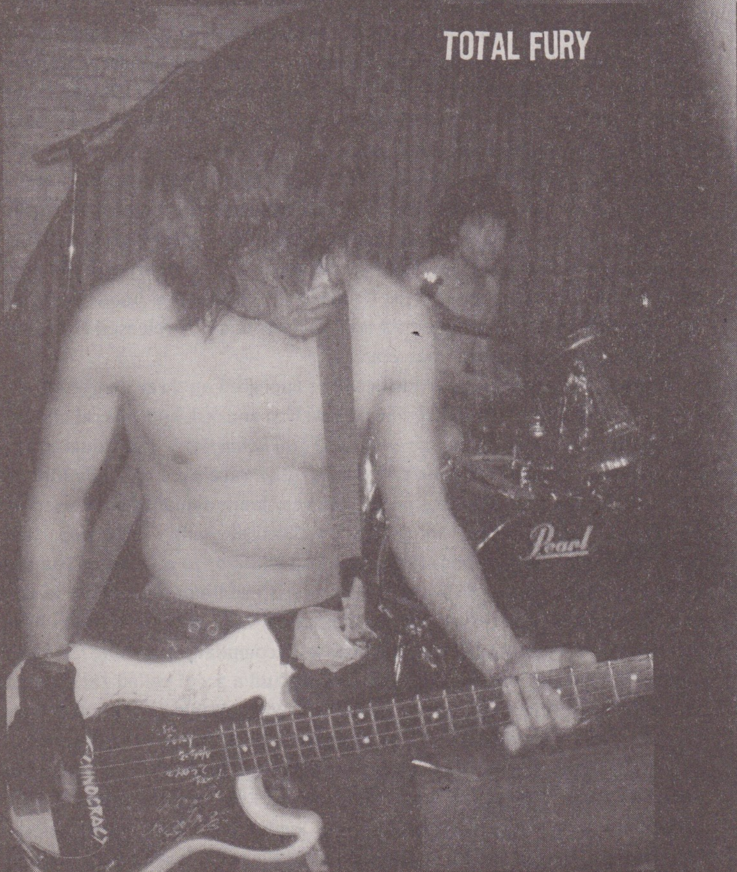
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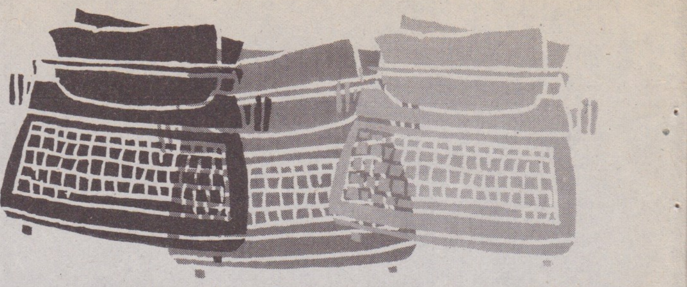

The Encyclopedia of Swedish Punk 1977–1987
Biographies, discographies, members, covers, photos and price guide
Peter Jandreus

The Encyclopedia of Swedish Punk 1977–1987
Peter Jandreus
Premium Publishing
320 pages • $55
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PO Box 30 184
SE-10425 Stockholm
Sweden

Sweden had one of the largest punk scenes outside of England and the United States in the late 1970s (possibly the world's largest per capita). Scores of bands released records, among them some genuine world-beating classics, like Rude Kids and Kriminella Gitarrer. In the 1980s, many, though not all, Swedish hardcore bands took their cues from Discharge and distilled that formula to its essence, producing some of the most powerful hardcore punk ever (eg, Anti-Cimex, SOD, Shitlickers, Mob 47, etc.). In addition, Swedish punks developed a unique style of melodic hardcore called "trall," which was exemplified by the infectious yet tough-sounding Asta Kask. And then there were a ton of less well-known bands playing (and inventing) every variation possible under the punk umbrella, from the industrial thugchug of Vicious Visions to sound of the women's insane asylum showers courtesy of Fega Påhopp. Peter Jandreus's *The Encyclopedia of Swedish Punk 1977–1987* is a well-designed, lovingly assembled, enthusiastic collection of the vinyl component of Swedish punk and hardcore history, including detailed entries on all these bands and many more, plus 160 or so records related to punk but which he excluded from the main listing because he did not consider them strictly punk enough.

In the wake of Mario Panciera's magisterial *45 Revolutions*, a nearly 1,200-page discography of UK 70s punk, wave, heavy metal, etc., published last year, subsequent punk discography books face inevitable, unenviable, and perhaps unfair comparison to Panciera's. Luckily for Jandreus, however, he did not set out to produce the definitive, unabridged discography of Swedish music released on vinyl during the "punk years." Instead, he set his task as documenting the records that fall within relatively narrowly defined parameters: his own personal definition of punk music, which is circumscribed basically in the negative as that which is not powerpop, new wave, heavy metal, prog, garage rock revival, or the nebulous DIY other (eg, Butter Utter). Sweden did produce a large contingent of what we would today consider "art punk," particularly on the Heartwork label, but Jandreus's taste thankfully is not so narrow as to have excluded most of these bands, which are essential to the overall punk picture. He notes that he endured long internal debates about what to include or exclude and still wonders whether some of his choices may have been mistakes. For the average punk fan, his inclusions are mostly accurate, reflecting "mainstream" punk taste (as in the mainstream of punk rock), sticking closely to the snotty, the three-chord, the aggressive, the thuggy, the obscene. The choice of what bands to include once hardcore punk evolved must have been a much easier task because the lines between hardcore and everything else were more clearly drawn.

Jandreus's taste could be the subject of endless annoying debate. Why were some records included and others excluded? He is certainly aware that record collectors love to engage in this type of argument, but I think it would be unfair to criticize him for excluding some bands because he does not aspire to exhaustiveness. Still, the absence of, for example, Problem and Lädernunnan from the main listing was surprising, as was the inclusion of Krixhjälters (if Problem is too "rock 'n' roll" then Krixhjälters is too metal). Also, Rävjunk made the cut in both this book and the Swedish prog discography published by Premium! Moreover, there are some mega-obscurities that aren't mentioned either in the main listing or the "excluded" appendix, such as Tapes 7", Plast 7", and V/A – *Ruff & Fukt & Suck* LP (no shit...anyone ever heard this thing?). Whether these records are punk or not is a mystery to most, but they've been mentioned by collectors in the same halitosis breath as well-known punk rarities, so inquiring minds want to know.

Today, with sound files and online auctions of heretofore unknown obscurities at the fingertips of even casual punk fans, allowing those without much understanding of the evolution of the sound to be bombarded by music taken out of its context, I believe there are two purposes a discography book can serve. Either it can try, as Panciera's does, to cover everything, so that one can look up any record and get a sense of whether it is worth a listen or it can exclude those records that might not appeal to most fans so that these fans can be fairly certain that if a record does not appear in the book it ain't worth a toss. Of course, obscurity hounds, and those with more expansive taste, whose anthems include both "One Chord Wonders" and "People Laugh At Me (Coz I Like Weird Music)," are going to be out of luck with the latter type of book. Jandreus splits the difference with the appendix, which lists only the records' year of release, title, format, label/catalog number, and a very brief description of the sound. In comparison, the bulk of the book includes for each band all those details, biographical information, member names, high-quality full-color scans of the records, and a rarity rating on a scale of one-to-ten. Also, Jandreus includes all reissues and bootlegs, *Killed by Death* compilations and their ilk, and records and CDs released after 1987 by bands that began before that year.

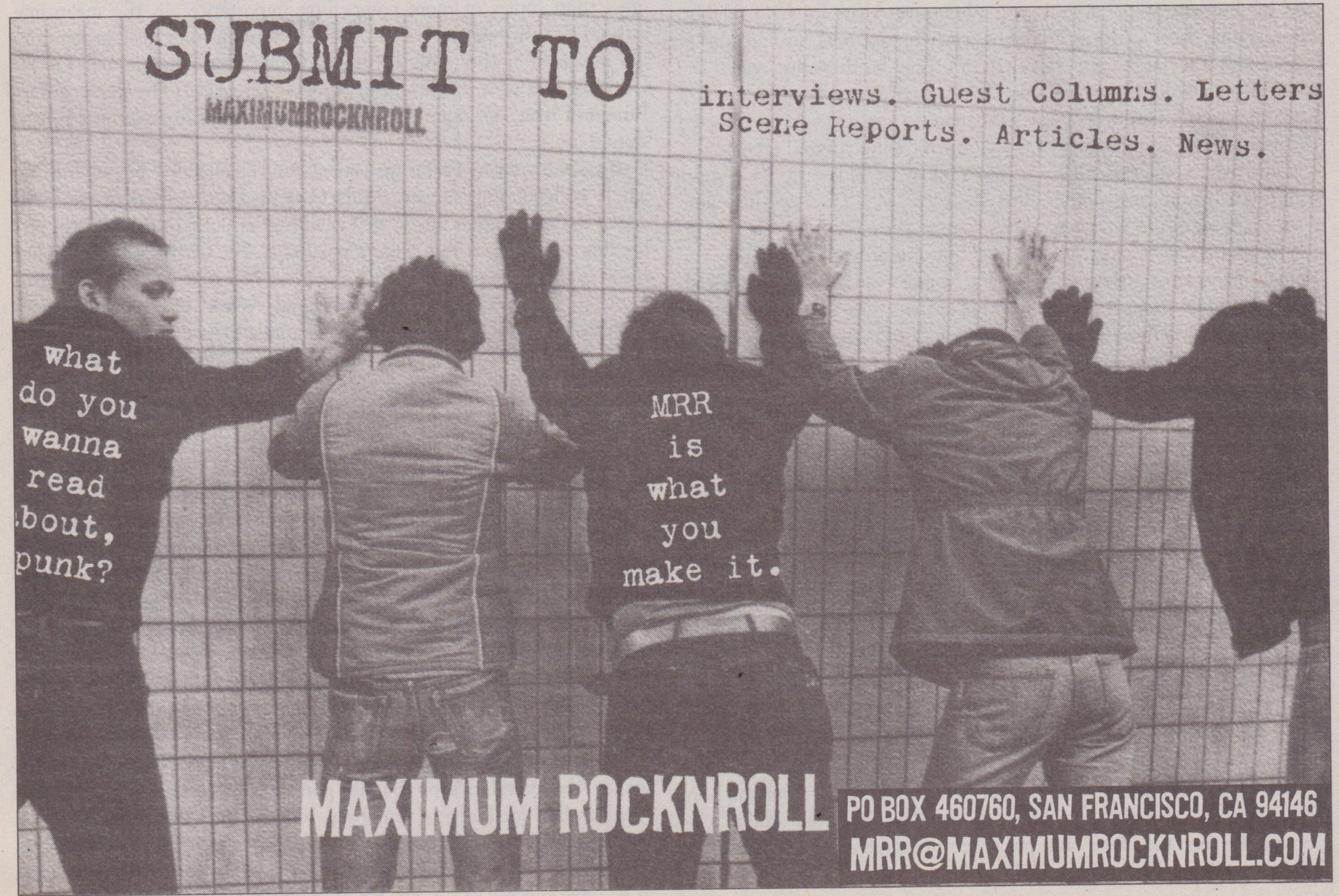
Swedish pre-hardcore punk rarities have appeared on three dedicated volumes of *Bloodstains*, two of *Killed By Death* (#50 and #51), and several one-off compilations like *GBG Punk 1977–1980* and *Ståkkålmsjävlar*; individual tracks are also scattered across over two-dozen other rare punk compilations. A year or two ago, four cassettes pressed in very limited quantities showed up on the collector circuit, compiling 127 Swedish punk, powerpop, and punk/heavy metal hyrid songs (there was also a CDR of 20 outtakes if you can believe it). The picture for Swedish hardcore is even more complete: nearly every record has been reissued or bootlegged on vinyl or CD, and tracks have appeared on *Killed by Hardcore*, the huge 3-CD compilation *Varning för Punk*, another CD called *GBG Hardcore Punk 81–85*, and a 2 x 7" called *Let's Start a Riot in Sweden*. And then there are the blogs. What all this means is that hundreds of songs from the golden eras of Swedish punk and hardcore are available at a relatively reasonable price. Nevertheless, soon after I heard about the publication of this book, I had a dream that Premium had released a 4 x CD box-set to accompany the book. It was loaded with obscurities I'd never heard before, but, as always, I woke up just at the point when I began to tear off the shrinkwrap. Anyway, the point is that there is not much need for such a CD box-set. It might take some work, but one could track down a tune from nearly all the book's entries on a compilation LP, a reissue, or a blog. Because bootleggers so rarely include anything approaching useful or accurate information with their comps, I believe listening to *Bloodstains Across Sweden* while flipping through this book—and trying not to drool on the sleeve scans—could be a very satisfying experience for the history-inclined Saturday-night-stay-at-home punker.

From the scum perspective, the best part of the book must be those full-color sleeve scans, especially the variations, such as that of the über-rare 57 Kez 7" and PF Commando's first EP (about as primitive a fuck off to polite society as any teenagers outside Cleveland have ever mustered), and the nearly unknown mega-rarities like Framför Flötet (coming soon to a want-list near you) and Kessler Jugend GmbH (their second 45 also had a sleeve variation, apparently). But the overall presentation of the book will warm even the hardest punker's heart, as it is replete with cool original band photos, scans of pages from fanzines, and photos of original badges.

I assume that you already have your mind made up about whether to buy this book. You're either the kind of person who can't live without a discography of Swedish punk or you're, as they say, sane. My only substantive criticism is that the English diction is not quite right at points. It's sorta pseudo-idiomatic English. But anyone who collects punk records is probably accustomed to corresponding with nonnative English speakers, and will not mind Jandreus's occasionally odd phrases. Besides, we should be grateful that this book about Swedish punk published in Sweden is not written in Swedish! The translations of band names is quite welcome too, even when they don't quite translate. Anyone looking to understand Swedish punk as it related to the social context of the moment, however, will have to look elsewhere. I would like to know why punk was so big in Sweden. Did the social democratic state aid the punks? In what political struggles did the punks become active? What connections existed between the "progg" scene of the 1970s and the punk scene? And what's up with the *raggare*? Outside anecdotes here and there in the band biographies, there is not much to provide a cohesive view of the various scenes that comprised Swedish punk, though a discography is certainly the foundation of such a history. (The lavish oral history *Svensk Punk 1977–81: Varför Tror Vi Låter Som Vi Låter...* published in 2004 includes a lot of this type of information—in Swedish.)

Jandreus and his publisher have managed to produce a book that looks great and is easy to use as a reference work. But would-be historians of Swedish punk who can write in English should not feel as though this book has closed the door. Rather, it's a starting point. Next, we need a book that documents all the records in Jandreus's appendix as well as the ones he left out because they're too experimental, poppy, hard rock/metal, or whatever (Hörförståelse, anyone?). Also, I would like to read an English translation of the documentary fanzine *Svensk Punk Ny Våg* published in 1981 by Gunvor Alexandersson and Lena Lundquist; this zine includes the first discography of Swedish punk and wave as well as a great deal of information on the early scene, from interviews with participants to a bibliography of contemporary articles published on punk in the Swedish press. In the meantime, I recommend two Swedish websites, www.swedishpunk.com and www.punktjafs.com, for discographic information and mp3 downloads. Also, two articles on the cult metal site www.thecorroseum.com provide useful information: first, on Swedish metal singles but including bands that did not quite fit neatly into metal or punk (www.thecorroseum.com/features/707inches/index.htm) and, second, on the many Swedish compilation LPs that included metal, punk, wave, pop, and other genres (www.thecorroseum.com/features/swedishcomps/swedishcomps.htm), some of which receive coverage in Jandreus's book without much detail. Though these articles are well written, I would love to see them penned from the punk perspective. Once we have all that, someone needs to get to work on the complete Swedish punk and hardcore cassette-ography.

—Stuart Schrader



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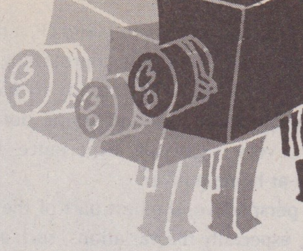

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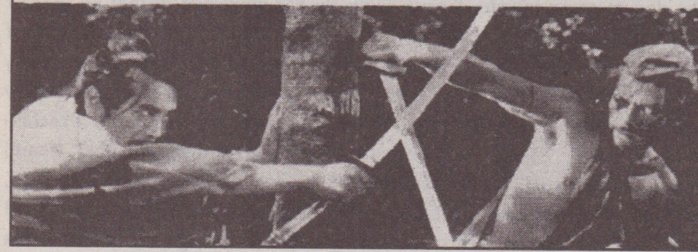


TOO MUCH FUN IN THE FAST LANE

You may not have realized this, but steroids are good for you. If you dial your selective hearing a few notches, that may well be the lesson you get from Chris Bell's new documentary, **Bigger, Stronger, Faster**. It's a story about addiction, of sorts, to a lifestyle choice that has engulfed a home leader (with an asterisk) and an American governor, and it's hard not to accept the conclusion that it's just the American way.

Bell is a documentary filmmaker with a special affinity to his topic. He and his brothers were victimized in their teen years for being flabby. Photographs show Chris as a chubby, curly-haired geek, an outsider at school and a social outcast. But then, all three brothers discovered the sport of bodybuilding—which quickly reversed the tables. It came at a price that wasn't hard to pay: each of them, to varying extents, injected themselves with steroids, which transformed their goals and dreams.

Chris, the youngest, admits to have taken steroids only for a short time—but his brothers were a different story. "Mad Dog" got his name from his time in pro wrestling. After a short period moving his way up the ranks, his career caught a snag, and now, his only work is to play the losing role against wrestlers that were younger and better promoted. Despite this, he trains furiously, working against time as his goal of stardom fades away. His wife puts on a game face of being supportive, realizes she has no power over the situation. For Mad Dog, steroids are the only equalizer to keep his athletic hopes from disappearing.

His brother, "Smelly," has taken a different path. He's a gifted powerlifter who has come close to breaking records. His wife, too, has found herself at a stalemate. While privately at peace with her husband's vow to move on, she doesn't realize that Smelly has begun training and taking steroids to further his chances at competition. For both older brothers, their choices have left them without a real identity. Both men flounder in their athletic endeavors, but have nothing to really replace it.

The documentary has a clear Morgan Spurlock flavor in its general style. Spurlock's debut, **Super-Size Me**, put its maker through an entire month of fatty, greasy McDonald's food in its potentially fatal exploration of American fast-food habits. **Bigger, Stronger, Faster** develops the theme in new and unexpected directions. All three of the brothers have now taken things in the opposite direction, which may turn out to be equally problematic.

Bell's film does not, however, spout the usual cliché's about the horrors of steroid use, which is hugely surprising. He's not comfortable supporting the teen use of steroids, but seems unconvinced with data of its long-term effects. The poster-child for the debate has been Lyle Alzedo who, while dying of a brain tumor, claimed that steroid use caused his cancer, and that 90% of pro football players take steroids. Bell brings up a good point: that, aside from Alzedo, it's been hard to find much evidence of the purported health risks he claims. In fact, as a former steroid user (and one quite familiar with it's whole "culture"), steroids may have received a bum rap. Or at the very least, its dangers may have been stretched out of proportion.

His argument makes sense, at least intuitively. German Olympic swimmers were stripped of their gold medals, but health seems not to have emerged as an issue. Star baseball players achieved their best numbers while using "vitamin" prescriptions, but aside from bulky bodies, little seems to have happened. The worst scenario so far seems to be that former users return to normal afterwards. The issue, then, is not health, but sportsmanship, of certain athletes gaining an unfair advantage.

And this is where Bell takes his argument into perhaps uncomfortable areas. It's not as if, he notes, steroids suddenly transform an athlete's body into a power-house; invariably, it also involves a commitment of time and sweat, and gains from steroid use never come easily. If so many athletes use steroids, at what point does it become "wrong"?
The fashionable topic has won more time on the floor of the U.S. congress than topics of more compelling importance. In the meantime, Arnold Schwarzenegger tries to distance himself from his past, banning his image from the walls of Gold's Gym, where he trained for Mr. Universe and won the title four consecutive years. (The documentary, **Pumping Iron**, documents that period, while glossing over any hint of steroid use.)

Bigger, Stronger, Faster instead aims at the effects of buying into the whole bodybuilding culture. Aside from his two brothers, we're introduced to men in their fifties, well past their athletic prime, yet still proceeding as if competition were a possibility. For Chris Bell, the human issues carry the greatest burden.

After seeing **Gonzo: The Life and Work of Dr. Hunter S. Thompson**, you'll be unsurprised at the total absence of steroids, and the presences of other abusable substances. Thompson lived his life as if in training with alcohol and acid, and the legend (partly invented by Thompson himself) gave inspiration to two documentaries and a feature film.

Alex Gibney's film is a step-by-step method book describing how Thompson developed "Gonzo journalism"—a mixture of personal experience and fabrication soaked in exaggeration. It isn't possible to describe his life without going into the less savory, and even paradoxical aspects of his life. With this film, Alex Gibney has quietly built on the reputation of his two most well-known features: **Enron: The Smartest Guys in the Room** and **Taxi to the Dark Side**, which won an Oscar for best feature documentary.

Gibbey's take on Thompson's life reveals a dazzling inconsistency in the writer's life. On one hand, Hunter demonstrated a strong affinity to progressive causes, yet in general disliked politicians—liberal, conservative, and in-between. While he detested Richard Nixon and railed against the president's profoundly corrupt administration, he showed equal disdain for Hubert Humphrey, Nixon's rival. In fact, Thompson only liked politicians that were underdogs—hence his affection for a grassroots candidate like George McGovern. But when McGovern began to achieve success in his run for president against Nixon, Thompson's support lagged, until he found the next well-meaning candidate Thompson mirrored the fickleness of the American electorate. His political instincts were so attuned that it didn't take too long for him to discover that candidates were, in many ways alike, and victim to compromise.

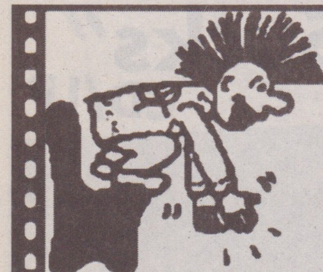
Thompson had progressive leanings, but he was also a gun addict and enjoyed the report of a well-made weapon. He felt a certain thrill in making a racket and shocking the unsuspecting, but there's no question that guns provided him with a great deal of personal pleasure. It was also the one place where he could achieve a measure of personal power unrealized in his wacky mayoral bid in Aspen, Colorado.

He was also, at least in spirit, a dedicated wordsmith, and actually retyped Fitzgerald's **The Great Gatsby** to capture the book's rhythms and stylings. His ambition was, however, stymied early on when he realized he would never become a "great" writer. With the help of alcohol, drugs, and an extraordinary imagination, he poured his talent into an intense set of writings that used reality as a kind of springboard. Intensity was an essential ingredient in his work, as well as an unhinged consciousness that allowed him to bypass literary conventions in the way that's almost unique. He invented sources, expanded on anecdotes, and bridged fiction and fact in unpredictable ways.

Particularly fascinating is the side-trip into Hunter's relationship with Ralph Steadman, the British-born artist whose book covers were the visual equivalent of the writer's stories. He offers a special and quite personal insight through his words and ink-splotched art.

Inspiration became increasingly scarce as the years wore on, and it seems he also became lazier. He might have revived his reputation when he was asked to cover the "Rumble in the Jungle," the second Muhammad Ali vs. George Foreman bout; Thompson mostly drank near the hotel pool, and missed the fight entirely.

Throughout his later life, he would mentioned suicide as if it were a presumption. On his 60th year, with his family and friends near, Thompson killed himself in a way that must have seemed to him almost poetic, with one of his guns.



BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

THE ELITE OF SOCIETY'S BASEMENT

Riding the rails is one of those romantic fantasies. Roaming free with no ties to the world. Or is it? Two documentaries arrived this month which focus on this way of travel. Even if they portray it as merely a distraction.

There have to still be some real hobos around, right? **Catching Out** tells the story of young train-hopping idealists that ride trains for excitement, but then surprisingly each settles down into her/his respective lives. I may be simply remembering the "good old days" I saw in a few too many movies, but I always assumed being a hobo was more of a life choice. The hobo was a loner who was always on the move. He was in search of a job to make his way. Hopping a train was an easy way to get around.

The modern train-hopper portrayed in **Catching Out** seems to be more in it for the thrill of the ride. There is no real purpose to the trip, just the fun of travel. Lee is the most ideologically hobo-like of those interviewed. He lives in a cabin he built in a forest. It is a semi-solitary life, but he still has a few luxury items such as a stereo and a bed. He was part of a group called the Hunt Saboteurs that attempted to protect big-horned sheep from hunters. Lee also publishes a zine, *There's Something About Trains,* which comes out every two years.

Switch and Baby Girl met while riding trains. They decide to have a baby and leave the tramp life behind. Jessica spent her childhood traveling around the country with her mother and half-sister after being born on an oil boat off Florida. Duffy Little John is a lawyer who rides trains to unwind.

Catching Out tells some interesting stories and portrays the different lives of train riders, but the actual feel of being a train-hopper doesn't come across as well as you would hope. Everyone talks about the great people they meet on the trains and the wonderful conversations they have, but the camera is not able to capture any of these interactions. So we are left just listening to the riders tales without getting that urge to jump on ourselves. (http://microcinema.com/)

On the other side, **Train On The Brain** takes you with a crew as they ride the trains. Director Alison Murray is a Canadian living in London who suddenly gets the urge to jump trains and travel across Canada and the US. She starts off with her friend Todd who has been riding trains for five years. Along the way they meet others who join the group for a while then go their separate ways.

The first-person presence of **Train On The Brain** takes the viewer along for the ride, literally. All the breathtaking views and overly bumpy boxcars are shown in full glory. When Murray talks about riding in a car you get to see it all. It may be exciting at times, but there is also the tedium and uncertainty. When the crew gets kicked off the train and threatened with arrest if they are seen in the train yard again, they try to think of other ways to get out of town. Unfortunately, they are in the middle of nowhere and the only way out is on the train. Murray and fellow traveler Wendy hide behind the dumpster at McDonalds waiting for dark so they can jump into a very dirty coal car.

Both films visit the National Hobo Convention in Iowa. It is an odd event that features a parade and the crowning of the king and queen of the hobos. Since I watched **Train On The Brain** second I was hoping that I would see someone from **Catching Out** show up during the Hobo Convention. It would have been a funny coincidence, but it doesn't happen. Alas. (http://thehellhound.com)

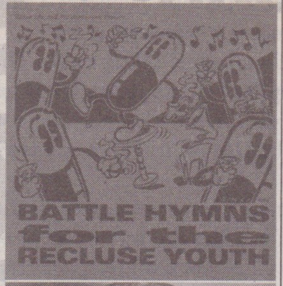
And finally something completely different: **Government Issue: A HarD.C.ore Day's Night**. Three shows are included spanning the band's career. The first show is from the Wilson Center in Washington, DC 1982. It is a great one. The cameraman is right on stage getting all the action. John Stabb is wearing cutoff jean shorts and a maroon suit vest. The band is so young and each is intently looking at his instrument. The audience is also very young as well as seemingly all males. Helpfully the celebrities in the crowd are named on screen.

The next show is in Philadelphia 1983. The camera is positioned above the stage, which gives a nice perspective of the pit. The cheesy '80s video effects detract a bit, but not that much. The final show is at the University of Pennsylvania in 1989. Students shot this show with professional cameras so it looks really great even though it isn't the best of the three shows. In this final version Government Issue is much more melodic and Stabb looks a bit like Dave Vanian with long hair and a paisley dress shirt.

The extras are fun too. An interview with John Stabb in front of the former Wilson Center. He rambles on about the DC scene. Plus there is a video for "Strange Wine" which was filmed at a mall in Biloxi, MS in a "be a star in your own video" room. It is an amazing masterpiece that needs to be seen to be believed. Enjoy. (www.rarepunk.com)

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to Carolyn Keddy, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146-0402. If your film is playing in the San Francisco Bay Area let me know at carolyn@maximumrocknroll.com. I will go see it. www.carolynkeddy.com

RAZORCAKE RECORDS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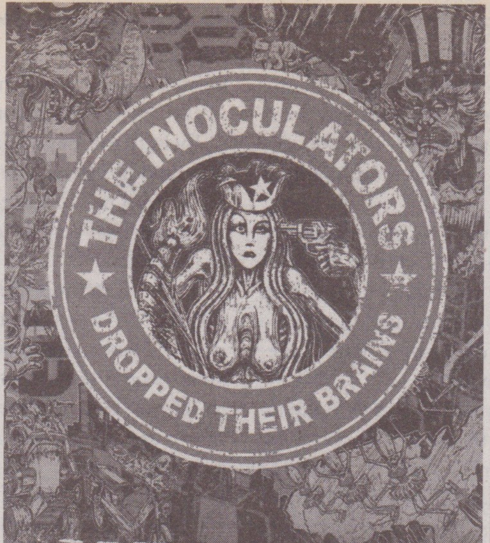
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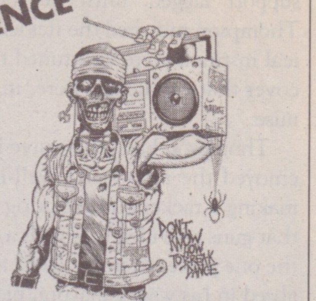
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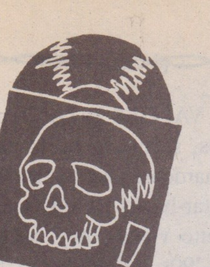

RECORDS

Send **two** copies of vinyl or CD-only releases (if on both formats, please send the *vinyl*) to **MRR, PO Box 460760, SF, CA 94146, USA.** We will review everything that falls within our area of coverage: punk, garage, hardcore—no major labels or labels distributed by major-affiliated distros. Please include postpaid price and contact information. Let us know where your band is from! *No reviews of test pressings or promo CDs without final artwork.*

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(TB) Tim Brooks
(MC) Mitch Cardwell
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(AD) Andy Darling
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(MS) Martin Sorrondeguy
(SS) Steve Spinali

ACTS OF SEDITION / SURRENDER – split EP

This tasty-looking little number is a local love-fest: members of both bands can usually be found pulling the strings at Gilman, flyering for shows at Thrillhouse, or getting in the way around *MRR* HQ. Musically they have little in common, but this record is about community. ACTS OF SEDITION keeps their crushing hardcore dark and depressing on their side, consistent with their previous output. To my ears, the anarcho punk debuted by SURRENDER on their first 7" is laced with a hint of an early-'90s DC/riot grrrl sound this time out—no bad thing. Otherwise, it's more of the same from the first EP: martial dynamic music and pounding drums lay the foundations for Ariel's poetic peace-punk diatribes. I know the bands were excited about doing this and it shows. The packaging is excellent too. (AM)

(Penguin Suit, PO Box 22083, Oakland, CA 94623, www.actsofsedition.com)

AGATHOCLES / AVULSION – split EP

According to their Wikipedia page, AGATHOCLES has 107 releases, with the most recent one listed being from 2006, and I know there have been more since then—this one for example. (Too bad the J CHURCH / AGATHOCLES split never happened.) The Belgian mince-core maniacs are here, yet again, with another dose vomitous belching lo-fi grindcore to appease the die-hards who's thirst for vile sound is never quenched. I was incredibly surprised to see something new from Buffalo, NY's AVULSION. AVULSION came to life in the early '90s with some ex-SLAVE STATE members (maybe just one), and I had assumed they were no more. Well, I guess I was wrong. Much like the older AVULSION releases, their side of this split is grind-most-foul. Opposed to most that tread the well-worn grind path, AVULSION opts out of the usual blur of noise, and actually relies on skill and creative songwriting to craft the blood-curdling tunes. Hell, even the trade-off cookie-monster/screaming-witch vocals aren't annoying. Not my chalice of tea, but enjoyable nonetheless. (JU)

($5ppd US / $8 world, Haunted Hotel, PO Box 348, Yonkers, NY 10710, www.hauntedhotelrecs.com)

AMORAL – "They Don't Know and They Don't Care" EP

This record was written, rehearsed, and recorded in one week. Who cares though? Brilliance is a fleeting moment in time right? Not that this record reaches the height of brilliance but it is actually pretty interesting to listen to this chaotic mess of punk rock. The recording is scratchy and raw and the snare sounds like someone beating on a garbage can. I guess I'm a sucker for raw punk that almost sounds like some pop punk band except really drunken and fast. Included are somewhat stupid lyrics about scene politics, vegetarian fast food eating habits, and work. This is a band that can crash a party but probably won't stand the test of time on the turntable. Still it seems to be better than a lot of other garbage. (WK)

(New Audio Terror, no address)

THE ANALS – "Commando of Love" EP

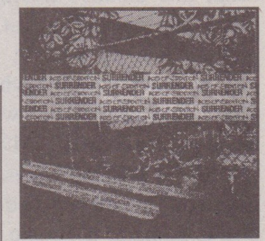
My exposure to the French underground has been pretty limited, my exposure to the BRAINBOMBS has also been limited, but to me this sounds like the French underground via the BRAINBOMBS. There's a no wave vibe to it too—THE ANALS are more abrasive than a band like CHEVEU is. The music sounds good. They make good use of the drum machine, synths, and whatever else they're working with. The aloofness/sass of the vocals doesn't sit right with me, but THE ANALS seems to know how to stir what they're mixing because the record is engaging at times. They have some good live shit floating around on YouTube. If you think the BRAINBOMBS catalogue is cause for modern approval, or if you're pretty into the French underground this should float your boat. (P$)

(Sweet Rot, PO Box 78025, Vancouver, BC, V5N 5W1 CANADA. www.myspace.com/sweetrotrecords)

ANTI MOB – "New Change" EP

There's more and more good stuff coming from Greece, it seems, including this heavy raging hardcore (that sounds like TRAGEDY, but is not, by any stretch, the usual TRAGEDY worship). Extra points for well written doomed political lyrics and a killer aesthetic. (AA)

(Serpend, www.antimob.net)



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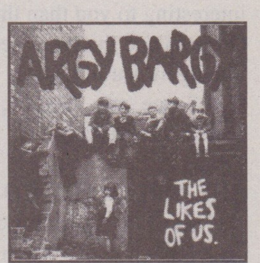


ARRACH
ARTISANS DU CHAOS

ARGY BARGY – "The Likes of Us" CD

Before reviewing this CD I went down the pub and had three pints of Guinness to get me in the right frame of mind. This CD pretty much alternates between sentimental tearjerker pop anthems and aggressive, tough-guy fight songs. It's kind of like hanging out with your Cockney best mate near closing time. He's pissed as a fart and hanging onto your shoulder, drooling in your ear that he loves you one minute, then calling you a cunt and offering you outside the next. "Naaah, gawd bless yer, yer me bess mate an that, honest. What did you say? Did you call my pint a poof? I'll fackin' 'ave yer ya bastid!!!" If you can put the fact that the singer sounds like Del Boy from *Only Fools And Horses* out of your head, this album's a blinder, *especially* the sappy pop ones. The fast, angry songs I can pretty much do without (Christ I'm getting old...it was my 38th birthday last week), but these guys can't half write a melodic Oi! anthem: "No Regrets," "Lights Over London," "No News Is Good News," "Don't Wanna Be Like You" are all certified, bona fide hits. This disc is going to get some major airplay round at my gaff. (AM)
(Captain Oi!, PO Box 501, High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA , UNITED KINGDOM, www.captainoi.com)

ARRACH – "Artisans du Chaos" CD

This French band mixes elements from pretty much every sub-genre of hard underground music. The riffs push this thing forward with the drive of a freight train by the use of basic heavy hardcore progressions, and occasionally spazz into rip roaring, hell-squeal solos with the chops to make it work. The whole thing is steeped in metal but mever really feels "metallic," if that makes any sense. Reference points are completely escaping me at this point but if tough hardcore with a metal flavor that never becomes "mosh-core" sounds interesting to you than this is worth your time. Oh yeah and the lyrics seem to be of the rather intelligent variety. (JU)
(La Sauce aux Gravos, arrach@wanadoo.fr, arrachpxhc.free.fr)

THE ASHAMED – CD

This is a weird fucking album—it's like speed-metal with a touch of thrash and a touch of rockabilly. Weird lyrics too, I don't get it. I don't listen to a lot of speed-metal with all their double-kick drums and stuff, so I'm not really the right person to review this, but THE ASHAMED seems kind of similar to new SLAYER mixed with DEAD KENNEDYS. Like I said, I don't get it either. They have really clean vocals on this, which feels off. It totally seems like they'd be a fun band to see live; cool artwork too. (FS)
(Unrepentant, www.unrepentantrecords.com)

AT HALF MAST / TO THE EMBERS – split EP

Two split EPs have just come out on this label that both feature AT HALF MAST, so I'll start with that band by saying the *other* EP, the split with VALUES INTACT, is the one to get in order to really hear this band. On that record the band rips up some heavy modern hardcore intensity, but on this split they deliver a rather tedious, epic track that runs way too long at six minutes. To be fair, it's a decent song with lots of tempo changes and good lyrics about how growing up will shatter the nostalgic innocence of youth, but I found myself getting bored before the song was over. The standout on this split is TO THE EMBERS, from Milan, Italy, who delivers three potent tracks of modern hardcore mayhem. The sound is reminiscent of the mid-'90s hardcore that started going metal like SHAI HULUD mixed with the melodic hardcore tendencies of maybe VERBAL ASSAULT and INSIDE OUT. The lyrics fall predictably along the personal, but goddamn if the singer's passionate screaming from the throat doesn't convince you of his sincerity. The music is tight and polished; making this worth checking out if this is your bag. (BG)
(Goodwill, c.p. 15319, 00143 Roma Laurentino,ITALY, www.goodwillrecords.net)

AT HALF-MAST / VALUES INTACT – split EP

I can't help but mention how much I absolutely hate the cover art of the record. It features a punk (the blue hair gives it away) speeding through the desert on his bike towards a stinking city and sporting the slogans "animal liberation," "vegan," and "Greenpeace" on his bag—all things I can respect but it's *sooooo* hokey. On to the tunes… AT HALF-MAST contains elements that remind me of UNBROKEN (whom I absolutely loved) in the vocals and in the slower-to-mid-tempo parts, which is where the pacing of this side-long song generally stays. There are a couple faster parts that nicely break up the emo head-bob speed of this whole arrangement. I'm really getting a similar feeling to what I got from the first couple of GRADE records; heavy metallic hardcore with a strong sense of melody (there isn't one second of this song that doesn't have some kind of octave chord action or noodling NOFX-style lead happening), and a good amount of modern *AMP*-styled "hardcore" with more than a dash of anger, yet the sound still retains a sense of optimism. VALUES INTACT, much like their split-mates, seems to be rooted in youth crew-styled hardcore but by adding a good amount of guitar-based melody and (on this side only) falsetto vocals they come off sounding very mid-'90s melodic/emo hardcore. VALUES INTACT plays significantly faster than AT HALF-MAST, but I gotta give this one to AT HALF-MAST, though I would have thoroughly enjoyed seeing either band play circa 1996 at The Space in Worcester, MA or in the basement of the Allston Harvest Co-op. (JU)
(Goodwill, c.p. 15319, 00143 Roma Laurentino,ITALY, www.goodwillrecords.net)

THE BABYLON WHACKERS – "Happy Days With..." CD

This UK band was formed by members of British punkers, the FILAMENTS, to show their love for old two-tone style ska and dub reggae. The BABYLON WHACKERS are pretty much a straightforward representation of the above-mentioned styles. They sound like they could be from back in the original two-tone movement, but production-wise have a better sound. They remind me of Southern California's AGGROLITES in that way. "Sweet Reggae Music" and "No Compromise" were my favorites on this one. If you are into early two-tone and dub reggae you should like this one. If not, then, er, avoid! (RK)
(Dirty Faces, www.dirtyfaces.de)

BASTARDOS DEL METAL – "Historias de Amor" CD

A Peruvian label releases a Spanish band's demo from the '90s—no, this is not the start of a bad joke. Sixteen songs of thrash and grind… metal guitar solos, throaty vocals, and a drummer playing as fast as he can. The whole thing has a VOIVOD feel to it, like at any moment the songs will just fall apart, but somehow they finish each one. (VL)
($10 ppd, Impulso Ruin, PO Box 4370, Lima 1, PERU)

BEAR PROOF SUIT – "BYOBOC" LP

The Cheap Beer Capitol Of The World (side one, track 5: "Beast Ice Army"). BEAR PROOF SUIT wears that label proudly, and Milwaukee, home to piles of brilliant bands you will never know or care about, has delivered their finest sons onto a 12" platter for you to enjoy. These tracks just simply fucking burn! Genre defying in a very decidedly Midwest way… TOXIC REASONS, DIE KREUZEN, early TAR BABIES, it's all in here somewhere, and the joy is in picking them out. Never overly fast, or more importantly:

never fast for the sake of fast, but a driving pace is always urging the record forward, even the slow break in "Diggin' A Ditch" feels anxious. The only surprise to me here is that the vocals are a little weak, which is certainly never the case live. Backing vocals are more up front and in your face (like in the "Fuck you, not because I hate you, but because I simply do not give a fuck" sort of way, you know?), but the lead vox sit between too melodic and not melodic enough… though this is a minor complaint cause any true rocker listens to the guitars anyway. Seriously, who jams "Seven Screaming Dizbusters" and thinks, "wow, those vocal leads are killer?" Nerds, that's who. Rockers listen to the smokin' drums and the sweet-ass riffs, and that's what I am doing now to "Real World," even though it's a cover. A really good cover, and come to think of it, HÜSKER DÜ is another excellent Midwest comparison. Now I will stop, cause you just need this record. (WN)
(Repulsion, 2552 N. Booth Street, Milwaukee, WI 53212)

BILL BONDSMEN – "Swallowed by the World" LP

Second full length for these dudes. They're from the Midwest—Michigan, I believe—and they definitely sound like it. Faster parts and songs remind me of H-100S, and at times I am reminded of first LP era of DIE KREUZEN, but with a modern flair. Favorite song is "A Bird in the Hand Means You've Been Dead For A Few Days"—slow and creepy, BAUHAUS-esque with noisy Daniel Ash guitar parts. Cool record. (VL)
(Dead Beat, PO Box 361392, Cleveland, OH 44136)

BLACK SHIPS – "Low" CD

Sorry BLACK SHIPS, but HIS HERO IS GONE already played this style into the ground. Some bands don't need copycats and HIS HERO IS GONE definitely falls into that camp. *Low* sounds like a tribute to that '90s band, but BLACK SHIPS has added some screamo vocal touches, and more metal riffs than thought possible for a band that considers themselves "hardcore." Whatever these *Quebeqois* chaps are attempting, I can't listen to *Low* without getting irritated. I want it to be rawer, faster, simpler, and punker. I want to erase all of the stoner riffs, and dirty up their clean recording. I want the vocalist to shout without shredding his throat. Mostly, I don't want to be listening to this CD right now. (CI)
(New Romance For Kids, 2405 Dezery, Montreal, QC. H1W 2S4, CANADA, www.newromanceforkids.com)

BLACK SS – "Terror of the North East: 2004-2007" CD

I don't even need to listen to this CD in order to write about how freakin' *mandatory* it is, unless you already happen to have both demos, the *Foreign Object* LP, the self-titled EP, the two splits with HOW WE ARE and RAINING BRICKS, plus comp tracks and the eight tracks done live at WERS radio! BLACK SS is simply one of the best fucking hardcore bands to come out this decade, so you better wise up to this if you know what's good for you! This group helped revive my passion when my tastes were becoming hopelessly jaded due to so much shit coming out of the so-called hardcore scene. BLACK SS is the real deal. This band brings straight-edge back to when it was fucking pure intimidating hardcore like SSD, IMPACT UNIT and SLAPSHOT. Fuck all that later rich kid suburban youth crew shit. This is ugly, brutal, and in-your-face. The only negative aspect of this, like most CD collections of the sort, is that a few songs are repeated a couple of times. The sound quality is excellent throughout the whole CD, even on the demo tracks. Lyrics are included and everything. Excuse me while I go destroy something! (BG)
(Reaper, PO Box 2935, Liverpool, NY 13089, www.reaperhardcore.com)

BRAT PACK – "Hate the Neighbours" LP

On first introduction I admit that I didn't really care for this record. The cover looks like a rejected submission for the "I wanna be the next GORILLAZ art guy" contest, and the music is crunchy snotty pop punk. However, RKL are also a snotty fast poppy band, and the similarities start with the bass lead in "Sick Burn" and after that I'm hooked. If you are scared of nods to California skate punk or vaguely Fat Wreck influenced punk, then certainly stay away, but if you wanna get rocked, then this might be the place. A slicker melodic ANNIHILATION TIME, or perhaps *Ribbed*-era NOFX at its best. Huge dual guitars and wasted surfer vocals (wait, what are those? Fuck…I don't even know! I just made it up!) and very well written songs (which is really what made me drop the RKL bomb, they just aren't quite as fast). BRAT PACK ain't gonna change the world, but they'll rock you if you give 'em the chance. (WN)
(Dirty Faces, www.dirtyfaces.de)

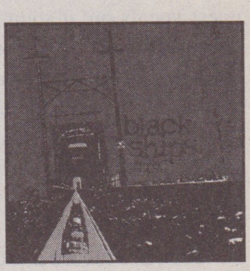
BRING DOWN THE HAMMER – CD

Only Okies will know the reference, but this is the new dawn of MALONECORE. CONCEPT OF NONSENSE, BROTHER INFERIOR, LEVELLING and the list goes on, but this might be the most crushing yet… 19 songs here and it blazes past before you remember pressing play. This is a total bulldozer, with rasped pro-worker vocals dragging the mountain of guitars behind them. BROTHER INFERIOR meets the relentless power of insistent violence, and the result is absolutely fantastic. Every so often, I even *want* it to slow down. It doesn't, and when the tempo does let up ever so slightly, the intensity builds. Excellent. (WN)
(Know, PO Box 90579, Long Beach, CA 90809, www.knowrecords.com)

BROADCAST ZERO – "Yesterday, You Could Change the World" CD

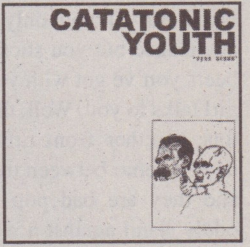
Political punk from Waterloo, Ontario set to an up-tempo street-punk soundtrack, not unlike sped up RANCID or DROPKICK MURPHYS. BROADCAST ZERO reminds me a lot of fellow Canadians, THE FALLOUT. They got that old school feel mixed with the angry lyrics. It tends to get a little generic at times, but that's OK, it's punk innit. (AD)
(Rebel Time, 2-558 Upper Gage Ave. Suite 162, Hamilton, Ontario, L8V 4J6, CANADA)

BASTARDOS DEL METAL
HISTORIAS DE AMOR



destroy modern ROCK
The Budgets

BURNT CROSS
Brian Haw



CHARLES DE GOAL
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THE BROKEDOWNS – "Six Songs" CD

Shouty, energetic Midwestern punk rock, appropriate for tall-cans-in-the-air basement show sing-alongs and Gainesville Fest bro-downs alike. I confess, I was (pleasantly) taken aback by the WHO-like falsetto la-la backing vocals on "Git'r Dunification," a brave and welcome step away from formula. They do a V REVERSE cover that I had to check to see if Douglas from that band did guest vocals on; it sounded so much like him. Nice and short at six songs, gotta love that. Why do I hardly ever have the attention span to listen to a whole album these days? (AM)
(Cassette Deck, PO Box 7007, Algonquin, IL 60102, www.cassettedeckmedia.com)

BROKEN STRINGS – LP

Wow, this record is a total surprise. This has all the makings for a totally classic album. BROKEN STRINGS are like the full-on rock band equivalent to DANIEL JOHNSTON. I can also see a lot of ROKY ERICKSON, PAVEMENT, and the PIXIES in this. The record has a very strong *Pet Sounds* feel too. How have I never heard of this band before? After I gave this LP a few spins (liking it more every time) I decided to look up some information. Apparently, the entire album was written and all the instruments played by a guy named Adam Croce who lives up in Olympia. The tape of this recording has been obsessively dubbed and passed around through hand made tapes and CD-Rs for years now, and it's finally been released as an album. I'm totally shocked. I'm going to be listening to this a lot. If you like THE BEACH BOYS' *Pet Sounds*, do yourself a favor and pick up this LP. (FS)
(True Panther Sounds, www.truepanther.com)

THE BUDGETS / BUST! – split EP

Do you ever go to a show out of sheer boredom or because a friend told you to come? Upon arrival you only know one person in attendance but you stick around and drink the beers you've got with you and hope some cute girl talks to you. Well, the bands are always on tour together from different cities and only have a demo between them. BUST! plays first and they are bad pop punk/garage and you oddly stand against a wall and watch because there is no one to talk to and you're bored. They're not good and the cheap beer makes you have to pee, so you go stand in line for the john and make awkward small talk. The band's done but the next one has set up because they are sharing equipment. That next band is THE BUDGETS, and they are a little more aggressive and snottier and fuzzier garage rock. It's not really that good but you're drunk and can kind of get into it. You then realize you feel sick from the cheap beer and are still pretty bored, so you contemplate whether or not to go home and rub one out, or paint, or some shit. The band gets a little better as you're out the door. A block later you can still hear the band and think the neighbors must be bummed and you should have stayed home. This split was kinda soulless and just like boring bar rock. Sorry. (RR)
(Cassette Deck, PO Box 7007, Algonquin, IL 60102, cassettedeckmedia.com)

BURNDOWNS – LP

Straightforward and solid punk-ish rock (or rock-ish punk, you tell me), with the Big Neck Records seal of quality. Recommended for anyone who misses the DEVIL DOGS. I always have high expectations for Big Neck releases and this did not disappoint. (DD)
(Big Neck, bigneckrecords.com)

BURNT CROSS – "Brian Haw" EP

Four songs of hard-hitting, melodic, anarcho punk. This reminds me a lot of SCHWARTZENEGGAR or STRATFORD MERCENARIES, mainly because of the singer's Steve Ignorant delivery, but also in the song structure and approach. I believe these songs were recorded in a bedroom. BURNT CROSS employs some kind of drum machine, which marred the earlier recordings that I heard, but somehow it doesn't sound so bad this time. The lyrics are matter-of-fact and unflinchingly angry. It's refreshing to hear songs that directly address events and politics that are happening here and now. It's the timeliness that CRASS and CONFLICT were so good at. If I was going to be uncharitable, I could compare this record to listening to a drunken Hackney crusty angrily reading out loud from *Class War* on the tube. I won't though. Their best yet, but I'd *love* to hear them with a live drummer. (AM)
(Tadpole, www.myspace.com/tadpolerecords, spudutat@hotmail.com)

CAMPUS – "We Are the Silence" CD

This is your typical screaming/singing melodic metal band. Out of Belgium, this band blends metal, hardcore, and emo into one record. Not really my thing, but for what it is it's not bad. Check this out if you're into MTV2 metal. (PL)
(Funtime, Vasselaar 13, 3221 Nieuwrode, Holsbeek, BELGIUM, www.funtimerecords.com)

CATATONIC YOUTH – "Piss Scene" EP

Apparently this started out as a MySpace page, and now it's this. A million youths issued with STICKMEN WITH RAYGUNS and CHROME MP3s, and sent out into the world—one-man bands emerging from bedrooms with desperate voices and enough shitty guitar effects to cancel out the bad drugs. The A-side is a bleak drive through shitty streets, like you just watched the "Shadowplay" video on PCP in a weird Northwestern logging town. What-the-fuck-are-we-going-to-do-now style. It's music for people that don't wanna talk to you right now, but showed up at your house anyway. The more I listen to it the more I wanna hear it again. Total sound of crummy times, but it's fucking infectious and perfect for the 7" format, which is the ultimate. (LG)
(HoZac, www.myspace.com/horizontalaction)

CATHETER / WOJZCECH – split EP

I am fairly picky when it comes to "the grind," and it is rare I find a record of the grind style that I will listen to more than a couple times, to be honest. Even though I like CATHETER musically, and WOJCZECH too, that still holds true. But to be fair, CATHETER plays some pretty ripping heavy, gutsy grind with some death metal influence. WOJZCECH is members of a fave old band of mine, ENTRAILS MASSACRE, and plays more of the lo-fi grind style from the old NAPALM school! This is a tour 7", I believe, from a European venture! (NM)
(303, PO BOX 480931, Denver, CO 80248)

CHARLES DE GOAL – "Restructuration" CD

I've gleaned from the (thoughtfully included) press kit that CHARLES DE GOAL started in 1980, and is essentially France's answer to WIRE. Without hearing any of the earlier records, as far as I can remember, I have to say the comparison is fairly apt. In fact, CHARLES DE GOAL's precise, minimalist sound (on this recent album, their first in 22 years, at least) is rooted firmly in the style of *Chairs Missing/154* era of WIRE, which is no bad thing in my book (although I must say I do prefer the "early-WIRE-meets-JOY-DIVISION" fury of FRUSTRATION any day). It would seem that, much like WIRE, the band has undergone a sort of late-career rebirth, and it would seem the time is right, because the listening public's ears are particularly tuned to dissonant, cold, art punk right now. The lyrics, unfortunately for me, are all in French, but the singer's tone speaks the universal language of distance and anger. (AM)
(Self-Control, self-control@orange.fr)

CHICKEN'S CALL / POWER IS POISON – split EP

This record pairs up two European bands

that play similar styles of street punk in an unpolished yet charming way. POWER IS POISON has a more full-distortion saturated sound with a chaotic edge that is worthy of a slam-dancing frenzy. Not too far off from a band like PUBLIC NUICANCE. CHICKEN'S CALL's style is a bit more on the straight ahead side of things, albeit with some slower breaks. Both bands have good vocals, which amplify the quality of the record, although there is somewhat unoriginal riffage in parts. I would liken this split to an alcoholic energy beverage here in the USA called Sparks that the new generation of crusties seems to love. It is sweet as hell and gets you fucked up and hyper, but if you drink too much it just makes you sick as shit. Yes, but all the crusties still love it. I can see those fuckers pogo-ing their drunken ass's off to this split. Does that make sense? (WK)
(Chaos Alliance, www.lustncrust.org)

CIRCLE ONE – "Never Give Up" LP

Knew nothing about this band until Cissie prepped me for the review, but I'll pretend I know nothing (not a stretch) and review the record on its contents. Combine Sand Diego's NEIGHBORS and *Smoke Signals*-era MDC and you are on the right time zone. Ripping fast, high pitched simple lyrics that rhyme in a very LA way. I don't think this record would raise many eyebrows if it came from a new band (although the guitars do indeed sound fucking sweet), and that's what a record should do, regardless of your history or lineage. As for CIRCLE ONE, check out the old shit, it rips. And the saga of the band is pretty fascinatingly tragic… dead born again singers and gigs with all the LA greats, worth checking out. (WN)
(Artifix, PO Box 641, Moreno Valley, CA 92556, www.artifixrecords.com)

COCK SPARRER – "True To Yourself/Chip On My Shoulder"

So, am I the only person on Earth that was not aware COCK SPARRER put out a new full length last year? Well, they did and it's called *Here We Stand* and is even about to get the re-release treatment from TKO. "True To Yourself" is the second single from said album and I gotta tell ya, I'm completely floored at how good these singles have been and how true they've stayed to THE 'SPARRER's sound. By now everyone knows what this band sounds like, so if you're a fan of, say, *Shock Troops*, you will not be disappointed with this new output. Call it pub-rock, don't think about calling it Oi!, or call it a treasure, COCK SPARRER was one of the best bands of the '70s and '80s and by default are one of the best bands of the '00s. This ain't no "Sunday Stripper," and I'm thankful of that. Oh yeah, the B-side is a live version of their classic "Chip On My Shoulder" recorded at the Great American Music Hall here in sunny SF in 2000. (JU)
(TKO, 8941 Atlanta Ave #505, Huntington Beach, CA 92646, www.tkorecords.com)

CORJA – "Al Qaeda's Greatest Hits" CD

Brazil sends some metallic grindcore with anarchist political content our way. CORJA has some NAPALM DEATH and FUCK ON THE BEACH style going on—pretty cool. (AA)
(Twobeersornottwobeers, www.myspace.com/twobeersornottwobeersrecords)

CORPUS DEI – 10"

I had heard of these guys before but never actually listened to them. Pretty cool stuff—definitely harsh, chaotic metallic hardcore with some nods to BORN AGAINST, CATHARSIS, and sludge merchants too, as in 16, CAVITY, etc. Some hyped-up hardcore moments followed by painful, churning sludge! Good stuff with a cool silk-screened cover. (NM)
(Feral Kid, 379 Ontario St, Buffalo, NY 14207, www.feralkidrecords.com)

CRAPPY DRACULA / SONOROUS GALE – split EP

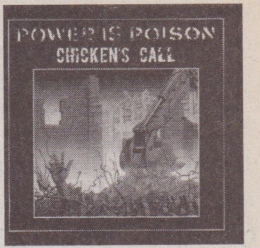
CRAPPY DRACULA, really great name. They're playing solid mid-tempo punk rock with bar rock vocals. They're onto something, but it sounds like they've yet to totally realize what it is. What keeps me from fully jumping onboard is the generic rock quality the vocals lend to the music. SONOROUS GALE is a bass and drum duo that seems to be mixing stoner metal and melodic punk, and is doing it competently. Sort of like C AVERAGE's cousin that's a little more into Natural Light than the herb. This is the better of the two sides of this split. The lyrics are great. The bass gives a chunky or thick quality to the sound that would have me thinking this came from the early '90s. (P$)
(Eeefin', www.myspace.com/sonorousgale)

CROCUS – "The Worst Kind of Joy is Hope" CD

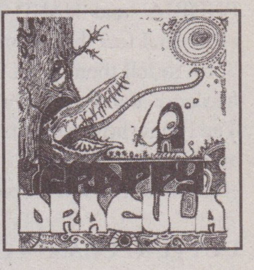
I've always been a sucker for this sound: lots of melody on guitar with heavy use of octaves creating a heavy screamo sound. Think ORCHID, FUNERAL DINER, or TAKARU. This is a five-song EP from this UK band, and all the tracks are solid. From the opening guitar riff and first 20 seconds I knew where CROCUS was coming from, and I think that's the only problem with them. CROCUS isn't very unique, and the sound has been done a million times, but I still liked this. They have enough energy and screamo-drama to make a good listen. The lyrics deal mostly with the pains of living, the human condition, and the search for meaning. If you like these sounds, grab this CD. (MH)
(We Heart, www.weheartrecords.co.uk)

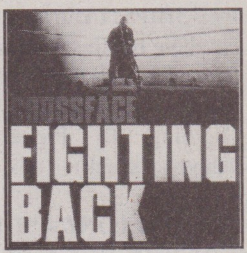
CROSSFACE / SCHNAUZER – split EP

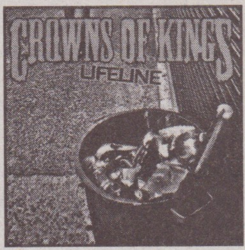
SCHNAUZER I remember from years ago—these Ohio guys had some split 7"s from the early '90s, I think, and this is sort of a comeback. With members of NUN SLAUGHTER playing hardcore/grind, I think I can pretty much leave you with a good idea what to expect. CROSSFACE is also from Ohio and plays a little more of the old-school hardcore/punk generally US-influenced stuff. Not bad. (NM)
(Shift, Po Box 13056, Akron, OH 44334)

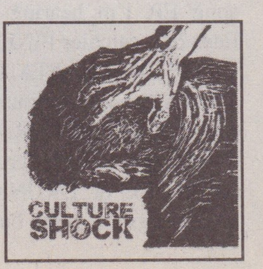


Cock Sparrer









CROWNS OF KINGS – "Lifeline" CD

The gang-vocal-scream right before a big heavy breakdown during the first song sums it all up—"Connecticut Hardcore!" Actually it sounds like NYC tough guy hardcore, such as MADBALL or HATEBREAD, but then add in the requisite SLAYER riffs. Lots of talk of "the fight," being "a warrior," and they say, "This is our place, our way, and you'll get no love, no way." They also say that they promote. "loyalty and respect." The singer of CROWNS OF KINGS is the guitarist from DEATH THREAT. They don't love me (they said so in two or three songs), and you know what, I don't love them either. (MH)

(Reaper, www.reaperhardcore.com)

CULTURE SHOCK – "Destroy You" EP

CULTURE SHOCK has a sound that mixes heavy sounding bro-core with blast-beat thrash. Reminds me of MUNICIPAL WASTE, PHOBIA, and HAVE HEART all rolled up into one. I feel the lo-fi recording of this record helps to tell them apart from any other current hardcore band with thrash metal influences. The lyrics, however, I felt were a bit contrived and lack style. (PL)

(Barbarossa, www.barbarossarecords.com)

CUTTING CLASS – CD

Hoodie hardcore from the UK. This reminds me of PAINT IT BLACK and SINKING SHIPS. I know there's a ton of this stuff out there but this sounds pretty good to me. A five song EP fueled by energy and sing-alongs. (RL)

(Nothing To Prove, crime-in-the-water @hotmail.co.uk)

THE DALTONZ – "1-1066" EP

Oi!-influenced punk rock from gay-Paree. Fast and sharp with enough head-kicking choruses and nifty lead breaks to elevate this way above the knuckle-dragging scene that's associated itself with this sound. Think of THOSE UNKNOWN mixed with THE PRESS with a nice little STIFF LITTLE FINGERS touch. (SD)

(Une Vinyles X, BP 80 138, 75 623 Paris cedex 13, FRANCE, www.uvpr.fr)

DEAD MECHANICAL – "A Great Lie" EP

On the first two songs of this killer three song EP, I'm hearing something along the lines of a catchier PINK RAZORS crossed up with a little of the STATUES and roped together with the guitar sound similar to SUPERCHUNK or FISCHER. On the third song the vocals get a little gruffer, which gives it SNUGGLE or DRUNKEN BOAT feel. All three songs are good. but the first two are particularly crucial. Great pop punk—recommended. (P$)

(Sex Cells, c/o M Welch, 253 N Broadway Apt 10, Portland, OR 97227, www.sexcellsrecords.com)

DEAD RINGERS – "I Want Out" EP

I'm a huge fan of punk rock bands that are content to deliver straightforward, catchy, head bouncing punk rock. (Too many bands try to do too much and get fancy, and it tends to fuck things up.) If you're a fan of the same, then you'll enjoy this effort, made complete with snotty vocals and a few "yeah, yeahs". (KK)

(Gimme Danger, www.myspace.com/deadringerssf)

DEALIN' WITH IT / OLDE YORK – split EP

This month Haunted Hotel Records from Yonkers, New York offers you a split EP featuring two strong hardcore contenders from the Northeast. Both OLDE YORK and DEALIN' WITH IT mine the same territory that AGNOSTIC FRONT, CRO-MAGS, and WARZONE excelled in. The recording is decent considering the limitations of making a record "live" on WFMU's Pat Duncan Radio Show. The stop/start momentum of this top-notch, manic NY hardcore will appeal to skinheads and punks alike. FED UP fans take note! (BR)

(Haunted Hotel, PO Box 348, Yonkers, NY 10710, www.hauntedhotelrecs.com)

THE DEFENSE – "Common Sense" EP

CRUCIAL RESPONSE brings you another European export, this time THE DEFENSE from Barcelona, Spain. THE DEFENSE blends a style of melodic youth crew and pop punkm that at times reminds me of bands like FASTBREAK or VOICE OF REASON. The layout is in classic youth crew form filled with live pictures of folks doing lots of posi jumps. I wasn't a big fan of this, but if you're into youth crew with melodic pop punk tendencies, then check this one out. (PL)

(Crucial Response, Kaisersfeld 98, 46047 Oberhausen, GERMANY, www.crucialresponse.com)

DEFIANCE – "The Very Best of Defiance, and We Don't Care" CD

Punk best-of CDs are a bit of a strange concept, discographies are way more reasonable, given that so many punk songs can be crammed onto an 80 minute disc. At any rate, it almost makes sense that DEFIANCE has a best-of CD. Their simplistic punk anthems appeal to teenage kids that are just starting to discover the punk genre, and I guess a best-of is an easy starting point. *The Very Best of Defiance* offers an overview of the band's ten-plus years of existence, and since this is on H:G Fact, it thoughtfully contains Japanese translations of all the lyrics. The *No Future No Hope* tracks are just as catchy as I remember with their acrobatic bass playing and big, chanting choruses worthy of hundred-person sing-a-longs. Previously, I've never heard any of these other tracks, and it seems that DEFIANCE always stood close to the mold that they honed on that first LP. Over time, their music got consistently slower, a little more rock 'n' roll, and way more polished—the last several songs were unlistenable. The music on *The Very Best of Defiance* gets incredibly redundant, and proves that at some point every band *has* to thrown in the towel. After listening to a whole disc of DEFIANCE, I am ready to hear something, *anything*, with dynamics and tempo changes. I still stand by *No Future No Hope*, but they should've ended the legacy there. (CI)

(H:G Fact, www.interq.or.jp/japan/hgfact)

DESASTRE – "Procuranda Saida" CD

This is a bit too overproduced and "rock" for me. I like my music more doomed and damaged. If you are into the bullet-belt side of life this Brazilian hardcore band will be a perfect match with heavy metal crust riffage. I imagine one or two of them own an AMEBIX or DISCHARGE shirt. I have no reference points or desire to listen to this kind of music, but really if you are into heavy music with a melodic rock/crust hesh undertone, then this band was built for your ears. (LG)

(Two Beers or Not Two Beers, tbontb2@hotmail.com)

THE DETROIT COBRAS – "The Original Records" LP

I can't figure out if this is a band that everybody or nobody knows about. They're one of my all time favorites. Part of me wants to keep the secret, if indeed it is a secret, to myself, and part of me wants to quit my day job and do missionary work on their behalf, spreading the good word. This is a compilation of their singles and unreleased tracks from 1995 to 1997. Without exception, I believe, THE DETROIT COBRAS have always been a cover band, trying their hand at relatively unknown R&B, soul, and rock 'n' roll treasures; all delivered with soul and a sense of urgency that is rarely seen. This is the shit. Seriously. (KK)

(Munster, www.munster-records.com)

DIGITAL LEATHER – "Sorcerer" CD

You know, I never really like DEVO rip-

offs. This dude has a tendency to sing in that monotone GARY NUMAN kind of way, but making that sound good is hard to master. Most of the time dudes that do it end up sounding like cartoon robots instead of disaffected and bored. The second song on *Sorcerer* has a different person singing, and it's better. By the third song a guitar appears, and it gets better still. As *Sorcerer* goes on, the guy sounds less robotic and more pathetic and bored, which I dig. The songs are kind of epic—like four or more minutes—which maybe isn't that long, but in my head you're starting to push it once you get past two minutes. The second half is a live recording with a full band, and it's a pretty good recording, except the vocals are super up-front. In the end it's kind of boring synth punk that after awhile started sounding almost like bar rock. (MM)
(Goner, 2152 Young Ave., Memphis, TN 38104, www.goner-records.com)

DISCO VOLANTE / KAMIKATZE – split CD

First, there is the righteous and kind of quirky '80s inspired punk thrash of KAMIKATZE. Then the pretty bland rock 'n' roll punk of DISCO VOLANTE, who is apparently proud of opening for LIMP BIZKIT and NASHVILLE PUSSY (thank the one-sheet press packet for that hilarious tidbit). Check out KAMIKATZE at least, they rip. (AA)
(Chorus of one, www.myspace.com/chorusofonerecords)

DREAD SOLUTION – "All Governments Are Liars and Murderers" CD

Eleven tracks of great basic hardcore punk from San Diego. Maybe if the good, early, less-pop ANTI-FLAG was fueled with inventive riffs reminiscent of old SoCal/Rikk Agnew-punk and punked a bit further with a sturdy pounding drum sound, shouted vocals, and then enhanced by a loose, live, and raw feeling recording. Song titles seem to be timeless punk themes: "Blood Money Lies," "Desperate Living," "Dead Nation," but there's really skimpy thrown-together packaging with no lyrics, so you just have to guess that, "Yeah, the system sucks," or whatever. This lack of thought into the package makes me wish DREAD SOLUTION (or label) had gone just a step further to seal the deal and took the time to round out direct points of expression or ideas. Still a really listenable, kind of timeless (could be '84, '88, '92, or last month) sounding CD of solid punk rock. (KS)
(Plastic Fact, www.dreadedsolution.org)

DUSTHEADS – "Little Pieces" LP

Little Pieces starts with a noisy SABBATH-influenced intro, which slowly speeds up to an angry hardcore rant reminiscent of prime-era BORN AGAINST. In general, mid-period BLACK FLAG seems to be the main corrupter of these Brooklyn-dwelling youths, but I also hear lots of SWIZ, early FUCKED UP, and the fore-mentioned BORN AGAINST. The songs on *Little Pieces* are filled with lots of little ideas that make for a good listen. DUSTHEADS doesn't play riffs until they are dead in the ground. They let their songs breathe, and they effectively mix up tempos, instrument breaks, stops and starts, and breakdowns. The vocalist has nailed the venomous and nihilistic style, and the lyrics attack the punk scene as well as the world at large. DUSTHEADS has put together an impressively contagious and thoughtful hardcore punk LP, and in this modern accelerated culture it's likely to fall under the radar, so I'm here to tell ya to take note. (CI)
(Don Giovanni, PO Box 628, Kingston, NJ 08528, www.dongiovannirecords.com)

ELECTION DAY – "Demo" EP

It's funny how some things sound better after a period of time. I mean I couldn't stand the direction a lot of straightedge hardcore bands were going in the early '90s when they started getting a bit more tuneful and a little slower. Remember the TURNING POINT LP or the BOLD EP? Well, that sound comes through on this release, and maybe it's because I'm getting sick of all the generic hardcore or something, but this sounds really refreshing right now and it's just what the doctor ordered. All four tracks on this EP are jam packed with excellent guitar riffs and heartfelt words of passion. The standout track here is "Sector IV," which deals with how we lose our humanity by ignoring the displaced and the poor. The rest of the songs fall into the realm of the personal, but they hit just right with honesty and emotion. Good stuff. (BG)
(Secret Jams, www.myspace.com/secretjams)

END OF AGONY – "From the Lungs" EP

Slow, pained, pummeling heaviness. I can't exactly place this sound. It's not doom, metal, or hardcore. END OF AGONY has elements of doom, but it's more of a dirge—think along the lines of BUZZOV-EN with tiny bits of DYSTOPIA and CORRUPTED. I can't believe this is just a duo. (MH)
(SuperFi, www.superfirecords.co.uk)

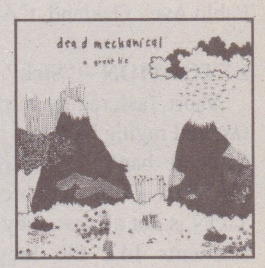
END OF ALL – "The Art of Decadence" CD

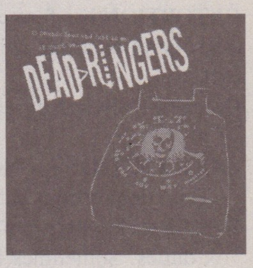
Sweden is reliable for consistent brutal D-beat, but every so often a band comes around that stands apart from the pack and does a little twist on that genre that kicks things up a notch. END OF ALL is one such band. They have the WOLFBRIGADE/SKITSYSTEM influence for sure, but also have touches of AT THE GATES and even the Swedish death metal sound. This is one of the better bands from the country since MARTYRDÖD. Awesome! (NM)
(Crimes Against Humanity, PO Box 1421, Eau Claire, WI 54702, www.cahrecords.com)

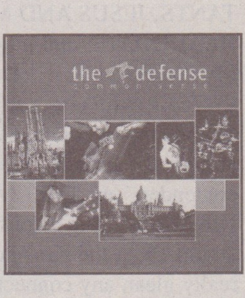
THE ESTRANGED – "Entranced/Vilified"

I'm all over this band right now, total WIPERS/CRISIS worship out of Portland but with a ton of drive and catchy hooks. I love the recent ESTRANGED LP and the last two 7"s, but this disc is definitely runner up in the race. By no means a loser, just missing a little of the spark those other records had. If you dig the current dark wave, check out THE ESTRANGED's other records. (TB)
(Dead Ideas, PO Box 851, Austin, TX 78767)

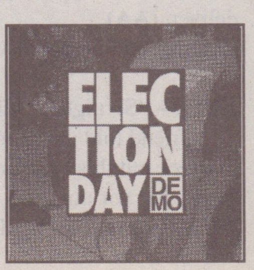
THE DALTONZ
Nº 0022







THE VERY BEST OF
DEFIANCE



EVERYTHING MUST GO – "Sonic Pornography" CD

An East Bay band with Oaktown punk vets kicking out the needle-in-your-arm punk. Think DEAD BOYS, FEAR, and MOTÖRHEAD. Maybe a little too tough for me at times but this does rock and who knows how much a drunken brawl or two would add to the live experience. (RL)
(Calendar Of Death, PMB 5000, 2743 San Pablo Ave., Oakland, CA 94612)

EXTORTION – "Sick" LP

Short, fast, raging hardcore track after short fast and raging hardcore track. This Australian hardcore band has no tricks up their sleeve, just a heavy fast hardcore sound. OK EXTORTION is not all fast, they do throw a few slow moments like the long and slow "Body Failure" on side-two. Think NO COMMENT, LACK OF INTEREST, or NEGATIVE FX. EXTORTION has former members of a ton of other Perth band including NAILED DOWN. (MH)
(Deep Six, www.deepsixrecords.com)

FAKE FICTIONS – "Krakatoa" CD

This trio performs catchy, fuzzed-out, jangly indie rock with a brother and sister trading vox duties. Sometimes the dude sounds a bit like TED LEO. There's a bit of SHOP ASSISTANTS, JESUS AND MARY CHAIN, THEE HEADCOATS, and maybe a K Records vibe. My favorite track is "(Don't Drink The) Office Coffee," with its surf-y garage intro that morphs into a pop tune and would be at home among the current wave of angular Britpop contenders (eg THE RAKES or NINETEEN NINETIES). The record is allegedly a concept album about the Krakatoa volcano, but I can't really glean any connection in the lyrics, even in the song that is actually called "Krakatoa," but maybe it's just going over my head. Great stuff though. (AM)
(Comptroller, www.comptrollerrecords.com)

THE FOCUS – "Explode" EP

Dirty fuzzed out garage punk that sounds a lot like DEAD MOON. I was skeptical of the Langston Hughes quoted lyrics at first, but it worked out. Check THE FOCUS out if you are into that kind of intimate lo-fi desperation that until now I thought only Fred and Toody could deliver. (AA)
(Edding, eddingrecords@gmx.de)

F.P.O. – "Straight to the Point" EP

A friend told me a long time ago that I need to check out this band and I couldn't feel more stupid for not doing so after listening to this. This is some solid hardcore thrash that has a little bit of youth crew to it. This band kind of reminds me of bands that came from that 2000 thrash scene like LIFE'S HALT or TEAR IT UP. They use the same kind of artwork that's used on some of their other records where it looks like a fourth grader drew it. Aside from that I can't say anything bad about this record. (PL)
(Commitment, Klein Muiden 38, 1393 RL Nigtevecht, The NETHERLANDS, www.commitmentrecords.nl)

FRACAS – "Hurt On the World" CD

Black eyes, searing riffs, broken bones, hard-rockin' punk 'n' roll, cracked skulls, lyrics about hard livin,' concussions, STOOGES and CCR covers, the "you better stand back" fury of Oakland's FRACAS translates well here on their fourth CD. Howling raw vocals and a rock 'n' punk attack, akin to STYRCHNINE's blend of hardcore-tinged rockin' punk or a less speedy NEW BOMB TURKS or a HERSCHELL GORDON LEWIS movie set at your favorite rock 'n' roll dive bar. Twelve tracks, tons of bloodied-up no-that's-not-Karo-syrup photos of the band, and a painting of a unicorn with a severed hand stuck on its horn to set the mood. Boss! (KS)
(Calendar Of Death, www.axisrecordsand-comics.com)

FREIBOITER – "Riot Radio" CD

It seems that I dig any German street-punk bands these days. At the start of this disc I thought FREIBOITER was pretty weak compared to some of the bangers Knock Out has brought us (DEADLINE, STAGE BOTTLES, etc), but once I got my teeth into this I was all over it. Imagine classic Deutsch punk like SLIME or TOXOPLASMA with huge gang choruses. Not wildly imaginative, but after a handful of lagers this sounds pretty good. (TB)
(Knock Out, www.knock-out.de)

FRUSTRATION – "Relax" CD

Mercurial Frenchies drop the hammer on *Relax*, their first true full length-er. An easy shoe-in for the end-of-year top-ten list, FRUSTRATION is leagues ahead of any of their "dark-wave" comrades. It seems every other review I'm dropping WARSAW, CRISIS, and JOY DIVISION as influences, but these cats really are from that mold; dark and tribal with added electronica, which brings to mind a gloomier TUBEWAY ARMY. I can't get enough of this band, stirring stuff indeed. (TB)
(Born Bad, myspace.com/bornbad records)

THE GO-SHEILAS – "Greatest Hits Vol.1" CD

Cool packaging with a worn out looking sleeve and a $10 used sticker printed on the sleeve. Doing ELVIS COSTELLO's "Get Happy" one better. New wave punk from SoCal with a front gal singer that brings back the memories of HOLLY AND THE ITALIANS and THE GO-GO'S with pop punk overtones. Not quite THE UNLOVABLES quality wise, but no slouch either. (RL)
(RemLo Productions, www.thegosheilas.com)

GRACE ALLEY / SKIN LIKE IRON – split EP

Fuck yes! You hardcore punks are in for a treat! Sammy Winstone's Spiderghost Pressgang Records has a double-threat bomb-blast prepared for you this month! This split EP comes charging at you like a mad beast when GRACE ALLEY surges into their "Sunday Morning, Fifth and Harrison" original song. The music from this powerful song creates a brooding and dark atmosphere. Read a couple of lines: "I waste away waiting for this city to be razed, like a pestilent crop that can't be saved / I walk along the same bleak streets I've always known, at home with their exquisite disrepair." Fuck! Those lyrics will put you in an extremely black mood! For their second song on side-A, GRACE ALLEY elects to cover CHEAP TRICK's "Auf Wiedersehen," with its cheerful refrain "Good bye, so long, you won't see another morning!" Side-B of this hardcore blockbuster features another of the Bay Area's brutal hardcore powerhouses, SKIN LIKE IRON. These men plow right into "Dominion," and the fierce momentum of SKIN LIKE IRON is crushing! You will be reduced to useless protoplasm! Some lyrics from "Dominion": "The crawl of man through the dirt and sand / He takes and enslaves while his subjects obey / His kingdom called Earth will serve as his grave." Very poignant! SKIN LIKE IRON's side finishes with a strong number called "With The Whip." Fucking great! Get this new split from Spiderghost Pressgang Records now! (BR)
(Spiderghost Pressgang, www.spiderghost.net)

GUNSMOKE – "From Somewhere" CD

It's like some psychobilly kids started watching old westerns instead of horror movies, and they also had an eye (or ear) for old sci-fi. What really surprised me is how much I like the music because this isn't stuff I'd typically be into. There are a couple moments when GUNSMOKE reminds me a little of JOE MEEK. The first track was an instrumental, and I was hoping the whole CD was, but when the second track kicked in vocals came with it that aren't really doing the music justice. The singer sounds a little gun shy and the delivery seems forced at times. If

GUNSMOKE adds a new singer or cuts an instrumental album then I'd love to hear more. The music and production are great, but the vocals aren't working. (P$)
(Inside My Brain, 216 West Village, Ottawa, ON K1R 1E4, CANADA. www.myspace.com/thegunsmoke)

HADDONFIELD – "Bar Brawls and Downfalls" CD

A Welsh combo that knocks out the anthemic melodic hardcore. Five tracks along the ways of early FACE TO FACE, LEATHERFACE, and DILLINGER FOUR. Big name comparisons for a relatively new band who is off to a strong start with this disc. (RL)
(Seven, haddonfield@seveninchrecords.com)

HAIRYSPRAY BLUES – "Sick Little Package" CD

Two-piece form the Northwest that makes the WHITE STRIPES sound like BRITNEY SPEARS. Taking in heavy doses of BLACK SABBATH riffage, with some of that BIG BUSINESS density, whilst still having an all 'round garage feel. It rocks, it grooves, and it don't let up. HOWLIN WOLF meets GEEZER BUTLER. (SD)
(Self-released, www.myspace.com/hairsprayblues)

HAMMERED GRUNTS – CD

This VanWa (that's Vancouver, Washington for those keeping score) band carries on the fine (non-Oi!) street punk tradition. The kind of shit THE UNSEEN played before they hit the big time and got all slick and shit—classic timeless street punk with heart. Rough and ready, bouncy and direct with hoarse vocals. I'm kinda drawing a blank here. (JU)
(Underground, no address)

HARPOON GUNS – "Nanonii" EP

I am predisposed to dislike this record. Some hardcore '82 revivalists from Huntington Beach, you know how it is. Unfortunately for my instinctive hater tendencies, this 7" kind of rules. It's definitely not generic sounding at all, I would say HARPOON GUNS is what I wanted REGULATIONS to sound like before I heard them—snarled-out hardcore with more than one genre of music evident in the band members' record collections. The first song, "Nanonii" straight up reminds me of San Diego circa '91, we're talking DRIVE LIKE JEHU but not in a copycat fan club way at all. I don't know if these dudes would register the comparison. The vocals have that Rick Fork sound—the pitch of the voice, the bratty hate style…but this is hardcore from a shitty overdeveloped beach town in Southern California. Some *Beach Boulevard*, a little *Hell Comes to Your House*, but maybe with some of the ideas of the current alienated-garage-destruction scene implied? The lyrics are bleaker than the IHOP by Vinyl Solution. (LG)
(Going Underground, 1822 G St, Bakersfield, CA 93301, punxonly@gmail.com)

HATRED SURGE – "Servant/Bestial"

A two-track 45 on the vanity label Deer Healer from this one-man heavy hardcore project. This time around there's an additional vocalist and Breathing Problem assists with noise on "Servant." Still, amazing that Mr. Hughes records the majority of instrumentation on his own. I remember HATRED SURGE sounding more like a power violence band, but on this 45 I'm thinking SWANS. Seems like the Deer Healer record label tends to bring out the oddity in all of its releases… I'm into it. Instead of describing this in minute detail, I will say the drums on this are *fucking heavy*…Dale Crover heavy. Limited to 300. As your record reviewer, I advise you to find this now. (VL)
(Deer Healer, no address)

HEAD ON COLLISION – "Ritual Sacrifice" CD

Wow, never thought I would be reviewing a record with Petagno artwork, but I guess I've reached the big leagues! Heh. You will know from said artwork you are dealing with some serious thrash metal here, and the sound is no lie. There is some definite KREATOR, EXODUS, and DESTRUCTION influence on this HEAD ON COLLISION CD! There is also the early-'80s punk sound, eg BATTALION OF SAINTS and GBH. Pretty awesome St. Louis band, and I'm looking to hear more. Plus, this is on the excellent Beer City label! (NM)
(Beer City, PO Box 26035, Milwaukee, WI 53226-0035)

HOLLYWOOD – "Hits! An Alltime Low" CD

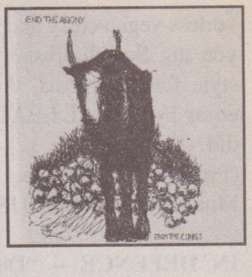
Another dose of Big Neck goodness. A two-guitar and drums line-up is bound to invite comparisons to the likes of CHEATER SLICKS, which is not inapt as it turns out (with a little MR. CALIFORNIA at times—how's that for a classic *MRR*-style point of reference?). Sludgy even when fast, with some blues-derived noise thrown in for extra texture and a dash of menace. Some live reviewer called HOLLYWOOD "party punk." Sounds like my kind of party. (DD)
(Big Neck, bigneckrecords.com)

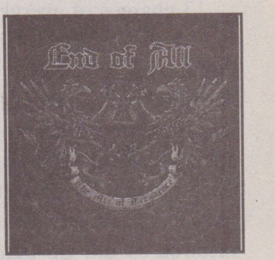
HUMANIFESTO – "Don't Eat Meat" EP

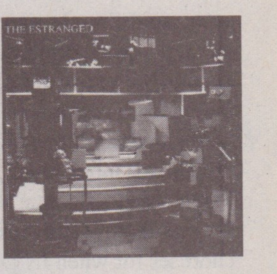
Dudes from Canada take NOFX's *Fuck the Kids* 7", use it as a template, and make a record about being vegan and not racist. So, for instance, instead of "Fuck the Kids" and "Fuck the Kids II," you get, "Don't Eat Meat" and "Don't Eat Meat II." Instead of "My Name's Bud," HUMANIFESTO plays "My Name's Mud…" I don't know if HUMANIFESTO regularly emulates NOFX or if they are copying the sound just for this record, but they're doing a pretty good job of it. I think I'll pass on this one. Nothing against it, the music is played well and the messages are cool, but with that kick drum recorded high in the mix and the snotty vocals, it sounds like a million other NO-bands (FX-beat?) that I've passed on before. But if you're a fan of that Fat Wreck Chords sound then send your money right away for a limited green vinyl copy. (VL)
(KOI, 510 Wilcrest Drive, Houston, TX 77042)

IMPERIAL LEATHER – "Do You Know Where Your Children Are?" CD

Wow. I got awesome records for review, then got slapped with two CDs of crusty classix. I really have no idea what to say about this. This is fist-punchin' squat rock. Perfect if you are ready for a diet of communal fla-







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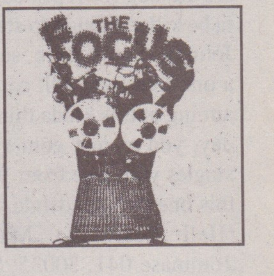
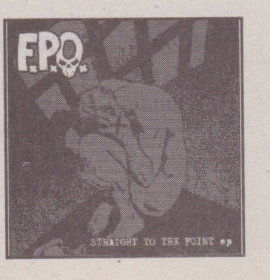



F.P.O.
STRAIGHT TO THE POINT ep

vorless vegan curry and hunt-sab pamphlets. If you dig Scandi-crust with raging SPITBOY-style female vocals, then you will probably enjoy IMPERIAL LEATHER a lot more than I did. (LG)
(Profane Existence, PO Box 18051, Minneapolis, MN 55418)

IN DEFENCE – "Don't Know How To Break Dance" LP

13 charges of energetic youth crew thrashing from the Twin Cities. IN DEFENCE's debut LP channels somewhere between RAMBO and MUNICIPAL WASTE's spirited and fun take on hardcore—relentless shouted back up vocals and choruses cranked into a thick straight-ahead attack. The raw look and feel of *Don't Know How To Break Dance* feels inspired by old US hardcore and it's revivals since, but it doesn't wallow in a retro-fied tribute of sound and ideas. This just blasts forward with rapid-fire abrasive vocals, speeding guitars, and quick drumming that stop only long enough for you to shout along! The lyrics take a humorous and fun route to challenge homophobia, punk scene politics as well as laud the virtues of mock duck, old school hip hop, Fargo, North Dakota, and George Lucas, not George Bush. Grab this and start learning the choruses for when IN DEFENSE rolls through your town! (KS)
(Give Praise, givepraiserecords.com)

INTELLECTUALS – "Miss Johnny"

Not my first rodeo with this Italian two-piece, although this is by far our most brief encounter. A single tune and a blank B-side… limited to a mere 200 copies. While THE INTELLECTUALS' brand of primitivo garage punk has always been of moderate quality, "Miss Johnny" impresses even less than usual. If you're gonna make a record like this, it should beg for repeated spins. The song oughta be killer enough to stand on it's own… "Miss Johnny" bores. Sure, scuzz-bucket energy and a one-line lyric will carry just about any band aiming at this kinda thing, but at the end of the day, you're just gonna listen to the 47 other singles you have from 10 years ago that out-do this one by a landslide. (MC)
(Hell Yes!, c/o Marco Rapisarda, Via Tommase 041, 30035, Scaltengio Ve, ITALY, slyactions@hotmail.com)

JOHNS TOWN ALOHA "We Painted the Last Guilt" EP

Sounding nothing like BALTHASAR GERARDS KOMMANDO, Japan's JOHNS TOWN ALOHA is a familiar Japanese blend of noisy fuzz-driven DISORDER-style hardcore with KURO-ish slathering vocals over a GAI/CONFUSE-styled wall of noise. The song structure is less discordant and more musical than the Bristol/Kyushu bashing, with longer tracks and a remnant of melody as they speed by, which might be it's link to BGK after all, though it whips by with more of an early Japanese hardcore vibe. Five great tracks from ex-members of BREAKFAST and EXCLAIM, but JOHNS TOWN ALOHA is less experimental and jarringly abrasive than either, yet pulling from those band's strengths. Limited to 800, move fast. (KS)
(H:G Fact, www.interq.or.jp/japan/hgfact)

THE JOLTS – "Haute Voltage" CD

Haute Voltage is chock full of Scandinavian-style rockin' punk via The Great White North (That means Canada you cement heads!). THE JOLTS have some riffage similar to TURBONEGRO and GLUECIFER with the more straight-ahead rock of THE BACKYARD BABIES in there as well. The opening track is quite rockin' but also has an interesting openness to it, which I really liked. Good stuff throughout. (RK)
(Haute Voltage, www.hautevoltagerecords.com)

JUANITA Y LOS FEOS – CD

Nothing beats being blindsided by a band. With the vaguely arty cover I had no preconceptions coming in, and had my head blown clean off. DEVO-esque art damaged punk, with tough-as-shit female vocals sung in Spanish. This is hot shit. Imagine CA circa '78; kinda SCREAMERS, WIERDOS et al, meets THE AVENGERS with the art damaged madness of BLANK-ITS and FEELERS, and you'd be close. (TB)
(Deadbeat, PO Box 361392, Cleveland, OH 44136, www.dead-beat-records.com)

KTP – "Rockers" CD

KTP stands for "Kings of the Plains," and they're from Lawrence, Kansas. KTP plays speedy melodic punk with a rough edge—like a fast US BOMBS. They have a street feel too. Mix in some rock 'n' roll, and you have a pretty tough street-punk/'77 hybrid. They occasionally venture into DROPKICK MURPHIES territory. Did I mention they sound a lot like the US BOMBS? Good solid shit. (AD)
(Zero Youth, 1975 Maple Tree Lane, Bolivar, MO 65613, www.zeroyouthrecords.com)

KULTURKAMPF – "Caught In An Evil Web of Violence" LP

Hurtling through time and space, this collection of demo recordings from the mid-'80s anarcho-punk band KULTURKAMPF is here to remind us what political punk can be. It is alternatingly dark and poppy, desperate and hopeful, depressing and inspiring; not really settling on one mood or emotion for too long. Some portions are remarkably RUDIMENTARY PENI-like, but they don't last long before they switch it up into more accessible ICON AD-esque passages. If you are a fan of that era of anarcho punk, I think it's clear that this is for you. Also, cheers to the remastering dudes. It sounds fucking great, particularly for being some ancient demos. (AA)
(Looney Tunes, 69 Wykeham St., Scarborough N. Yorks, Y012 7SA, ENGLAND, www.myspace.com/looneytunesrecords)

THE LAST OF THE BAD MEN – "Ride" CD

Usually when a band you've never heard of refers to themselves as an "international punk rock super-group," you think they are kidding, but THE LAST OF THE BAD MEN are not joking. These guys sound like boring, recycled SEX PISTOLS bar rock and they think they are the coolest thing to ever walk the earth. But in reality, LA shat out another terrible band; and that terrible band shat out a ten-song CD. Check out their webpage for a full description of their micro-marketing techniques. (FS)
(Self-released, www.thelastofthebadmen.com)

LEGIT! – "Shit Happens" EP

From the name alone I was completely expecting something closer to either a RIGHTEOUS JAMS, MENTAL, or RIGHT ON type of sound. Not that any of those bands sound similar at all, just more "athletic," I guess. What you actually get are four cool and clever tracks of discordant hardcore with one foot and two Albany-livin' toes firmly planted in the later-BORN AGAINST camp (only musically though, not the vocals). Off balance and angry, with a strained larynx-tearing singer, this record is set quite a bit apart from most of what's coming out these days as far as hardcore goes. A cool and fresh EP. (JU)
(Loud Punk, PO Box 3067, Albany, NY 12203, loudpunk@gmail.com)

LIMP WRIST – LP

Easily one of the best hardcore bands in existence, and incredibly, each release sounds better than the last. I wasn't sure if they would be able to top the *Want Us Dead* EP, but this just might be a contender. So where do I begin? First off, it should be noted that LIMP WRIST doesn't just throw out "more of the same" and sound exactly like their previous output, but at the same time, they haven't changed so much to cause anxiety either. The

power, the speed, and great lyrics are all still here, but this time there seems to be a bit more of a BLACK FLAG-ish deformation mixed in for good measure. The distorted guitar work and pulsating bass sound like a bomb about to go off. The lyrics are poignant and well written as always, ranging from not wanting to fit into any particular stereotype, to observations of the fucked-up violent society we live in. The song "Bought Out" touches on criminally expensive places like San Francisco, where greedy real estate investors jack up the value of housing to the point where regular people can't afford to live there anymore. And the amazing song "Knuckles" deals with not letting hate and rage get too strong a hold of you lest it takes over and destroys you. Did Martin write this with others in mind or for himself? I know it's something I struggle with at times, and I'm assuming it's the same for most punks or they probably wouldn't be into angry hardcore in the first place! Anyway, the 12" EP format works perfectly here as the seven new songs run a little longer than what a 7" would allow, but the album still remains short enough to keep you craving for more. What I have here is a limited edition tour copy, with a silk-screened paper cover, so you'll have to catch them live to grab one. Otherwise, the "official" version should be out soon enough. Either way, you need to get this!! (BG)
(tour copy, no info given)

LIVE FAST DIE – "Bandana Thrash Bloopers" EP

Super-distorted lo-fi punk that somehow manages to fuse the hooks of THE FREEZE with the bleakness of BLACK TIME. I'm sort of confused (too much white noise is worse than too much cheap whiskey), and would I ever listen to this again? Uuuummm. (SD)
(Turborock,www.turborock.com)

THE LONG SHADOWS – "Landslide" EP

I'm not really sure how this 7" slipped through the screening process and made it into the "review-able" pile? I mean you literally have to use the loosest interpretation of "punk" possible. 99% of the people reading this zine will not like this record. I mean it's good music if you're into radio-friendly indie rock. I'm not trying to sound sarcastic, I really mean that. THE LONG SHADOWS have well written songs and good harmonies and stuff, so I can't really say many negative things about them, but honestly it really doesn't belong in *MRR*. There is one song that reminds me of BUILT TO SPILL, and another that sounds like MATCHBOX 20, and that's just side-A. At the same time they're on a label called Boner Town Records, which leads me to believe that they're not some kind of rock star wannabe's—just music made by some guys that probably teach guitar lessons in small town USA, or a fifth-ring suburb of some big city. That's just what I'm assuming; I really have no idea who these guys are. It's weird that they put out a 7", you don't really hear music like this on vinyl anymore. (FS)
(Boner Town, www.myspace.com/bonertownrecords)

LOVE TAN – "This Land Is No Good" 7"EP

Sweet Rot can pick them. Immediately prior to this release, LOVE TAN was known as PYRAMIDS (still says so on the labels!), but opted out for a moniker as puzzling as their tunes. What we have here is the perfect mid-point between pop and experimentation. There's a vague UK DIY-era sound and rhythm meshed with a fine pop-psych sensibility. Shit gets boomy here and there, just to keep you on your toes. From the Pacific Northwest and bearing quite a few connections to that A-FRAMES lot, should that sweeten the pot. (MC)
(Sweet Rot, PO Box 78025, Vancouver, BC V5N 5W1, CANADA)

EL MAL JA ESTA PET / FP / SURFING SIRLES – split CD

This is a split CD featuring three bands from Spain (I believe). Starting off the disc we have EL MAL JA ESTA PET, whose singer is the Spanish equivalent to Jello Biafra. Musically, the band has a good rockin' hardcore sound. Next is FP, who follows in the early hardcore punk style musically, and were my favorite of this disc. Lastly, we have SURFING SIRLES with their '60s-ish stomp meets psychedelic punk sound. These guys seemed a bit out of place on this disc to me. I can't give you much more information as nothing was in English, but you can check out the label's website listed below. (RK)
(Carnus, www.carnusrecords.tk)

THE MANIKINS – "Crocodiles" LP

Rockin' garage-pop from Sweden that sounds similar to THE HIVES. This is their fourth album and all parts (vocals, guitars, drums, and bass) function as they should for music like this. You can buy a ringtone of the title track on the label's website. (MU)
(Full Breach Kicks, www.fullbreach77.com)

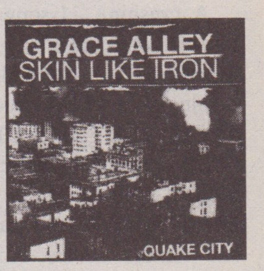
MASSGRAVE / WIDESPREAD BLOODSHED – split EP

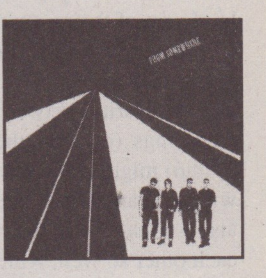
Totally ripping breakneck Scandi thrash times two! If these bands play any faster they'll be on fire. Too bad the cover is severely lame, because this is one of the shredding-est splits of recent memory. Or maybe I drank too much coffee, and thrash is the only music suitable to my crazed A.D.D. state. You decide. (AA)
(Haunted Hotel, PO Box 348 Yonkers, NY 10710, hauntedhotelrecs@yahoo.com)

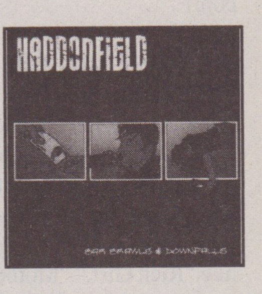
MASSHYSTERI – "Paranoid"

Ok, I'm gonna hype this, but first it's got to be told; this is a one-sided one-song 7" Limited to 200 copies, mailorder only for $18.00!!! So, you are not getting one whatsoever, as it's instant eBay gold so I suggest you get the first 7" from Feral Ward. "Paranoid" is one rocking tune—I'm tapping my foot and farting out a beat. This song starts off so rad, it reminds me of some '60s proto-punk garage stomper and the drumbeat is grrrreeeaaattt! Is that a tambourine on the high hat? This is so fuzzy, poppy, catchy, and perfect. The chorus is sing-along-arrific! MASSHYSTERI managed to mix *Nuggets*, *Pebbles*, *Bloodstains*, *KBD* and early LA punk into their own brand of greatness. Hopefully this will see a repress

Fracas
HURT ON THE WORLD







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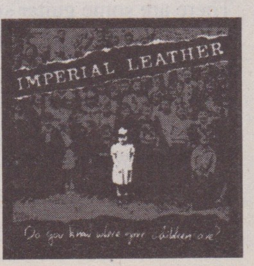


or made available on some other format for you loathsome fucks soon. Check this band out on their West Coast tour in September, or, you know, eat shit.

(Hell Yes!, c/o Marco Rapisarda, Via Tommase 041, 30035, Scaltengio Ve, ITALY, slyactions@hotmail.com)

MASSMORD / SHADES OF GREY - split CD

A crushing 11-song CD by two similar Swedish political crust bands from Stockholm. SHADES OF GREY delivers five tracks of rushing dark-edged melodic hardcore a la TO WHAT END? or WOLFBRIGADE with a FROM ASHES RISE filter—apocalyptic English lyrics over a speeding delivery of intense hardcore and trade offs between male and female vocals. An impressive blasting debut! MASSMORD follows with a continuation of the heavy brutal low-end crust bombardment of their previous two LPs. Dredging the sonic low end at high speed with a dark mood that fits the dire yet thoughtful lyrics. The similarity between the bands and the recordings (done at the masterful Evil Grill Studio) might make this a better listen on 12", with a clearer break between the two, but it's also a strength that the two bands complement each other so well. Killer Split! (KS)

(Profane Existence, www.profaneexistence.com)

ME FIRST AND THE GIMME GIMMIES – "Have Another Ball!" CD

When this local punk rock all-star band put out their first full length it was initially a double LP. It was scaled down to one LP, now, years later, we have another full length from those sessions. Thank you press release. Hits like "Rich Girl," "Mother And Child Reunion" and "The Harder They Come" to name a few. Unimportant but fun stuff which is what this is all about. Pop hits done punk for your next kegger. (RL)

(Fat Wreck Chords, www.fatwreck.com)

MEHKAGO NT – "Human Extinction" EP

Raging rough hardcore from Miami. Take bits of WOLFBRIGADE and TRAGEDY and then add bits of a steamroller. MEHKAGO NT is heavy, but I wouldn't call them metal even if others say they're death metal or grindcore. There are some guitar solos of sorts thrown in, but this is hardcore. Despite being a bit lo-fi, this 7" blew me away. The three tracks are short and to the point. The more I listen, the more I like it. (MH)

(SOY, www.mehkagont.com)

MEHKAGO NT– "305 Deathsquad" LP

A six-song vinyl treatment of this Miami band's 2007 debut CD with a bonus track. This combines evolved D-beat hardcore (a la WOLFBRIGADE, RAWSIDE, etc) with the pummeling tradition of low end plunging and heaviness of south Florida (FLOOR, CAVITY, TORCHE, (who they share a member with). The impact is largely in the frequent breakdowns when the pace is slowed to a crawl where MEHKAGO NT lingers and crushes the listener as heavily distorted vocals rail on the police, religion, bleak reality, cultural imperialism, etc. The fast parts are delivered with deft speed, but when it slows, it's most devastating. Packaged in a large CRASS Records-styled poster with sparse imagery, party pix, and lyrics. (KS)

(Mehkago NT, www.mehkagont.com)

MELVINS – "Mangled Demos From 1983" 2x10"

I think this 10" collects some tapes the MELVINS sent Alternative Tentacles in the early '80s that Jello unearthed recently, amongst other random assortments: radio broadcasts from an Elks Lodge, demos, and so on. Things that you would think only the most obsessed MELVINS fan would require, except this is the only release by the OG hardcore-era line up, with Matt Lukin, Mark Dillard, and Buzz. I think it was originally released a few years back but sold out instantly, so Alternative Tentacles reissued it. At any rate, it obviously fucking rules. The MELVINS are one of the first bands I saw live, with NIRVANA in like 1990, and they changed my life—I didn't realize a band could be that loud and fucked up and get to play huge "proper" shows. I went and got *Gluey Porch Treatments* and *Lysol,* and here I am now. I have to admit, I haven't really paid that much attention to the MELVINS post *Houdini*, but me and Hubbs went to see them play with Jello, partially because this line up was the support act. It was ruined a little by perfect sound/pro audio/pro equipment, but it was still the fucking MELVINS with Matt Lukin!! This record is so raging and destroyed sounding. It's a tidal wave of bad times and good ideas. It's the MELVINS as a hardcore band, but the music is almost classic sounding now, post Cobain. It's heavy and mean, smart and funny, which are things that I think a lot of people who would like to cop the MELVINS idea can't quite put their finger on, and remains the reason why the MELVINS prevail in the ocean of boring *rocktards*. The liner notes are particularly evocative of being a punk in a shitty hick town, and are funny as shit with Buzz riffing on teenage molotov cocktail explosions, sneaky beers, stealing weed from cops, drunken prevented burglaries, and absent parents. (LG)

(Alternative Tentacles, PO Box 419092, San Francisco, CA 94141, www.alternativetentacles.com)

MOTORAMA – "Psychotronic is the Beat!" CD

Two ladies from Rome playing sparse, fuzzy, psycho garage punk; think the CRAMPS, JON SPENCER BLUES EXPLOSION, maybe even a little GROOVY GHOULIES. It's not mind-blowing but it's pretty good. Definitely a fun dance-party record or a booze-fueled freak-out at a punk show with a really weird cover of "Damaged Goods" by GANG OF FOUR. It's all fun and rocking, but overall takes the camp factor a little too far here and there. (MM)

(Dead Beat, PO Box 361392, Cleveland, OH 44136, www.dead-beat-records.com)

NACKERS / ULTRA TWIST – split EP

Two bands with at least two band members in common. (Who knows, "Dj Undertaker" and "Wolfman Bob" might be the same guys with two *noms de plume*.) Some fine garage punk stomp livened up by some "syntheremin" on the ULTRA TWIST side (I can't really hear it on the two NACKERS cuts, though it's supposed to be there). I'd personally give the nod to the NACKERS' "Smash Your Head Off" as the hit, though ULTRA TWIST's instrumental, "Still Not Going," has a touch of garage rawk that should please those who fondly recall the salad days of Estrus Records. (DD)

(Vinyljunkierekkids, vinyljunkierekkids@hotmail.com)

N'AM HAMMANIT – "ADE" CD

N'AM HAMMANIT, out of Cologne, Germany, plays a melodic pogo-worthy style of punk similar to earlier RANCID meets the musical humor of the TOY DOLLS (without the same level of musical prowess), or maybe the YOBS. *Ade* starts and ends with tracks that are a little different from the rest of the album (kind of a German folk-ska sound). My favorites were "N'am Hammanit" and "Sick." Judging from the insert sheet N'AM HAMMANIT has been around since 2003, and these songs were written from then to the present. (RK)

(Self-released, www.namhammanit.de)

NOBUNNY – "Love Visions" LP

Fun, courtesy of a bunny-masked pop impresario in tighty-whities. You can't make this shit up. NOBUNNY is no laughing matter. He is a girlfriend. He knows. He's a church mouse… and not that good. WAIT! He is that

good! He's fucking great!!! Every asshole cramming power-pop ties up their skinny, virginal asses oughta try this on for size and hear what real, effortless, accidental genius sounds like. No furry, hot American summer is complete without *Love Visions*… it's just that simple. Love him… he loves you!!! (MC)
(Bubbledumb, no address)

OCB – "Let Me Out" EP

This is a very catchy and listenable 7" EP from OCB on Blind Bastard Records out of Europe. OCB reminds the listener of the legendary punk band THE RANDUMBS from Sonoma, California. The songs are melodic and infectious without losing the punk rock edge. The vocals are snotty with a capital "S." This record is very good. (BR)
(Blind Bastard, www.blindbastard.com)

OFFSIDES – "It's a Struggle to Communicate" CD

OFFSIDES are a girl fronted band out of Massachusetts. Their music has a little bit of that first wave youth crew sound like YOUTH OF TODAY and GORILLA BISCUITS, which I love, but they use a lot of melodic leads which gives them that more modern hardcore sound. The vocals are definitely the highlight to this band. In one song the singer throws is one of those famous Cappo howls. If you're into bands like GO IT ALONE and VERSE check this one out. (PL)
(Get Outta Town, PO Box 4094, Winter Park, FL 32793-4094, www.getouttatownrecords.com)

OPERATION EATSHIT – "I Just Happened to Find Those Holy Scriptures You Were Desperately Looking For, In My Anus" EP

With this release, OPERATION EATSHIT combines tracks from their two splits. Hardcore that ranges from maybe a couple of seconds long to a couple of minutes. The music comes in two modes: standard mid-speed hardcore with no fat, just agreeable moshcore, mixed up with double-speed segments. No real standout tunes, though fans of Boston-core will find the style right up their alley. Oh, and they may win the award for the year's best record title, so far. (SS)
(Give Praise, www.givepraiserecords.com)

PAINTBOX – "Earth Ball Sports Tournament" LP

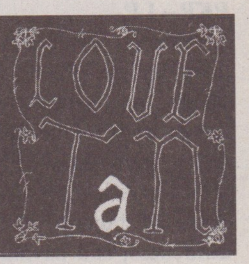
Earth Ball Sports Tournament is the second PAINTBOX full-length. The sound that PAINTBOX perfected on *Singing Shouting Crying* is thoughtfully complimented with horns, violins, recorders, harmonicas, keyboards, and whistles. The record starts with a long, metallic intro, complete with trumpet and acoustic guitar picking, and then kicks it up to manic hardcore speed, which is only the start of the relentless sensory assault. I find myself in constant awe at the insanity of the riffs on this record. Imagine guitar solos that would make Jimi Hendrix and Pig Champion cry mixed with MOTÖRHEAD at quadruple speed, and then you're getting close. But I don't want to give Chelsea all the attention, because each member of PAINTBOX is proficient at their instruments, and so much thought was put into the creation of this record. Not too many punk bands can pull off the epic and professional approach of *Earth Ball Sports Tournament*. PAINTBOX is just as likely to blow your mind with their mid-tempo stompers as they are with their straightforward thrashers, and then they throw in psychedelic acoustic breakdowns, Irish folk flourishes, and recorder solos! Everything is done with purpose and consistency, so the random instrumentation doesn't feel like a wacky attempt at being novel. Finally one of the best recordings of the early '00s has been pressed to vinyl! I get the good kind of chills every time I listen to PAINBOX, and *Earth Ball Sports Tournament* comes with the highest recommendation. (CI)
(Prank, PO Box 410892, San Francisco, CA 94141, www.prankrecords.com)

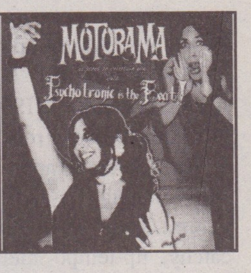
PAINTBOX – "Singing Shouting Crying" LP

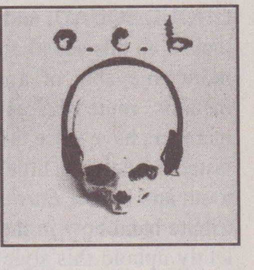
PAINTBOX is like a fucking hurricane whirlwind in my ears! It's as if a boxer was punching me in both eardrums. I'm sitting here listening to the two PAINTBOX 7"s that I don't have and desperately need ("The Door/Provided Railroad" and the *Back Reporter* flexi) and they may be my favorites, if only for their sheer innovative hardcore insanity. But enough of that, I need to focus on this first LP, the immaculate *Singing Shouting Crying,* which was first released in vinyl form on Ugly Pop before there was much of an interest in Japanese hardcore stateside. Even catching them in the Bay in 2004, they received an unfortunate lukewarm reception. It's a safe bet that PAINTBOX is named after the PINK FLOYD song of the same name. Musically, they run the gamut, never afraid to branch out and try things that on paper look like musical atrocities—mixing flamenco-esque guitar with Herb Alpert's Tijuana Brass (not fucking joking) and SURVIVOR's "Eye of the Tiger," and then adding classic Japcore and Hendrix-styled insane guitar licks, yet faster and harder and out of this world. There is so much going on with this band musically that it sounds crazy to explain. *Singing Shouting Crying* is so intense and once the vocals kick in on the first song I'm apt to fucking smash this computer over my head, the whole record just gets more and more intense with killer rhythms and lightening-laced hard-psych guitar mania. By the intro to the second song I've kicked the wall and tried to jump over it while simultaneously smashing my head into it. This is one retarded-poppy anthemic pump-your-fist-in-the-air stomper of a record. Somehow this shit is so magical and intense and PAINTBOX pulls off some unholy greatness. Chelsea (R.I.P.) manages to invoke the entirety of the last sixty years or so of rock 'n' roll into his playing like some sort of consolidating blender of madness. Everything about this record works on so many levels. It's like staring into the sun—blinding. Either you know or… blah, goodbye… your life sucks. Who feels it knows it. (RR)
(Prank, PO Box 410892, San Francisco, CA 94141-0892, www.prankrecords.com)

THE PETS – "Misdirection" LP

Oakland's own THE PETS deliver another quality record here, this time in 12" format. This is a tough one







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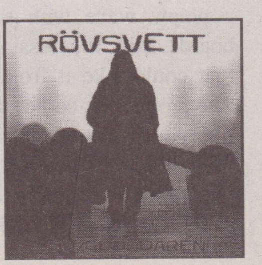


to label. It's punk rock, but it's also pop. That doesn't make it power pop, though it is, at times. I don't know that anyone will appreciate that this is a compliment, but it reminds me most of the indie sound that came out of punk in the mid '80s, with bands like HUSKER DU and THE REPLACEMENTS. *Misdirection* is really an excellent record. (KK)
(Static Impulse, staticimpulserecords.com)

PKP – LP

Anarcho punk from Norway. Lady and dude trading off shouting/screaming/singing vocals, over some decently catchy songs. The name stands for the equivalent of "PC Police," and it seems like they are trying to get their radical political agenda across, while having a sense of humor: stirring thing up, raising awareness, and having fun with it all. Can't hate on that. (AA)
(Analemma, www.myspace.com/analemmarecords)

PLAN 9 – "Manmade Monster" CD

The second full length CD of the Bay Area's one-time MISFITS cover band, now full-fledged horror rock band, PLAN 9. The 13 originals seem to approach the classic-middle, *Walk Among Us*-era MISFITS as almost a genre. They have the same well-played, catchy, up-tempo melodic punk with sung vocals and shouted chorus and '50s B-movie horror and sci-fi themes. Like CALABRESE, GHOUL SQUAD, and other bands who have picked up this sound and run with it, it's often more enjoyable of a listen than the slowed metallic route the actual former MISFITS members have since taken. While my personal tastes wish for a little more of the hardcore tooth and bite of *Earth AD*, PLAN 9 is only a tribute band now in the sense that they excellently uphold this style. They still drop a few MISFITS and SAMHAIN covers into the mix, including a great TOM WAITS-ish version of "I Want Your Skull" that ends the CD. Fun! (KS)
(Nickel and Dime, PO Box 555712, Los Angeles, CA 90055, www.nickelanddimerecords.com)

PLASTIC STARS – "Sheena Gets Around/Shut Up"

PLASTIC STARS has got some real promise. It's melodic and catchy, mid-tempo power pop/new wave with some pretty cool keyboards. Still, it's missing that extra something that could take it from pretty good to great. The production comes across as a little muted, like you're listening with earplugs, or something like that. Have a listen for yourself. (KK)
(No Front Teeth, PO Box 27070, London N2 9ZP UH, UNITED KINGDOM)

PRIMA LINEA / S.S.S.P. – split EP

New York's S.S.S.P. kicks out two jams, the first completely blows my expectations on this overtly skin/street punk record; "Rust" is a heartfelt homage to a grandfather in hospice. "New Arrival" is a straightforward street punk burner, the vocals are a touch weak (the kind that try to be tuneful but really aren't… you know the ones) but otherwise total quality shits. Italy's PRIMA LINEA is confusing me. The drums sound like they are straight out of a late'80s dance club I frequented in Oklahoma. The phasers on the guitars do little do change my mind, but then the vocals deliver everything that is ridiculous about Oi!… I love it, but in a kind of funny way. Then after the intro is over and they get to business, they are just kinda dull, plodding, simple, bland street punk that sounds like it was recorded by a student trying to make them sound like they spent thousands of dollars on studio time (fuck, I hope they didn't…oops). S.S.S.P. wins on this one. (WN)
(Koi, www.koirecords.com)

RED AND BLUE / TRAFFIC & WEATHER – split LP

TRAFFIC & WEATHER is melodic and husky, kinda like HOT WATER MUSIC. They probably hate me saying that. I'm also reminded a wee bit of both AGAINST ME! and PANTHRO UK UNITED 13, with the slightest tint of emo. Anyway, they're from Detroit, and they're all right. They sound like a bunch of Florida bands. RED AND BLUE has a more upbeat style—kind of fun and dorky. I like them a lot more. They could be a bastard baby of CRIMPSHRINE and DEVO (or dare-I-say-it THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS). If TRAFFIC & WEATHER sounds like an old No Idea band, then RED AND BLUE could be likened to early Lookout!. Anyway, they're from New York state, and I hope to hear more from them. (AD)
(Mandible, 60-59 Myrtle Ave., Ridgewood, NY 11385)

REPTILIAN CIVILIAN – "Dog Factory" EP

Four tracks of dirty '60s-inspired garage. Roughed up enough to keep it well out of the regions of the mop-top herd with enough slash-and-run to appeal to those who are currently wallowing in the stinky muds of the Memphis sound. It's catchy, it rocks, and if inclined you can even sing along. I'll be looking for more. (SD)
(Felony Fidelity, www.felonyfidelity.com)

THE REVENANTS – "Hand of Midnight" CD

Melodic-HC/black metal? The singer sounds like Glen Danzig but then there's these parts that are all high-pitched screaming, and I'm just sitting here thinking, "*oooohhh, scary*." Actually, this totally reminds me of the MISFITS. Had the MISFITS sounded like this when they reformed with that Libertarian dude as a singer, I would have been much more interested in checking them out. All that aside, THE REVENANTS sound like a cross between EMPEROR, MISFITS, and THE FIXTURES, with mosh breakdowns. (VL)
(Ssendam Music, no address)

ROCKIN' BONES – "Broke/Hard Way to Learn"

A cheeky mix of rockabilly inspired punk mixed with that classic Chicago sound. Hints of THE EFFIGIES mix in with some OFF WITH THEIR HEADS fist-in-the-air moments. Extra points for the handclaps and '60s-psych guitar effects. Two tracks, two winners. (SD)
(Blind Bastard, www.blindbastard.com)

RÖVSVETT – "Sorgedodaren" CD

Here is the new CD from Scandinavian hardcore junker's RÖVSVETT. *Sorgedodaren* follows suit with most of the previous material they have released. Loud music, tight riffs, holding the banner of punk high, while clenching beers tight in fist. RÖVSVETT screams about current issues in a manner that doesn't go too far into detail, but also conveys the frustration of modern times. *Sorgedodaren* reminds me of a hybrid of Scandi D-beat bands of yore and current straightforward bands such as INSTANT ASSHOLE, mixed with dirt-rocker stalwarts ELVIS HITLER. (WK)
(Six Weeks, www.sixweeksrecords.com)

THE RUDES – "Join the Army" EP

I can't tell if this is a joke or not. THE RUDES could be HARD SKIN's French brother band. Check out these lines of genius, "Fucking and fucking our ass and our face"!?!? I feel bad making fun of them because English is obviously not their first language, but seriously the lyrics, broken grammar or not, are so dumb and simplistic that THE RUDES are stating nothing of note. They have a song called "Join the Army," which champions being part of some skinhead gang, and it contains the line "Loving music Oi!, Party girls and alcohol." I couldn't make up words that nonsensical and cookie-cutter for any rock 'n' roll band. This shit might be funnier than HARD SKIN. The music is your average COCK SPARRER-infused, melodic-anthems-from-the-street type fare, but I hear an undercurrent of SCREECHING WEASEL too. I can see some of the guitar lines getting

stuck in my head, so I'm gonna wash this music out of my ears with some PAINTBOX, stat. (CI)
(Une Vie Pour Rien, BP 80 138, 75 623 Paris cedex 13, FRANCE, benjamos@yahoo.com)

RUSH'N ATTACK – "Donut/Hole" EP
This Dutch outfit offers a stylistic blender mix that for the most part surprises, but only gradually wins you over. Tense, twangy lead guitar plays over screamed vocals with a Henry Rollins intensity. The arrangements have a tight, MINUTEMEN flavor, though RUSH'N ATTACK clearly err on the side of hardcore. The end result is fairly original, and I'd be willing to bid that they'd be a thrilling live band. Good, but listen more than just once. (SS)
(Crucial Attack, www.crucialattack.nl)

SAID AND DONE – "Endless Roads" CD
Netherland's SAID AND DONE reminds me of the LEEWAY CD that Justin had in heavy rotation during the winter—straight-up metal, broseph-core with rap-like choruses. I could do all right without *ever* hearing music like this again in my life. If you like shout-outs and intro-busts then this might appeal to you, but it's pretty far-gone into the yo-metal category. (CI)
(Shield, Blazoenstraat 32, 5021 DM Tilburg, THE NETHERLANDS, www.shieldrecording.com)

SARCASM – "Noise Bastards Vol. 1" CD
This is one discography that has been long overdue. I mean these guys have, in one form or another, been around for over 20 years! I fell in love with these crusty bastards with the *Lowest Form of Wit* 7", which of course is emblazoned upon this disc along with two other hard to find 7"s and two splits. These guys play gritty, a little grind-y crust with a capital "C," the way it was meant to be played. Excellent lyrics and that classic British crust sound! (NM)
(Impulse Ruin, c/o Jose M. Po Box 4370, Lima 1, PERU)

SAY BOK GWAI – "Chink in the Armor" CD
The Bay Area's own SAY BOK GWAI! This two-man band plays what they call "CantoCore," with English and Cantonese lyrics. Too fucking cool! These guys play experimental metal/punk, which is pretty hard to describe, really, and just when you think you have them pegged they throw you for a loop. The lyrics are awesome and approach things from a Chinese-American perspective, especially as it relates to the Bay Area. Some song titles: "Chow Fun Chow Not So Fun," "Not All Chinese are Good at Math," "But You're White," "White People in a Hurry," etc. Amusing and smart lyrics for sure! Very cool! (NM)
(Edgetone, 3020 El Cerrito Plaza #326, El Cerrito, CA 94530-4011, www.edgetonerecords.com)

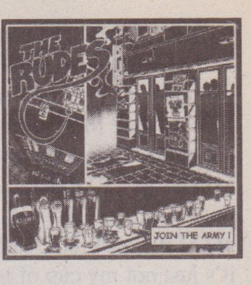
SCREAMING FEMALES – "Arm Over Arm" EP
Are there two SCREAMING FEMALES? I had always heard really rocking things about this band, and this isn't that great. It's kind of boring pop, and there are harmonies and slowness. OK, the second side makes *waaaayyyy* more sense. The guitar wanks out here and there in a slight psychedelic way but not a shredder way—I really like the bass line. The B-side is '90s-ish in a good way—it's got that lower register lady vocals that always sound cathartic in a "so done and exhausted" way. The song ends in kind of a long breakdown. I'm reminded a little of GUN OUTFIT, in the sense of the bored punk SONIC YOUTH vibe (this is a good thing). The recording is super clean and clear, which bores me. This is on the edge of being good, but not quite. It would be way better if it was a little faster and more chaotic. I've heard they really fuck shit up live, and judging from this record I bet they're one of those really good live, but not-so-good recorded bands. (MM)
(Self-released, www.screamingfemales.com)

SECOND BASE – "RECOVER" CD
Ummm... emo? AFI? TAKING BACK SUNDAY? JIMMY EAT WORLD? I don't really want to listen to this. (MM)
(Kickass, www.kickassrecords.com)

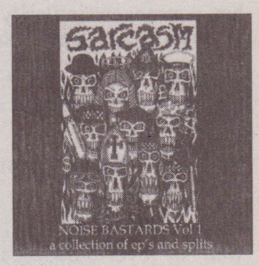
THE SEDITUS – "No Lesson Learned" CD
These fellas, from the region famed for balsamic vinegar, list the RAMONES, AC/DC, and MOTÖRHEAD as some of their formative listening experiences, but there's some thrash as well as rock licks herein. I get the impression THE SEDITUS may be a classic example of a small/medium town band where the available bandmate pool is minute, making for stranger bedfellows than in more populated cities, which can result in musical compromises more or less fruitful. My impression may be mistaken, of course. My hit pick: "The Belpaese." (DD)
(Tornado Ride, Vicolo Caselline 19, 41100 Modena, ITALY, www.seditus.com)

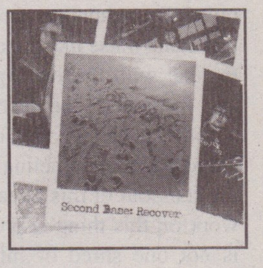
THE SESS – "Agendum" CD
Supercharged art-punk with enough direct-ness to keep it straying too far into the art-damage direction. Not as lo-fi as you'd expect from this genre, but still enough dirty blown-out static to get it invited to the party. Dark, whilst still maintaining the hooks. THE SESS comes off as a stinking mess of JAY REATARD, CLONE DEFECTS, and A-FRAMES. I'm digging it. (SD)
(Single Screen, www.thesess.com)

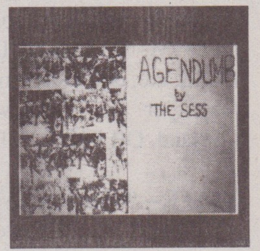
SHOPPING – "Cowards" LP
The album artwork and brown vinyl look nice but unfortunately the audio does not match the visuals. *Cowards* is the Chicago band's first album and it's simply mediocre indie rock. The band members look like youngsters with good intentions so I want to give an A for effort, but there's a million other bands out there making music just as bad as this so it's hard to even give 'em that. Maybe if this was released in 1987 some people, not me, would have thought it was really groundbreaking stuff but holy hell it's painful to listen to this tonight. It comes with a CD that has two songs on it that are not on the poop brown wax. (MU)
(Do The Math, www.dothemathrecords.com)



RUSH'N ATTACK
Donut/Hole







something's
wrong

SMARTBOMB – "Chaos and Lawlessness" EP

The release sheet with this says "mixing the strength of hardcore with the speed of punk-rock." Wha? More old-school-y hardcore with a melodic lean. Like a less clean KID DYNAMITE or STRIKE ANYWHERE. Eight tracks—these EPs with lots of songs remind me of the mid '80s. SMARTBOMB isn't bad, it's just not my cup of tea. (AD)

(Think Fast!, www.thinkfastrecords.com)

SOMETHING'S WRONG – "Ghost Bike" EP

Holy shit! This is easily the best record I've heard all month—totally amazing! I heard SOMETHING'S WRONG split with TROUBLE TROUBLE and thought they were good, but this record blows that out of the water. The lady on the vox has a real strong Mia Zapata of THE GITS vibe. The music is sort of reminiscent of THE GITS too, but faster and more manic. Musically, SOMETHING'S WRONG has a stronger similarity to PINHEAD GUNPOWDER or CRIMPSHRINE. Triple thumbs up—buy this now or you'll wish you had. (FS)

(Other, fluis001@gmail.com)

STAGNATION – "Destruction" EP

Here we have the second release from Japan's STAGNATION, and this one is a total wall of over-blown ear-bleeding noisecore madness. The guitars are but a tidal wave of feedback and fuzz, and the drums merely a pulse. Bass thunders through the cracks in the blistering noise like distant mortar blasts as the maniac with the microphone stirs the frenzy and commands the destruction of sound. The second "piece" on the first side starts off with a mid-paced pummeling that, in my opinion, is the standout of this already stellar EP. The artwork on this thing is pretty strange, and there is not one shred of info (song titles, where STAGNATION is from, lyrics, etc.) except the names of the band members. If you're diggin' on other Japanese noisecore masters like GLOOM, TOTAL NOISE ACCORD, CONFUSE, etc, don't sleep on this beast. (JU)

(Whisper In Darkness, PO Box 40113, Portland, OR 97240-0113)

STATE – "Sanctimony" EP

It's as if this band were frozen and thawed out 25 years later to record this record. *Sanctimony* is right on par with their classic *No Illusions* EP. However, there does seem to be a lot more soloing on this record than I remember on *No Illusions*, but don't let that turn you off, it's still just as gritty and punk sounding as their classic 7". You should definitely pick this one up. (PL)

(Punx Before Profits, PO Box 1148, Grand Rapids, MI 49501)

STATIONS – LP

STATIONS. The name just conjures up the images of CRASS in their iconic glory days. In actuality though, this is a band from Philly who have been hard at work for sometime now, and here finally is the culmination of their labor. To begin with, the lyrics are well thought out and are delivered with vengeance in the way that leaves the listener without a doubt that they are the real thoughts of the singer and not just another glamorous ode to CONFLICT. Second, and in no way less important, the music is fast and furious without being boring or redundant. Indeed, STATIONS uses influences that could be linked to early UK crust as well as a healthy dose of '90s hardcore powerviolence. This record is the perfect length for a band like this. It leaves the listener wanting more without the boring filler. (WK)

(Abiology, stationspunx@gmail.com)

STATUES – "Terminal Bedroom" CD

Bombs away ginger, I just hit the fuckin' jackpot. I love this band. I ain't gonna hide behind my many macho insecurities, and if Bruce Roehrs wasn't right beside me, I'd cry. It's that good. Taking everything I love about punk: unbridled energy, hooks by the dozen, melody that would put Simon and his mate Garfunkle to shame, some post-punk artiness, and tunes that would have the most avid anti-dancer grinding his moneymaker to a broken stump. THE ATTRACTIONS, THE KINKS, THE BUZZCOCKS, XTC, THE JAM all come leaping to mind. Eleven tracks of STATUES previously released singles, EPs, and what-nots, with one unreleased gem—do yourself a favor and go get this. (SD)

(Deranged, 2700 Lower Road, Roberts Creek, BC V0N 2W4, CANADA, www.derangedrecords.com)

THE STEINWAYS – "Gorilla Marketing" CD

Quirky pop punk with male/female vocals. Not unlike the BEATNIK TERMITES and the TEEN IDOLS, but more like DIRT BIKE ANNIE. The songs are catchy and stick with you, but THE STEINWAYS lack an edge. It's a little too lite. (AD)

(Cold Feet, PO Box 91233, Raleigh, NC 27675)

STRAIGHTJACKET NATION – "Cheap Kicks" EP

This one gets the very rare distinction of being absolutely essential and practically pointless at the same time. First off, you should be utterly ashamed of yourself if you haven't picked up the other STRAIGHTJACKET NATION EPs or the album that just came out. Seriously, put down this rag down right now and take your ass to the record store to remedy this problem. You're back? Good. Now how do you like those sounds? Kind of like 9 SHOCKS TERROR with a bit of the GERMS and a dose of animosity for society thrown in? Yes! Ok, let's move on to this single that's almost pointless because it not only contains two songs from the new LP of the same title, but it also has the same cover art and everything! Incidentally, I heard the weird looking dude on the cover was actually a computer image that put all the faces of the band members together. Whatever the technique, the guy reminds me of some big asshole skinhead that used to terrorize me at shows years ago. STRAIGHTJACKET NATION's music can also be that menacing! You do get *one* incredible track on this EP that does not appear on the full length, but I don't understand why they didn't just put on a few other unreleased songs and make this a different EP. Anyway, that's just me craving more from this band. A single won't be enough to satisfy you, so get the other stuff first if you can. This is just a teaser. (BG)

(self-released, PO Box 239, North Carlton, VIC 3054, AUSTRALIA, www.culthardcore.org/straightjacketnation)

SUSPECT PARTS – "Seventeen Television" EP

This is the new band from exiled CLOROX GIRLS main man Justin Maurer. It's no secret that Justin can write a pop song. Here he delivers two angst-y, energetic gems (reminiscent of THE ADVERTS as well as any number of late-'70s power pop acts), and a TWO CHEQUES cover positively dripping with '60s reverb melancholy. It's definitely a departure from the CLOROX GIRLS, and in a welcome direction. Any fan of that band should check this out, as should anyone who thought that the GIRLS were heading too far into pop punk territory. Great stuff. (AM)

(Deranged, 2700 Lower Road, Roberts Creek, BC V0N 2W4, CANADA, www.derangedrecords.com)

THE SWEET ONES – "Stay Low" CD

This is not very good, and it sucks 'cause they come so close to being a good band. THE SWEET ONES have some cool guitar riffs at times, but they are super repetitive and totally unoriginal. They do that whole SCREECHING WEASEL pop punk thing, but you know when a band is trying too hard to be goofy and funny that it seems totally forced. This whole CD is like that, and it's annoying. (FS)

(self-released, www.myspace.com/thesweetones)

SYPHLITIC VAGINAS – "Black Motor Covenant" EP

I'm really into this band's aesthetic. Totally reminds me of early NWOBHM bands like BLITZKRIEG or DIAMOND HEAD. With that in mind, punk-infused metallic worship here folks—*kvlt punk*? Taking their name from the almighty GISM, SYPHLITIC VAGINAS may be the closest thing I've heard to sounding like GISM, specifically the *Great Punk Hits* LP era, but very similar to GISM's guitarist's solo project, RUG (RANDY UCHIDA GROUP). Side two's lead-off took me by surprise, as it's basically speed metal, sounding like a leftover track from *Hell Awaits*, but the second song is back to the *kvlt punk* sound. Bummed on the lack of lyric sheet. I would have loved to follow along with the singer. I say get this now before you have to track it down on eBay. (VL)

(Rescued From Life, PO Box 14821, Haltom City, TX, 76117, rescuedfromlife@yahoo.com)

TEAM STRAY – "Gender Studies" CD

Good pop punk that reminds me of '90s bands WESTON and WALKER—very melodic stuff that touches on indie pop. Simple songs that almost have that Sonic Iguana sound with lots of songs of heartache. (RL)

(www.coldfeetrecords)

TEMPLARS – "Out Of The Darkness" EP

Even though I have a shiny dome, a bundle of BLITZ and COCKNEY REJECTS records, and Doc Martens I am not really a fan of what passes for Oi! music these days—way too slow and generic for these old ears. THE TEMPLARS are always the exception to the rule, as they are the blue print of what Oi! should be—sure it's kinda slow with gruff vocals, but these boys have always had an ear for the hooks, and this 7" is no exception. This is a little thicker and more straightforward than some of their earlier gear, but as always with these guys, I'm digging it. (TB)

(Templecombe, PO Box 602, Bayshore, NY 11706-0660)

THEE VIBRAFINGERS – "They Vibrate" CD

THEE VIBRAFINGERS website says they're influenced by THE OBLIVIANS, and THE CRAMPS. It sounds like they're pulling a little from those bands and tossing in some theatrics. They can play their instruments, but they don't really seem to develop into their own beast. If you're really into DEAD KENNEDYS as well as the THE CRAMPS and OBLIVIANS, this may be something you'd want to check out. (P$)

(Turborock, 6 rue Maurice Dutacq, 14000 Caen, FRANCE, www.turborock.com)

THIS BIKE IS A PIPE BOMB – "Convertible" CD

You know, I was a bit surprised to see this album in my box when I came in to do reviews. *Convertible* has been "finished" for almost a full year now, but for various reasons the official release has been continually pushed back until now. If you're a fan of the band you will not be let down. This album is more classic THIS BIKE IS A PIPEBOMB; it starts right where they left off after their last album. In my opinion (after two listens) this could be their best album yet, but it might be too early to make that statement. For those unfamiliar, THIS BIKE IS A PIPE BOMB is probably the most well known folk-punk band currently playing. They are largely responsible for the recent eruption of the sub-genre. They are like the RAMONES of folk-punk. When they'd go on tour, literally like three folk-punk bands would spring out of every town they played in. THIS BIKE IS A PIPE BOMB totally walks that very thin line between punk and hippie, and they're great. They write fun, catchy, political songs, and do it better than the hundreds, maybe thousands, of bands they have inspired. (FS)

(Plan-It-X South, 720 Pickens Ave., Pensacola, FL 32503)

THIS RUNS ON BLOOD – "Youngre, Strangre" EP

Total fucking *screamo* spazz-out. Lyric booklet and cover are hand sewn (cover is also silk-screened black, red, and silver with a scene of dead-looking people in tall grasses below a blood-red sky?), and since this record is numbered out of 500, that's a whole lot of sewing! But all joking aside, because I'm not sure if these guys are fans of humor… Holy fucking hell, this is some seriously fucked up music. It gave me a headache listening to it just once. Only two songs, but Jesus are they nuts, like an emo version of WHITEHOUSE. The lyrics could be the printed translation of an abortion procedure. It's well done, but I just can't handle it. (And yes, the title above is spelled correctly, or at least how it's on the booklet.) (VL)

(Self-released, www.myspace.com/thisrunsonblood)

TRADITIONAL FOOLS – LP

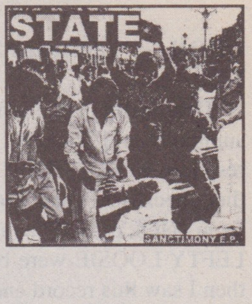
I'm a big fan of BILLY CHILDISH and the Medway sound, but sometimes it just lacks a little humor and charm…. Well, here is the solution on one easy disc, taking the lo-fi analog snap of CHILDISH et al, but adding in the scrappy DIY basement punk of FYP, TOYS THAT KILL etc. Catchy as all hell, I was reaching for a beer by track two and had finished the twelve-pack after three listens… Fuck yeah. (TB)

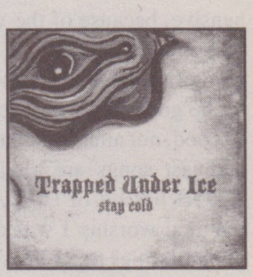
(Make A Mess, www.myspace.com/makeamessrecords)

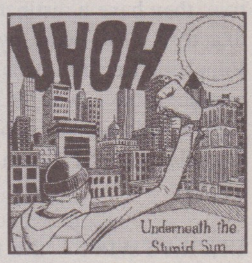
TRAPPED UNDER ICE – "Stay Cold" CD

Not much I need to say about this one. TRAPPED UNDER ICE plays a very familiar form of thuggy hardcore that does little to break the mold, but solid nonetheless. Personal lyrics about the down sides of life in the sad streets of Bmore are spat over tanker-heavy chugging riffs. This CD contains the *Stay Cold* EP along with TRAPPED UNDER ICE's 2007 demo, a live set and a dub track. I have to say I like the demo tracks a bit more than the *Stay Cold* tracks, as they have somewhat of a hip-hop feel to the cadence of the songs that I (surprisingly) like. If this sounds like something you'd be into, it probably is. Fans of COLD WORLD, IRON BOOTS, etc., take note. (JU)

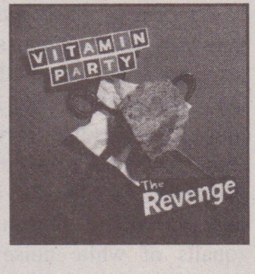
(Reaper, PO Box 2935, Liverpool, NY 13089, www.reaperhardcore.com)







VIOLENT HEADACHE
THE SINGLES COLLECTION



winning looks

UHOH – "Underneath the Stupid Sun" EP

This record is like a fresh slice of Midwest summertime. I'll admit I had a preconditioned response to like UHOH before I even heard them because I knew that among others, Eric from HOLY SHIT! and Katherine from LEFTY LOOSIE were both in this band. But then I saw this record and became a bit apprehensive, because of the very blatant HICKEY reference in the title of the record. If you're going to bite HICKEY that hard, man, you better be good. As it turns out, the record is really good, not amazing, but really good. The first and last songs are total jams, and although UHOH has bit of HICKEY influence it's not the total worship I was expecting. It has a lot of similarities to REPLACEMENTS, TULSA, SHANG-A-LANG, and… LEFTY LOOSIE. I know it's a cheap reference to make but it's true; they have a distinct similarity. UHOH is exactly what you would expect from Repulsion Records. This entire 7" will end up on one of the mix tapes I make before hitting the road this summer. Good shit, for sure! (FS)
(Repulsion, 2552 Booth St., Milwaukee, WI 53212)

ULTRA TWIST – "No Beer, No Fun", EP

Total BO DIDDLEY riffs, call and response lyrics about beer, partying, and politics. Serious stylistic nods to LINK WRAY, and actually some elements of Oi! punk, and then a metal moment at the end. It's all done through the filter of that '50s rock 'n' roll sound. Total sloppy teenage dance party freak-out. These dudes are way into their Theremin too. (MM)
(Bubca, www.myspace.com/bubcarecords)

UV RAYS – "Are Sick Of Humans" EP

This band plays mid-paced hard rock. Luckily for us it's recorded on no budget and delivered with an aggression and intensity that takes it a notch above other AC/DC wannabes and into later BLACK FLAG territory. One thing I'll say is that there are too many guitar solos, and the solos themselves are fairly pedestrian. If I have to hear solos, I want to hear screeching, demented, feedback-strewn squalls of white noise, not pseudo-bluesy noodling. Still, all five songs are decent, and I dig the negative vibe of the whole thing. (AM)
(Feral Kid, 379 Ontario St, Buffalo, NY 14207, www.feralkidrecords.com)

VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL – "Unlucky" CD

Great mid-tempo bouncy melodic punk from Elgin, Illinois. Snotty and catchy with good lyrics, it sounds like a mix of THE VINDICTIVES and FIFTEEN. VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL injects emotion into their songs without sounding whiny, and I can see no evidence of any pretense or phony attitudes. *Unlucky* is just a cool little disc. Eight songs in twenty-five minutes, when it was over I played it again... I wonder if they're named after the FYP song. (AD)
(Cassette Deck, PO Box 7007, Algonquin, IL 60102, www.myspace.com/cassettedeckmedia)

VIOLENT HEADACHE – "The Singles Collection" CD

84 tracks of raw grindcore from Spain. VIOLENT HEADACHE has been going since roughly 1988 and was one of the first Spanish bands to play grindcore along with EL KASO URKIJO. This CD covers a span of time from their 1992 split with AGATHOCLES to their 2000 split with UNHOLY GRAVE. VIOLENT HEADACHE's music is raw and has many elements of hardcore, noisecore, and a little crust. Actually, AGATHOCLES and UNHOLY GRAVE are good starting points. Within the first eleven tracks of this CD you can hear the bands progression and change. The punk-ish crusty heaviness of their 1996 *Police Brutality* EP tracks reminds me of bands like DISRUPT, and the grindcore tunes (which features additional female vocals) from their 2000 split with UNHOLY GRAVE rips. Great stuff. (MH)
(Six Weeks, www.sixweeksrecords.com)

VIOLENT SOCIETY – "Punk Collection" CD

This long standing Philly band always filled the gaps between the NYC Squat or Rot bands of yore, such as PUBLIC NUISANCE and NAUSEA, and the spiky '82 bands like THE CASUALTIES or even AUS ROTTEN. UK82 sounds mixed with classic USHC. I dig 'em in theory, and give them mad props for weathering the '90s storm when every band was shit. Not sure I have the patience for 27 tracks these days, but if you're a fan of the genre there's few better. (TB)
(Puke N Vomit, PO Box 3435, Fullerton, CA 92834)

VIVIAN GIRLS – "Tell The World" EP

The usual lazy description of VIVIAN GIRLS utilizes a reference to THE JESUS AND MARY CHAIN, but fuck that. VIVIAN GIRLS has better songs, better noise (abetted by grittier production on their records), and sounds more in the neighborhood of halfway between the second and third VELVET UNDERGROUND LPs with ethereal vocal harmonies. Which means they're real good, as most of you probably already know. (DD)
(Woodist, no address)

VITAMIN PARTY – "The Revenge" CD

One part pop punk, one party indie rock, and one part alternative rock. I'd venture they like THE THERMALS and (according to their MySpace) they're into THE MISFITS and WEEZER. Think an alt. rock MODERN MACHINES. While the songs are definitely well played, they are a bit too conventional or alternative rock for my taste. There are a few good moments on this CD, but at 15 songs, there is a lot of filler. I'd love to hear them plow a middle ground between STATUES and THE THERMALS. (P$)
(Get It Out!, www.vitaminparty.com)

WAIT IN VAIN – "Seasons" CD

It's so freakin' invigorating to hear straight-edge hardcore that's (mostly) free of metal and is full of awesome lyrics that go beyond the typical "personal struggle" bullshit that dominates the genre. Of course that's the case here considering this new band features members of TRIAL, CHAMPION, among others, which were some of the better bands of the sort in the last decade or so. What's really cool about this album is that while not sounding retro, for the most part it's still a total throw back to the good ol' days of top notch releases such as the JUDGE LP and the CHAIN OF STRENGTH EPs. All the elements you expect, such as the chugga-chugga guitar riffs and the sing-along chorus lines, are here, but the song structures and the intelligent lyrics place this way above the standard fare that floods the market. Reading along to the words of the songs helped me listen to the entire album, but otherwise I feel that this exemplifies my personal principle that *all hardcore records should either be 7" or 12" EPs* because this starts to get a little wearisome after a while. That said, WAIT IN VAIN is still highly recommended for the sXe/Revelation Records crowd. Bringin' it back! (BG)
(Think Fast!, www.thinkfastrecords.com)

WARKRIME – "Tighten Up" EP

Sonically, the final WARKRIME record doesn't differ too much from their previous two—caustic, schizophrenic hardcore, this time with slower tempos on a couple of the tracks and perhaps a bit more musical sophistication—but in the lyrics, there seems to be a turn away from dissatisfaction with the outside world toward a critical inner view. I get a sense of claustrophobic frustration—maybe has something to do with why the band is splitting

up? Either way, this is a fitting epitaph… They don't *quite* nail the LOVE cover, in my opinion, though it was worth a try. Definitely one of the most interesting bands to come out of the punk scene in the last five years. (CS)
(No Way, www.nowayrecords.com)

WINNING LOOKS – "What A Shame" EP

The newest band from Tami Hart—WINNING LOOKS plays stomping fuzzed-out riffs and super-bratty squeal-out vocals, though it slips into cheese-ville on the choruses here and there. This is a total garage punk rave-up. Sparse but heavy hitting steady drums, and everything distorted to perfection. Most of the tracks are super fast freak-outs. Awesome. (MM)
(Waiting, www.waitingrecords.com)

WOMEN – "Own the Night" EP

You certainly get your money's worth here as this 7" EP has six songs, clocks in at over ten minutes, and has a nice hand-screened cover. The music is loose and thrash-y with shouted/yelped vocals and a general lo-fi sound. I guess you could call it old-school hardcore—it definitely has enough energy and plenty of wallop. (AD)
(FDH, www.myspace.com/fdhrecords)

WORLD BURNS TO DEATH – "The Graveyard of Utopia" LP

Fuuuck! Much like the last WORLD BURNS TO DEATH LP, *Totalitarian Sodomy*, *The Graveyard of Utopia* is an epic bumout of mammoth proportions. While all of the tracks on that last LP were specific to a particular isolated genocide, *The Graveyard of Utopia* focuses on the humanitarian crimes and genocidal actions of the former Soviet Union towards it's own peoples and neighbors. I'm sure pretty much everyone on this earth knows, or at least will know, that humans do despicable, unjustifiable, and monstrous things to other beings, but when you see the details spilled (and spelled) out in front of you in all of their horrifying glory, it really makes one feel sick and ashamed to be among the same species as it's perpetrators. As I've come to expect from WORLD BURNS TO DEATH's LPs (not too keen on their 7"s), this platter is a fucking B-E-A-S-T. Eight crushing tracks of burly glee-devouring hardcore, this time adding more of a rock edge, while remaining as heavy and powerful as ever. Featuring a veritable who's-who cast of Japanese hardcore heavyweights—Chelsea Kishida (DEATH SIDE, PAINTBOX, etc. – R.I.P.), Souichi Hisatake (FORWARD, INSANE YOUTH, WARHEAD JUNK), and Keiro Imajyo (EXTINCT GOVERNMENT)—all contributing on guitar duties. Though on a negative note, I gotta say the last song is pretty much unlistenable. This is, if nothing else an intense record, musically and lyrically, and there is no escaping the bleakness with the massive book of lyrics, descriptions, and quotes to tie the whole depressing package together. "When they speak of peace, war is coming. When they speak of love, hatred is coming. When they speak of life, death is coming. When they speak of hope, the end is coming." And I will leave it at that. (JU)
(Prank, PO Box 410892, San Francisco, CA 94141-0892, www.prankrecords.com)

WRAITH "Next in Line" EP

This UK band's four-song debut EP straddles both the late '90s evolution of crust hardcore (HIS HERO IS GONE, DAGDA), in it's dark savage overload of both guitar feedback and hoarse shouted vocals, and the evolved '90s/'00s metallic hardcore (COALESCE, BURST, etc) with intricate guitar parts and a (comparatively) precise musicianship that weaves longish and quick, but never quite full-throttle hardcore. Each track seems to trickle down to a quiet interlude before bursting back as a full volume flood of noise. A solid and impressive debut in an excessive gatefold sleeve. (KS)
(Reflections, Klarendalseweg 456-457, 6822 GW Arnhem, NETHERLANDS)

YOUNG OFFENDERS – "Small Man Big House/ Saints"

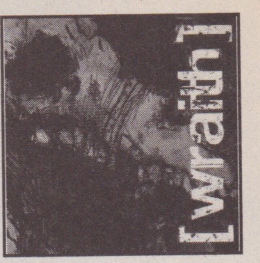
On this, their third single, Uncle Doug Dawg (pronounced: Doog), two more bald dudes, and a burly ass pool skater bring the masses two more sickeningly infectious tunes of street-savvy pop bites to prove just how well they can repeatedly pen a catchy fuckin' tune. Throw some EATER, some early-'80s mod revival, (good) power-pop, and some MARKED MEN in your ear, and you are left with a gel that sticks to your being like a rat in a glue trap. My only complaint: too short! Can't wait for the next one. (JU)
(Deranged, c/o Gordon Dufresne, 2700 Lower Rd, Roberts Creek, BC V0N 2W4, CANADA, www.derangedrecords.com

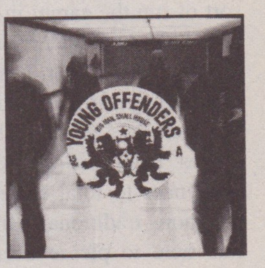
THE ZIP GUNS – "Dirty Pictures" EP

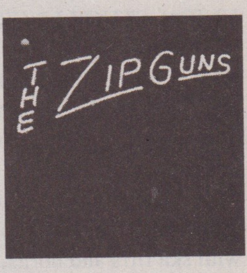
I see these guys cover THE LURKERS, and I immediately think I'm in for a treat. THE ZIP GUNS play driving, throbbing punk rock, reminiscent, at least for me, of THE DEAD BOYS, without really sounding like them. I've said this about other bands, and it's not a bad thing: This is rock 'n' roll first and punk rock second. These fuckers even have their own neon sign. How cool is that? (KK)
(Meaty Beaty, 980 Harrison St., San Francisco, CA 94107)

V/A – "Built To Last Records… It's a Promise" CD

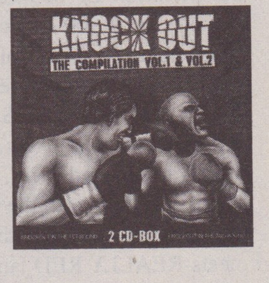
This is a comp of new bands in all areas of punk, metal, and emo. There wasn't one band on this comp that captured my attention. Each band on this comp sounds like a poorly mimicked Warped Tour band. Pretty boring stuff. (PL)
(Built to Last, 84 Bushwood Rd., Kew Gardens Surrey, TW9 3BQ, ENGLAND, www.builttolastrecords.com)







FUCK DETROIT THIS IS GRAND RAPIDS
A HARDCORE PUNK COMPILATION



PLAN-IT-X
COMP #2

V/A – "CommunityRecords.Org Compilation" CD

I got kind of a pleasant hippie-punk vibe when I was looking through this before putting it in the CD player. It seems the folks behind this release are really into promoting cool punk and ska music, as well as helping to create "an environment of openness, positivity, and creativity" within the scene. I can dig that. The music itself concerns thirteen bands that sort of run the gamut in styles, but most them fall somewhere under the realm of ska-punk of one type or another. I didn't even realize that this stuff was still around, but then again, what the fuck do I know? The ska-ish punk stuff ranges from melodic OP IVY and NOFX influences to total ska-metalcore (!) I prefer the more traditional stuff, but there's a nice mix here to please everyone. There are too many to go into detail, but I can say my favorites of the bunch are WE ARE THE UNION, STUCK LUCKY, ARM THE POOR, MAD CONDUCTOR, and BRUNT OF IT. Lots of info on the bands and lyrics are available through the website, which is kind of a neat way of combining media to form a modern collective. This is a good DIY effort worthy of checking out, but only if you have a propensity for punk and hardcore flavored with ska riffs and horns. (BG)

(Community, www.communityrecords.org)

V/A – "Emergency Room Vol. 1" LP

Compilation LPs tend to get listened to once and filed 'round my yard—invariably there's a couple of stand-outs and the rest filler. Not so here. This disc will go down in the annals of time as a classic document of a scene (a ripping one at that!). Showcasing a bunch of bands who play at the Emergency Room club in Vancouver, Canada, this is as good as the legendary *Vancouver Complication* LP of three decades ago. Über limited, some 900-odd copies, complete with lavish photo booklet, which appears to be hand stitched. Let's not forget the real meat...the music...ah, the music. Side-one has the more straightforward punkers, and the flip, some more art-damaged wave. Every track on the A-side is a winner with the DEFEKTORS taking the tape by a nose with their snappy WIPERS-meets-REALLY RED jams, but not far behind comes THE VAPIDS, sounding like a more pissed BIKINI KILL, or maybe it's the PETROLEUM BY PRODUCTS, BANSHEES/ADAM AND THE ANTS rockers... Fuck, I can't pick 'em. The B side is a tougher listen, THE MUTATORS are a squealing wall of noise, blowing the fuck out of most mainland "no-fi" bands, followed by the TWIN CRYSTALS' LOST SOUNDS homage, then the even more abrasive electro madness of NU SENSAE and SICK BUILDINGS. The A-side is more my speed, but the whole LP is quite a listen. Nice. (TB)

(Nominal, 726 Richards St, Vancouver, BC, V6B 3A4, CANADA)

V/A – "Fuck Detroit This Is Grand Rapids" EP

One song each from the Grand Rapids bands FINAL WORD, JESUS CRISIS, ATTENTION SPAN, POSITIVE NOISE, RELIGIOUS SS DISORDER, THE REAL BITTERS, S/M, TOTAL GARBAGE. If you want to generalize, and I do, they all fall into the category of hardcore that has been punkified, or punk that has been hardcore-fied. All pretty fast, gritty, and pissed. (AA)

(Punks Before Profits, PO Box 1148, Grand Rapids, MI 49501)

V/A – "Knock Out Volume 1&2" CD

A two CD box set of yawn-inducing, plodding-to-the-point-of-stop Oi! and punk. The few exceptions being far between, but luckily enough to have the odd STAGE BOTTLES, OXYMORON, THOSE UNKNOWN, TEMPLARS, THE BLAGGERS and a couple of other saving graces to stop me from winging this dud out the fackin' windy. (SD)

(Knock Out, www.knock-out.de)

V/A – "PDX" EP

This locals-only comp collects four songs by bands that don't neatly fit into any one Portland scene. SLEEPWALKERS RIP starts things off with a scrappy, choppy, noisy, catchy punk rock anthem. The guitar wanders in all of the best directions—it's wild and sparse and almost reminiscent of the Aussie X, except with a little more flare. THE ESTRANGED's song is melodic and melancholic and, like the SLEEPWALKERS RIP tune, it contains some infectious and adventurous guitar lines. AUTISTIC YOUTH's track starts out with a long rhythmic intro, which brings to mind NEW MODEL ARMY, and then they kick into some classic SoCal-meets-doomtown style tuneage. Overall, I'd say it's their most ambitious song to date. NIX ends the proceedings with two tracks of inept, snotty, raw punk rock. Simple, robotic riffs give way to inane choruses. "Breakdown" has some obvious nods to BLACK FLAG, but I'm gonna go out on a limb and assume these guys have heard THE SHITDOGS before, and they seem to be flirting with ANGRY SAMOANS too. *PDX* is a neat little document. Play this back-to-back with the *Warning Vinyl Fanzine* 7" comp from last year, and you'll realize that Portland has quite a prolific and diverse punk scene. (CI)

(Black Water, PO Box 5223, Portland, OR 97208-5223, www.blackwaterpdx.com)

V/A – "Plan It" CD

"Selling DIY punk and folk since 1994." Enticing? Oh God, do I really have to review this, and just after that awful Oi! comp. God is definitely a prod. Anyway, 32-tracks off-role in the wardrobe and see what sticks—dweeny, fix-gear, cheap beer, pungent BO, hairy armpit, house show smugness. Nice to get that out of the system. With a few exceptions, I really couldn't give a flies fart in a Turkish bath about the bobble-hat core brigade, and their tofu fondu romp arounds. I do like THE BANANAS, JAPANTHER, and ANTSY PANTS, so I guess it ain't all Adolf Hitler. (SD)

(Plan-it-X, PO Box 14001, Gainesville, FL 32604, www.plan-it-x.com)

V/A – "Sinfonia Da Desgraca" CD

Five-way (as in bands) split—all from Brazil...wait, except for one, from the US. First off is ABRAVANEL... Two singers and virtually two different styles. The first singer screams on the blurred fast hardcore songs, and screeches like Jabba the Hutt's little rat buddy that chews on C3PO's eyes right before Luke and Leia blow up Jabba's barge in *Return of the Jedi*. The second is gruffer and sounds like a '90s straightedge band. They play 13 songs; four or five would have been good, knowing there was four bands left. 13 was way too many. DERCI GONCALVES is up next, oddly reminding me of the old German hardcore band LUZIFERS MOB. Super fast, heavy, and screamed vocals—I'm into it. Good one dudes. CHUCK NORRIS is next and plays fast power violence-type stuff—could have been on a Deep Six *Reality* comp or done a split with WASTEOID. Up next are RABUJOS and they play fast and heavy hardcore. They sound like they could be on one of those new Relapse comps or put out a split with PIG DESTROYER. This is pretty good too. DEATH MOLD is the Yankee representation of the comp, and plays fast hardcore. The singer has this crazy voice, and it sounds like he's a throat cancer survivor singing through the hole in his throat. It's kind of nauseating. Overall, this release gets a B- in my book. The middle bands are cool and most of this was pretty good, but come on guys, 41 songs of grind and hardcore? Too fucking much. Save up your dough and release a 13-song 7". (VL)

(Recusacoletiva, rescusacoletiva @gmail.com)

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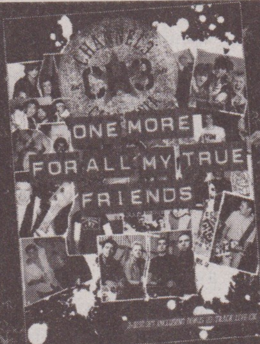
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DEMOS

Send demos and CD-Rs to: MRR attn: Demos, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo! Reviews by Peter Avery, Justin Briggs, Cissie Scurlock, and Vinnie La Russa.

THE BEOWOLVES – On the eighth day God created rock and thus THE BEOWOLVES were formed. Not really, but I could see this band incorporating something like that onto a flyer. This is *rock*, very rockin'… Did you get that? Rock 'n' roll! Wanky guitars and straight 4/4 beat (for the most part). The cover of this CDR is full color with a drawing of a sorcerer, knight, and two other dudes alternately crying and worshipping a Gibson SG. If Sammy Hagar sang for ANNIHILATION TIME… (Vinnie) (6-song CD, no lyrics included, 2632 N 74th St., Wauwatosa, WI 53213)

BOBBY NOBBITT – These five punk rock songs are heavy on the rock part. The first song is a scorcher with up-tempo drumming that doesn't believe in breakdowns, driving guitar riffs and dual vocals (one with a deeper, sort of lazy, slurred singing style and the other with a high pitched scream). Three of the next four songs follow the same sort of rockabilly/hardcore mix style that you might expect from a John Reis band. The one other song is a five-minute-plus spacey hardcore jam tune that gets old quick. (Pete) (5-song CD, no lyrics included, bustybt@yahoo.com)

BORN HAIRY – The greater part of these four short songs sounds heavily influenced by bands that were heavily influenced by JAWBREAKER. The band plays melodic pop punk with slightly gravelly vocals. They do manage to incorporate some screaming hardcore elements into the verse of one song and some quieter, quirky parts into a couple of songs. On the whole, it may not be groundbreaking but its quick, well played and the recording sounds good. (Pete) (4-song CD, lyrics included, p.watt43@yahoo.com)

CHAOS DESTROY – As stated in my other reviews this month (demo and records) I love the noise, whether it's noisecore (CONFUSE, LEBENDEN TOTEN, AGHAST, FEROCIOUS X) or just straight noise, I love the fuzz and screeching whir but this is too much for me. There is nothing beyond the punishment to form the tunes and it's just noise for noise' sake. I just feel that there' something missing here. It's just a bunch of banging and screaming. (Justin) (22-song cassette, no lyrics included, Black Konflik, PO Box 28,27600 Raub, Pahang, MALAYSIA)

DODESKADEN – Really straightforward and heavy hardcore from Northern Sweden. Two singers that trade off duties and their delivery and style reminds me of Dino and Mauz of DYSTOPIA, but musically I'm thinking mid-'90s crusty hardcore. Decent guitar riffs… not too amazing, but overall okay and has potential. Lyrics are cool, especially "Get down on your knees, be the bourgoise's (sic) bitch." (Vinnie) (8-song CD, lyrics included, www.dodeskaden.se)

ILLYA – After the somewhat unnecessary intro that opens this Japanese band's first demo is complete, ILLYA storm to the lines like a wildfire through CA's central valley of rip-roaring classic Nippon hardcore. Catchy yet furious, advanced riffage, screaming-mad vocals and a thunderous rhythm section carry this one into the leval of classics like EVANCE, GUDON, etc. Get it now! (Justin) (6-song CD, lyrics in Japanese included, uchujin_no_haru@yahoo.co.jp or illyasviel .web.fc2.com)

LEBENDEN TOTEN – LEBENDEN TOTEN wins the packaging of the month award with this tape of their recent KBOO radio set. A silk-screened black manila envelope contains an elegantly duct-taped wrapped cassette, a patch, and a full-page lyric sheet with lots of awesome crude drawings of birds, flowers, gravestones, vampires, etc. Beyond that, LEBENDEN TOTEN continues their noise-not-music antics, and succeeds in making the world a better place, or at least I feel better since I popped it on. The KBOO studio seems to suit them, because all the instruments are audible without the band losing any of their noise appeal—the buzzing makeshift guitar solos, relentless feedback, melodic bass lines, and squeaky vocals that have made LEBENDEN TOTEN distinguishable really shine through on this radio set. Clatter, nonsense, and chaos join forces, and all the sullen spiky-tops start dancing, no rhythm to be found. You'll dance to this too, no joke. (Cissie) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, PO Box 40113, Portland, OR 97240-0113)

MACHINE GUN CONGRESS – Anti-fascist, hardcore punk… Yep, that pretty much sums it up. Cool packaging—a zine including lyrics and explanations with the CDR in an envelope on the back cover. The music is fairly stereotypical of this effort—dudette and dude switching off the vocals, fast hardcore punk—reminds me of I OBJECT, but they have cool TRAGEDY-esque guitar leads that kept my interest and led me to *play (this) through to the end*… (Vinnie) ($4 PPD 5-song CD, lyrics included, PO Box 11563, Portland, OR 97211)

MIGRAINE – Part grindcore, part SUBMACHINE or THE PIST-style hardcore—MIGRAINE plays basic, sloppy, fast songs with up-tempo drumming, power chords that give into guitar wanking a little too often and deep screaming vocals that sound heavily muffled. (Pete) (8-song CD, no lyrics included, 1310 El Camino Dr., Clayton, CA 94517)

MORPHEME – It's is a real treat having a new band like this in the ol' Bay Area! In keeping with the grand tradition of Japanese noisecore acts like CONFUSE, GAI, etc. (I feel I'm writing that in every other review these days, but what a welcomed thing that is!), MORPHEME tears it up with a feedback-drenched D-beat hardcore tsunami with effected vocals that I am a complete sucker for. Beyond the noise these are well-crafted catchy tunes, to boot. I welcome this troupe with open arms and can't wait to see them play again. If you're into this style, don't sleep on writing for a copy of this killer demo! (Justin) (6-song CD, no lyrics included, daikikusuhara @gmail.com)

NEVER TRUST – These Canucks ain't hiding their love of VOID—the skeleton artwork and track named "Void" don't lie. NEVER TRUST is also the title of a SEPTIC DEATH song, so they are at the altar of more than one early-'80s freaker hardcore band. To be fair, I'm not hearing much VOID or SEPTIC DEATH influence in NEVER TRUST's music. They are much more melodic and traditional than either of those bands, so maybe the influence has more to do with a bleak vibe. The guitar work is great, but my ears are telling me some ARTICLES OF FAITH riffs were stuck in the dude's head while he was writing these tunes. Even through the mud-drenched recording, it's obvious that NEVER TRUST's songs are well developed and more interesting than your average thrash-a-lot band. This demo falls in the "good" category and if the recording was cleaner this would get regularly tossed into my tape deck. (Cissie) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, Jon Kruithof, 363 East 18th St, Hamilton, ON L9A 4P7, CANADA)

OAK AND BONE – Slow and heavy hardcore capturing the early-to-mid-'90s Ebullition sound, but more rocking and with more off-time playing than any Ebullition band ever sustained. This is a well done demo—cool cover (painted and silk screened *gatefold*, limited and numbered out of 75) and good recording. I imagine this is not the last I've heard of these guys. (Vinnie) ($3 PPD, 5-song CD, lyrics included, 430 Westcott St. #3, Syracuse, NY 1310)

THE PROLES – The band sent in two copies of this CDR demo and… wait, what the fuck is that smell?!? It smells like patchouli. What the fucking fuck. Okay, maybe it isn't, but if I'm taking my DEATH SIDE CD out of the player your demo better not fucking smell anything close to hippy oil. Moving along… THE PROLES plays straight forward pop punk, melodic hardcore, with what sounds like a crew of people singing, and I'm reminded of the Langley School Project where that group of students sang BOWIE and BEACH BOYS songs. The music reminds me a lot of (here's obscure for you) RED #9 from San Jose, CA, and maybe a touch of THIS IS MY FIST or MIAMI, but not as fast or gruff. As I said, two copies but different covers: one is cloth and silk-screened, the other is photocopied. Cut and paste lyric sheet, lyrics are about city hall, breaking windows, and Myspace (anti-stance). This is total Fred Schrunk-core. Overall, a cool 6-song demo, but be sure to wash up after handling. (Vinnie) ($2 PPD 6-song CD, lyrics included, 1017 N. Prospect St., Rockford, IL 61107)

RAIN BOLT – This here is two songs of nearly inaudible, out-of-tune guitar and sleepy sounding, off-key vocals. It sounds like he threw a mic in front of himself while he sat and played his electric guitar, which wasn't plugged in, and sang. The guitar playing is very simple (just a couple of chords) and the lyrics sound like they're just thrown together. When you put all that together it sounds a whole lot like Low Barlow's early solo recordings. (Pete) (2-song CD, no lyrics included, 1472 NW Cherry Dr., Roseburg, OR 97470, tadtenmile@hotmail.com)

THE RUNS – Seriously, who thinks that people will want to hear them sing a song about how constipated they are? Obviously, these two guys and their drum machine, who play very basic punk with snotty vocals. It's like an even worse version of the first SCREECHING WEASEL demo tape but not nearly as clever. (Pete) (6-song CD, lyrics included, 683 Sumerset St., Apt. 3, K12 6P3, Ottawa, ON, Canada, matliolec @hotmail.com)

SARANAGATI – It's two guys making a ridiculous amount of Krishna, straightedge hardcore, well sort of. At least the first 20 songs are grinding, slightly out-of-control hardcore with both vocalists screaming like crazy, about Krishna. The last 16 songs are "sweet and meditative radhakrishna bhajans using traditional Indian instruments," and if you've ever seen a group of Krishnas chanting and playing tambourines on the street corner then you'll know exactly how sweet and meditative it is. The hardcore songs are pretty good but Krishna, like any religion, is still about subjecting ones self to a rigid system of beliefs rather than thinking for one's self. (Pete) (36-song CD, lyrics included, #7 Flores St. Brgy., Espeleta II, Bahayang Pag-Asa Subd., Imus, Cavite, 4103, Philippines, agaringo @yahoo.com)

SKULL COLLECTOR – As much as I love great packaging, and this tape has it, I would have appreciated it more if the band would have spent that extra time on making the recording sound better. On one side they play heavy, grinding hardcore with harsh, screaming vocals that totally overpower the music. The music itself is metal influenced guitar parts backed by fast drumming that then gives way to sludgy breakdowns. The other side of the tape sounds like one of those old spooky haunted house soundtrack records. (Pete) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, 3190 Estelita Court Apt. C, San Luis Obispo, CA 93401, lungoven@gmail.com)

SOMETHING AGAINST YOU – A few months ago, the EUCHARIST LP was getting a lot of play at the *MRR* HQ. Musically, Hungary's SOMETHING AGAINST YOU isn't far removed from the sounds found on that LP, and I can also see similarities to the '90s East Bay hardcore sound. The recording has a lot of low-end modern chunk, but the guitars are straight punk, and the drums keep things bouncing at the perfect mid-tempo-to-fast pace. Occasionally, SOMETHING AGAINST YOU delves into that ever-tricky world of complex rhythms and minor chords, but their real strength is in their powerful and flawless tempo changes. To sum things up, SOMETHING AGAINST YOU plays ripping and thoughtful fast hardcore, and if you are a fan of anything like DEAD AND GONE or EUCHARIST you should take note and track down this CD. (Cissie) (11-song CD, lyrics included, sthgvsu@freemail.hu, say.punkportal.hu)

STRESSED OUT! – Anytime that a band's artwork includes a skull wearing a hat with the bill flipped up the first reaction is to compare them to SUICIDAL. While STRESSED OUT! does have elements of metal influenced skate punk (especially in the opening riff to the first song) they tend more toward straight up hardcore in the vein of the early-'80s DC scene. The songs are short and fast, but with mandatory mosh breakdowns of course, and the screaming vocals are supported by plenty of gang backing vocals. (Pete) (4-song CD, lyrics included, 27 Robinson St. Apt. 2, New Brunswick, NJ 08901, stressedoutn @gmail.com)

THIS IS IT – Did you hear that THE URINALS and J Mascis met in a dark alley? No, wait, make that…bedroom? No? Well, they recorded their meeting on an old tape they raided from their parent's closet, my copy was two albums by pop-stars THE CARS, did some backwards masking of the vocals, or at least J sounded like he was singing backwards, then did some other noise-esque tracks with a xylophone and the input jack of J's Fender Mustang. The lyrics are hand-written on a scrap of binder paper. I'm looking forward to their next encounter. (Vinnie)
(5-song cassette, lyrics included, doyl0119 @umn.edu)

WOLFGANG BANG – "Bitch told me geeeeet out / I said to chiiiiiiilll ouuuuttt / (What happened next) / Hit before the door / Hit before the *doah*." Imagine the DEAD BOYS playing slower and with less aggression and hailed from the OC. (Vinnie) (6-song CD, no lyrics included, www.wolfgangbang.com)

V/A "Moon Boot Boutique" – This is a three band compilation CD and despite my lack of evidence, I'm going to guess that they are all from the Eugene, Oregon area. THE HANGING COFFINS plays fucked up BAUHAUS-inspired goth-punk with a really heavy echo effect on the vocals. SCATTERED TONGUES plays off kilter circus music with a drum machine and a keyboard. THE ELKS, who happens to be the best of the three, finish it off with six sloppy, noisy, mid-tempo hardcore songs that sound like they were recorded from several rooms away. Though the bands don't share a style, the CD is tied together by the fact that they all utilized the purposely sloppy noise effect. (Pete) (17-song CD, no lyrics included, 2785 Oak St. Apt. 11, Eugene, OR 97405)

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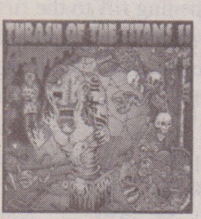
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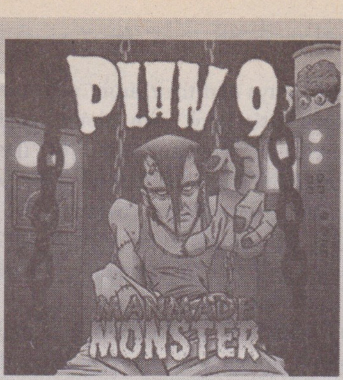

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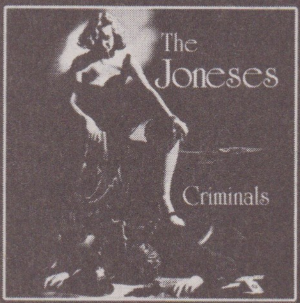

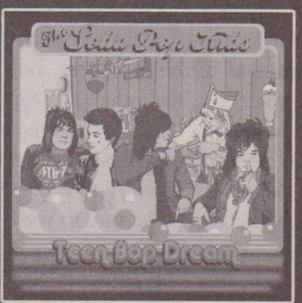

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ZINES

Send zines for review to: MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please include the following info on a separate piece of paper with your zine: postpaid price, international price, do you take trades?, size, copied or printed?, number of pages, language, mailing address, website address, email address.

Reviews by:
(JD)Judy Balmin
(JB) Julia Booze
(JU) Justin Briggs
(KC) aroline Collins
(BG) Bob Goldie
(CH) Cassie Harwood
(MJ) Meredith Jones
(NM) Nick Mangel
(JM) Jeff Mason
(SM) Scott Miller
(CR) Casey Ress
(CI) Cissie Scurlock
(DS) Dionne Stevens

ASKEW REVIEWS # 13 / $3
8.5 x 11 – printed – 48 pgs
How does one review a zine of reviews? I could start by telling you what they reviewed inside—that would be far too easy for us both. Grab *Askew* if reviews are your bag. You could have all the answers whilst doing very little of the legwork. I prefer yelp.com. (DS)
Askew Reviews / PO Box 684 / Hanover, MA 02339

AXE WOUND: GENDER IN THE HORROR GENRE – The Revenge Issue! / $5
8.25 x 5.75 – copied – 52 pgs
This is an insightful look at the horror movie sub-genre called "Rape Revenge," in which rape scenes are portrayed not for senseless or sexualized fluff plot, but to illustrate the essential horror of rape—and to ignite the *castrateous* rage of the woman victim-turned-victor, who takes revenge on her rapist! *Axe Wound* is a feminist fanzine with a horrific edge. Includes review and examination of controversial Rape Revenge movies like *I Spit on Your Grave* and *Last House On the Left*, an essay by horror director Jim Hemphill, and more... Great read! (CH)
www.axewoundzine.com

Axe Wound
gender in the horror genre
THE REVENGE ISSUE!

BARRICATA #16 / ?2.5
7.75 x 11.5 – printed – 60 pgs – French
I don't read French, sorry. I'm the loser here, as this glossy-covered rag looks pretty interesting. *Barricata* has music coverage—punk and Oi! mostly, but also reggae and hip hop—all of which is explicitly political. Plenty of articles also appear, which look at immigration in France and situations in Palestine, Guyana, Chiapas, and Colombia. Interviewed is an anarchist mixed martial arts fighter, who is in the IWW and sponsored by AK Press. As far as I can tell, this magazine hates the state from a wide variety of perspectives. "*Antifasciste et libertaire*" it says on the cover. *Barricata* is packed with info and has no advertisements. The price seems more than fair for what you get. (JM)
Barricata / 21 ter rue Voltaire / 75011 Paris, France
www.barricata.org

DROPOUT #4 / free
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 40pgs
Dropout is a cool skate zine from Oregon with tons of cool photos, some editorial pieces, European spot reviews, an interview with Slab City, and some cool record reviews. Not a whole lot to read, but nonetheless cool to look through. (SM)
Dropout Wheels / PO Box 86685 / Portland, OR 97286
dropoutwheels@yahoo.com

DUMB HARDCORE #2 / $?
8.25 x 11.75 – copied – 24 pgs
Dumb Hardcore is one of a good handful of quality Australian zines currently covering, you guessed it, hardcore. Featured in this second issue are interviews with DC's 86 Mentality, Oslo HC band Shipwrecked, '90s UK greats Voorhees, and Lecky's (Voorhees' vocalist) newer band Meatlocker. Also within the covers are reprinted interviews with NYHC pioneers Break Down from *In-Effect* zine, and a rather funny one from *Ink Disease* with SS Decontrol from right before they recorded *How We Rock* and are stoked on metal. The absolute icing on this slice of concrete cake is a history lesson on Fit For Abuse. I gotta admit I was real fuzzy inside when reading this piece cause these guys were among some of my best friends growing up in our small yet flourishing central Massachusetts scene, and they played a major role in sculpting my taste in music. I can probably say that if those guys weren't around in my teenage years, there is no way that I'd still, or ever have been a punk, and definitely not sitting here writing this review. If they ever play again, no matter where on earth it is, I'll be there. Just look for the guy that keeps knocking you through the wall. It's nice to see that Fit For Abuse is finally getting their due, since when they were around as a full-time band, no fucker gave a rat's ass. You (whoever you are) weren't there. Rad zine. (JU)
fightthem@hotmail.com

FAILSAFE #6 / £2
8.5 x 11.5 – printed – 20 pgs
Failsafe is an English fanzine, perhaps you've heard of these punk bands and people: Mekons, TV (Tim) Smith of The Adverts

BARRICATA
FANZINE DE CONTRE-CULTURE
ANTIFASCISTE ET LIBERTAIRE
BIENVENUE EN FRANCE
RESF - SUBHUMANS - BASH COLOMBIE - BAYONETS - JEFF MONSON
ANTIFAS RUSSES - LA K-BINE - SANS-PAPIERS RAFLÉS - TAI-LUC
ESCLAVES SALARIÉS - CHIAPAS - BANDA BASSOTTI - RÉPRESSION
★NUMÉRO 16 - JUIN 2008 - 2,5€★

and Bored Teenagers, Blitzkrieg, Jack Rabid. If this list contains anything of interest to you, then you will want to read this semi-gloss, fancy mag. It is funny when they bold print the bands and people, so you can really speed-read like a subgenius. (DS)

Failsafe / 63 Milton Street / Derby DE22 3PA / United Kingdom
www.failsafezine@yahoo.com

FATHER, SON, & HOLY SMOKES! #1 / free for punks
5.5 x 4.25 – copied – 16 pgs

This is a fun little zine full of funny cartoons, a couple of very brief band write-ups, and some information on things to do for those who happen to stumble upon Minot, North Dakota. It seems that *FATHER, SON, & HOLY SMOKES!* is also a sloppy and melodic punk band that sounds like they take their cues from CRIMPSHIRINE and CHICKENHEAD (you can hear a couple of tracks on the zine/band MySpace page). The whole zine has the feeling of a messy punk house full of empty beer cans and lots of well-worn punk records played on a shitty record player. There's spray paint on the walls and the place is decked out with dumpster scores. This sort of reminds me of an old Florida zine from the '90s called *Carter*. It's goofy, but it's a quick read guaranteed to make you chuckle a couple of times. Hey, and it's free, so why don't you write to them and get a copy. Speaking of writing to them, they claim that the inspiration for doing this thing in the first place was to get their MySpace friends to communicate in a more "tangible" way. Cool to see that. (BG)

Father Son & Holy Smokes! / 720 2nd Ave NE / Minot, ND 58703
www.myspace.com/holysmokesfather

GIVE ME BACK #3 / $2 US or $4 world
8.5 x 11 – newsprint – 56pgs

Just like its predecessor *HeartattaCk*, *Give Me Back* contains ads, columns, interviews (Margaret Thrasher, Seasick, Ultra Dolphins, No Age), zine, and record reviews. There is nothing exciting or captivating about this zine. (SM)

Give Me Back / PO Box 73691 / Washington, DC 20056

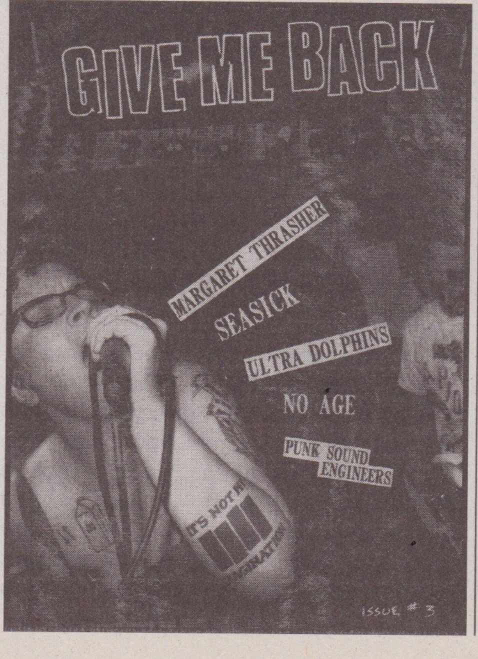
HOUSTON PUNK #4 / $2ppd
5.5 x 8 – copied – 16pgs

Houston Punk is a pretty slim and quick read. The author, Wil, gives us a glimpse at his good intentions with the odd mess that he's scattered around these pages. This issue has two short articles; one promoting the idea of Houston music and media and another discussing Chicago's venue situation. Neither of these articles contain much information, and they almost seem futile. Aside from the articles, we get a reprint of a "Know Your Rights" card, several pages soliciting for paid advertisements (sort of like a "your ad here" billboard but in zine form), some punk art, a map *presumably* of Wil's favorite local hangouts, and a list called "Not All of the Shows of the Summer, Only Some of Them, Only the Ones I Know About." Weird, but ultimately sweet. At first sight, *Houston Punk* seemed like the most pointless zine that I'd ever laid eyes on, but after investigating it a little more thoroughly I found it to be innocent and kind of endearing. If nothing else, *Houston Punk* is not pretentious, and it's oddly refreshing to read something written by a random and detached outside observer of the DIY punk scene. If you're looking to appease your genuine novelty appetite, then send away for this. (CI)

Houston Punk / 814 Alhambra / Sugar Land, TX 77478
willcloninger@yahoo.com

I'D START A REVOLUTION BUT I DON'T HAVE THE TIME/RIOT GRRRL / $3
8.5 x 5.5 – copied– 30 pgs

This split zine features memoir style essays from Hannah Neurotica and Jolie Noggle, two ardent, diehard riot-grrrl-ists. They write about how they discovered the riot grrrl movement and music, and blossomed into their own righteous riot grrrl selves with an almost religious fervor. Hannah puts it best—she was "reborn" as a riot grrrl following a series of events and personal awakenings. We get to read about their fanatic obsessions with Kathleen Hanna, and all the riot grrrl heroes. Jolie includes a copy of a handwritten letter response that she received in the mail from Kathleen Hanna and a picture of the two of them meeting at a Le Tigre show. Hannah ended up interning at her favorite record label, Kill Rock Stars, and creepily reports on details of their lives, like what Slim Moon was wearing, and how Tobi Vail would visit the doctor frequently. Both Jolie and Hannah write about their struggles and experiences with body image, eating disorders, girl-on-girl hate, and other feminist issues. My favorite part is the (not really) embarrassing pictures of the authors as teenagers. This might be a good read to knock down to that younger sibling who is going through those troublesome teenage tribulations... Or maybe that's you. Read up, little sister! (JD)



Jolie Noggle / 655 Martin Street/ Greenville, Ohio 45331
lickmylit@gmail.com
mrsnoggle.etsy.com

THE MATCH ! #106 / donations and stamps welcome
9 x 13 – printed – 76 pgs

I present to you my favorable review of this long running anarchist publication (since the 60's). Not your older sister's anarchism so much, but maybe your dad's? The old-*tymer*-ness comes out in certain dated statements, but that's the charm here. The authenticity comes from years spent opposing government and authoritarianism, not so much as a summer vocation til you go back to college, but as a life long dedication. The entire zine is made without computers! Amidst the depressing and enervating lists of "How Often" and "In All Ways" we are fucked under this government, I found many choice items that were particularly fascinating, for example the "Opposition to Religion Dept" is an intelligent, informed selection of editorials on news tidbits from around the world that pertain to all forms of mind control, not just the Christian kind I'm used to. A personal tale of getting hassled by the cops is presented as a lesson of how to deal with the law, a how-to for knowing your rights. Best of all, really, is the enormous letters section (because it is a forum), in which my favorite part of this journal appears: an explanation of how solar power works (or rather, barely works) in a real off-grid setting where the users are pretty frugal with their power anyway. It is a realistic assessment of what "sustainability" actually means, and what it would take for America to actually wean itself off fossil fuels. It is a very refreshing thing to read when I feel like I am constantly surrounded by green-washed literature and products from companies that are totally full of shit (like water bottle brands that donate profits to starving Africans), and back-patting idiots who are so proud of their Prius mileage. Anyway, *The Match!* absolutely belongs in your backpack, beside your toilet, left on bus seats, etc. (JB)

The Match! / PO Box 3012 / Tuscon, AZ 85702

MEAN PUNK #1 / $?
8.25 x 5.75 – copied – 32 pgs
More musing from the Bay Area's own Brace Belden, infamous author of rare and incredibly out-of-print zines *Thrasher's Monthly* and *Rock Explosion*. I heard rumors of an anthology of these zines, but don't keep your fingers crossed—they might develop gangrene and fall off before this happens. In the meantime, get an issue of *Mean Punk* if you still can. It's hard to describe exactly what lies in the pages of this issue; suffice it to say it's very funny—smart writing/shit-talking (Warkrime/Rabies tour, old bands getting back together, Bay Area scene report, other rock 'n' roll bullshit) obscured by smudged rub-on letters and retarded Nazi imagery. (CH)

Brace Belden c/o his parents / 146 Trinidad Dr. / Tiburon, CA 94920

OLY OLLY OXEN FREE – DICE GAMES! / #4 / $2 / trade / or 3 stamps
5.5 x 4.25 – copied – 40 pgs
A little handmade pocket manual filled with dice game rules and etiquette (Hot Dice, Bunko, Street Craps, etc). I for one know the feeling of being sidelined while my friends shoot dice, completely confused about the significance of each dice roll. This zine will fully prepare you for spontaneous dice-age (no Liar's Dice here, though!). (CH)

Oly Olly Oxen Free / 553 Mud Splash Rd / Glendale, KY 42740

PROFANE EXISTENCE #57 / $5
8.5 x 11 – printed – 84 pgs
The cover of this issue is a blazing street with two cars engulfed in the flames and a riot cop running in front of it, and it is the "Hot Summer Special 2008." That said, this issue features a RNC Welcome Committee strategy breakdown, so you can prepare yourself and your buddies for convention crashing. You can always count on *Profane Existence* for some motivational reading. There is a regular news update on the Green Scare with lists of websites where you can find out more to support activist prisoners, a specific analysis and rundown on the case of Shac7, an essay on the Attica Uprising, tons of columns, reviews, vegan recipes, and interviews with Warcollapse, Man the Conveyors, Against Empire, Armistice, and Kursk. Within one of the columns, there are nine miniature interviews of punk dads that are short and sweet but totally *real*, you know? And *Profane Existence* always comes with a CD featuring bands that are interviewed! (JB)

Profane Existence / PO Box 18051 / Minneapolis, MN 55418

SHIT SHEET #1 / $3ppg
8.5 x 11 - printed - 16pgs
Shit Sheet is a hardcore punk, cut-and-paste paper zine, which immediately scores it tons of points. I am partial to the Fit For Abuse interview 'cos I lived in Boston during their existence and they were my favorite band to see back then. I'm not typically sentimental, and it was a bit weird to read about the band as an afterthought, but I appreciate that others realize Fit For Abuse's importance. Mike also includes Q-and-As with Daniel from *Distort* fanzine and a member of Kakka Hätä 77. The interviews are a bit hit and miss. Some of the questions are wacky and annoying, but each of the subjects has interesting things to say, so it all evens out. I find much of Mike's writing to be overwrought and nostalgic—often telling random stories for no real reason—but I appreciate that he is trying to develop his own style. The über-punk, messy layout is cool to look at, but often impossible to read. I'm being way too harsh 'cos, as I already stated, zines like this are the best, and they're a dying breed, So send this dude some e-cash, and then consider putting your own hardcore punk zine to paper. (CI)

electricmayhemrecords@gmail.com

Making Punk a Threat Again!
PROFANE EXISTENCE
No. 57
Anarcho-Punk Resource Magazine
HOT SUMMER SPECIAL 2008
INSIDE:
WARCOLLAPSE
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TOURS & FESTIVALS
REVIEWS, NEWS
& MORE

STORM WARNING #53 / $2
8.5 x 11 - printed - 24 pages
I have seen *Storm Warning* before, and always had a lot of respect for it. The official organ of the Vietnam Veterans Against the War Anti-Imperialist, these guys take their experience in SE Asia very seriously, and relate it to imperialism in modern conflicts. There is writing and poetry from vets, which is often heart breaking. This issue covers war and racism, Israel, Memorial Day, Zionism, and more. Brilliant. (NM)

VVAWAI / PO Box 21604 / Seattle, WA 98111-3604

STUDENT INSURGENT #19.5 / $15 (yearly subscription), free to prisoners and UO students
14 x 11 – printed – 28 pgs
Similar in journalistic content and radical activism to other newsprint rags such as *Earth First! Journal*, this student-run publication is chock full of fascinating and revealing articles dealing with anarchism, consumerism, animal rights, the environment, and other political activism events around the globe. I should mention that there is also quite a few pages of intriguing correspondence to the paper, including a prisoner letter penned by that guy who shot up the White House with a machine gun back when Clinton was president. In fact, there are a slew of letters written from prison—most are interesting, but there's also one so full of insane rambling that the writer is giving San Francisco's infamous eccentric Frank Chu a run for his money! There's also an excellent article on how to spot and prevent covert government operations that aim to infiltrate activist groups. Lots of poetry, an opinion column relating the university environment to that of the state, and some comics fill out the rest of the periodical. Definitely worth picking up. (BG)

UO Student Insurgent, Suite One / University of Oregon / Eugene, OR 97403-1228
sialtmedia@hotmail.com

TAZEWELL'S FAVORITE ECCENTRIC / $2 or Trade
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 20pgs
Personal zine with writing about the confusion of a lost relationship, not letting yourself just "settle" on a partner for the wrong reasons, the importance of passion, adventures in domination, working through being sexually molested as a child, sexual promiscuity as a teenager, and the "golden ticket" into the "mysterious ether of sex." The topics and the writing style are interesting, but the presentation feels like you hap-

pened upon a few pages of someone's private journal blowing down the street. A little more attention to the flow of the stories would be helpful. *Tazewell's Favorite Eccentric* is typed and handwritten with a totally generic cut and paste layout. The writing has potential, but I would probably pass this up in a store/distro at first glance. (KC)

Sarah Arrr! / PO Box 235 / N Tazewell, VA 24630

TAZEWELL'S
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TURNING THE TIDE: JOURNAL OF ANTI-RACIST ACTION, RESEARCH & EDUCATION Vol. 21 Number 4 / $18 sub, $28 int'l, free for prisoners and GI's
11 x 17 – printed – 8 pgs

Turning the Tide is an anti-racist, and general anti-bigotry newspaper, with special local attentions on its hometown of Los Angeles. There's an article that looks at the specific problems with gentrification in Boyle Heights, a historically Chicano neighborhood. The author talks about his efforts there. There's another article that uses Marxist terms and ideas to criticize Barack Obama for some of his statements about race and accuses him of being a member of the "New Afrikan transnational bourgeoisie." There is also a printed letter from Mumia about how the coming election is a sham like all the others, and also a transcribed portion of a speech by Fred Ho called "Why the Emphasis on White-Skin Privilege is White Chauvinist: The Problematic of 'Race' Needs to be Replaced by the Restoration of National Questions." It's heady and has lots of specialized terms and language you might not see elsewhere, but these are thoughtful, careful, researched, theory-laden articles about critical class/race issues from a radical perspective, and every mind ought to get dose of that every now and then. (JD)

Turning the Tide / PO Box 1055 / Culver City, CA 90232
www.antiracistaction.us/pn
antiracistactions_la@yahoo.com

WHY SIT DOWN? #3 / P 35 direct, $5 world
6 x 8.75 – copied – 48 pgs

You gotta really have a hatred for religion to dislike it more than I do. I am a bit conflicted about *Why Sit Down?* as a result. The editor is a devotee of Hare Krishna. He interviews a guy who runs a Krishna-positive "hardcore" website, and writes some about the religion's impact on his thoughts and beliefs. It seems he's only hurting himself (if anyone) by sublimating his intellect and ego to the words of "His Divine Grace" (i.e. some sexist asshole.) It certainly ain't punk! About 5% of *Why Sit Down?* is dealing with these topics, including a short piece from a struggling and burnt out Philippino Krishna cop! The other 95% is totally dedicated to underground worldwide hardcore punk. There are contributors from all over—Ukraine, France, Colombia, Romania, Brazil, and of course the editor's home of the Philippines, just to name some. This doesn't include the many interviews: Hero Dishonest, Entropija, Fallen World, Thrashington DC; the zines *Renfield* and *Maximum Rocknroll*; and labels Kawaii Records (France) and Prohibited Productions (Singapore). Some of the subjects are asked their opinion of religion, and none are stoked the way the editor is. A few are hostile, but that doesn't seem to affect the editor's enthusiasm for their project. The graphics are photocopied, cut and paste. The photos suffer some, but I like the resultant aesthetic. There is a lot to read in here, and whatever ads there are (not many) are for smaller or less-known projects. I gotta give props to Alexander for compiling and publishing all this info, and it benefits me that he did it in English. Some kids drink too much, and it fucks with their heads making their problems worse than they were, but the only solution they can see is to keep drinking. Hopefully this guy can find a satisfying life apart from chanting, and a slavish devotion to some fucking guru. (JM)

AleXander G. Garingo / #7 Flores St. / Brgy. Espeleta II / Bahayang Pag-Asa Subd. / Imus. Cavite / 4103 / Philippines
agaringo@yahoo.com

THE WORST – A COMPILATION ZINE ON GRIEF AND LOSS / $?

A very stirring and informative compilation zine that explores loss, death, grief, and how to start navigating the (sometimes) uncharted emotional waters that accompany these life changing experiences. 23 contributors, including Cindy Crabb (*Doris*) and Sascha Scatter (*The Icarus Project* / *Slug & Lettuce* contributor). In addition to the very personal writing, *The Worst* contains guidelines for safe grief groups, a "griefcore" song list insert, activities for grief groups, individual grief processing, and a resource list. Gorgeous cut and paste layout. Every single one of us will have to deal with the death of a family member or loved one at some point in our lives, and this zine is a fantastic jumping off point for starting to understand the many layers of emotion involved in confronting loss and the healing process that follows. As a reader who is caught up in the rollercoaster of my own father's terminal cancer, and the unexpected death of my dear sister in law earlier this year, I was very moved by this project. Highly recommended. (KC)

theworstzine@gmail.com
www.microcosmpublishing.com

THE WORST
a compilation zine on grief and loss
issue one

THE YELLOW RAKE #16 / Free
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 28 pgs

The material inside is thoughtful, but doesn't seem to have too much to do with the punks. *Yellow Rake* contains standard college kid zine basics complete with decent grammar and seemingly agreeable politics, but I still felt it a challenge to review it fairly and politely. Just because something is not your style aesthetically, does it give you the right to trash it? I cannot in good conscience. There is an interview with a local comedian, comics that I had difficulty with due to personal style, and a smattering of poetry, which was my favorite part. Hmmm. (DS)

Brian Polk / PO Box181024 / Denver, CO 80218

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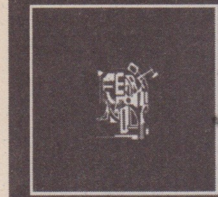

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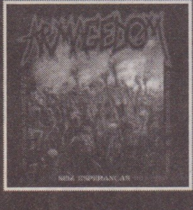

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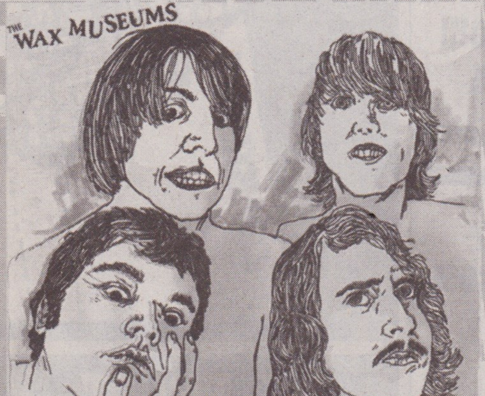

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Rich White Males • Regal Beagle (L.A.)
Idiot Box (S.D.) • The Adorkables

Sunday 17 FREE • DOORS @ 10:00AM
Electronic Swap Meet

Friday 22 • DOORS @ 7:30
THRASH FIESTA!
Devastator• Scarecrow • Psychosomatic
Virulent Death • Pillager

Saturday 23
Toys That Kill (San Pedro)
Off With Their Heads (MN)
Nothington • Cobra Skulls • Manville (ID)

Friday 29 • DOORS @ 7:30
Sahn Maru • Germ Attack (Canada)
Appalachian Terror Unit (West Virginia)
Wartorn (WI) • Acts Of Sedition • Yellow Eyes

Saturday 30 • DOORS @ 7:30
The Force (Reunion, members of AFI)
Said Radio (ex-Nerve Agents)
Static Thought (record release show)
Das Kapital • Wolves & Thieves

SEPTEMBER

Saturday 6 • DOORS @ 7:30
Disaster Strikes(MA) • Armistice (L.A.)

Thursday 11
Bill Collins (ex-Special Forces, MDC, Fang)

Friday 12 • $8-$10 • ACS Benefit
Ceremony • Crucified
Foreign Nature • Poverty Bay Saints

Saturday 13
Hunx And His Punk • Floating Corpses
Bridez • Younger Lovers

Friday 19
Zann (Germany) • Graf Orlock (LA) • Comadre

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ALL SHOWS START AT 8PM (UNLESS NOTED)
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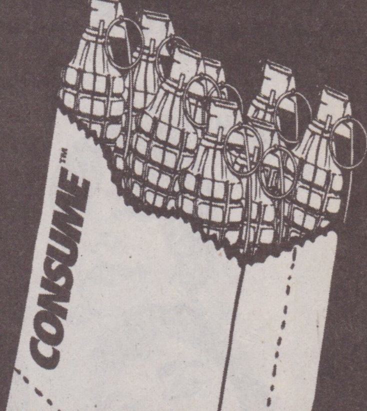

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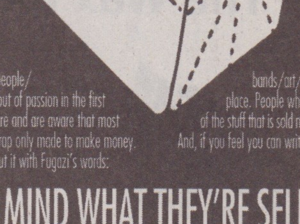

We like to meet people/bands/art/sport/etc. that do what they do out of passion in the first place. People who believe in a underground culture and are aware that most of the stuff that is sold nowadays under that flag is total crap only made to make money. And, if you feel you can write and relate, get in touch. To put it with Fugazi's words:

"NEVER MIND WHAT THEY'RE SELLING - IT'S WHAT YOU ARE BUYING"

CLASSIFIEDS

ATTENTION CLASSIFIEDS READERS: WHEN RESPONDING TO THESE ADS REMEMBER THAT THE WORLD OF MRR READERS IS NOT A PUNK ROCK UTOPIA WHERE EVERYONE IS LOOKING OUT FOR EVERYONE ELSE AND WE'RE ALL COOL... BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU TELL PEOPLE AND BE CAREFUL WHO YOU SEND MONEY TO. THERE ARE PEOPLE OUT THERE IN PUNKLAND WHO WILL TRY TO RIP YOU OFF, EXPLOIT YOU OR MANIPULATE YOU. REALLY, IT'S TRUE.

FED UP! CD "FUCK YOUR LIFE" Out now on www.unitedriotrecords. com. PO Box 640251 / Oakland Gardens / Flushing, NY 11364. 16 brutal NYHC tunes. $10 US / $12 international. Order now!!!

IT'S MARK FROM NUCLEARFUCKINSKULL. I HATE: asshole cops, shitbird-mutherfuckin liar son of a bitches, paying bills, shopping malls, greedy materialistic cunts, radishes, people who don't get in touch. SO GET IN TOUCH: myspace.com/ nuclearskull

RARE PUNK ROCK VINYL, CDs, shirts, bondage pants, Fred Perrys, bullet belts and so much more for fair prices! Everthing from Adolescents to Zounds. Over 40,000 different items. Check the site (updated every 2 hours) www.RAREPUNK.com or send three stamps ($2.00 overseas) for the 80+page printed catalog to: Dr. Strange Records, PO Box 1058, Alta Loma, CA 91701 USA.

THILLHOUSE RECORDS A DIY, volunteer-run, not-for-profit punk record store in San Francisco's Mission District. 3422 Mission Street (at 30th) Open seven days a week. 12-8pm. (415)-308-1353.

POISONED CANDY: A syndication of different projects: Anarchist record label/ distro (home of SQUALORA!); propaganda machine (we make affordable anarcho-syndicalist flags for demonstrations/ political pamphlets); screenprinting: custom shirts for bands/ shirt catalog. Keep DIY alive! order online: www.poisonedcandy.com /www.poisonedcandy.com

2ND CD FROM BASEBALL CAMP NURSE New collection of lo-fi weirdness from an acid casualty. An electic mix of pop, rock, folk, etc in the vein of Ween, Butthole Surfers, TV Personalities. $4 or $7 for both to: Todd Zadnik, 20 Oakridge Rd, Bristol, CT 06010.

WANTED – rare demo/studio or live recordings on audio tape or CDR of 76-84 punk / indie / anarcho etc. Some later stuff also needed, only cheap prices please. Send lists to M.A. Dabill, 2 Upper Lombard Street, Rawdon, Leeds LS19 6BP England.

DOWN BUT NOT OUT!!! Looking for pen pals. Old crusty punker doin' time. Life sucks! What's new? Whatever!?! Friends, lovers, people to add to my hit list. Doug "Bam Bam" Rash K14506, CSP 133, Box 5008, Cal., CA 92233-5008

GOING UNDERGROUND RECORDS – 1822 G Street, Bakersfield, CA 93301. Huge Catalog of Punk, Hardcore, and Indie Records Online: www.goingundergroundrecords.com

***** PUNK ZINE ARCHIVE ***** Read old zine issues online for free: Flipside, HeartattaCk, Maximum Rocknroll, and Suburban Voice! www.operationphoenixrecords.com

FILTH DISTRO: We sell the zines other distros are too chicken-shit to sell—weird, gross, and skanky—cruisers, bruisers, self abusers, home genetics. Send for free catalog: FD, PO Box 1174, Tallahassee, FL 32302-1174. Submissions always welcome.

BEAT SHEET one page zine. Send two first class stamps for a piece of paper about punk/hc shit. Add $3 if you want a tape or CD-R comp of bands from the ratscellar. Matt, 6 Wadleigh Pl, Boston, CA 02127.

IF YOU ARE VISITING MEXICO CITY, we've got a place for punks/activistis/anarchists/environmentalists to stay in. Ten minutes away from the airport and 30 minutes from downtown. All money goes to support our infoshop. www.espora.org/furia; furia@riseup.net.

STOP SNITCHING! On the streets, in the schools, and at the job, everyone hates a snitch. You'll get yours you cowards!

LISTEN TO THE ACTUAL VOICES OF: Halle Selassie—leader of the Rastafarian movement. Aleister Crowley—sex magick & occult author. Carlos Castaneda, Hazrat Inayat Khan, Alex Sanders, Sigmund Freud, Mahatma Gandhi and others. For more information, go to www.voicerecording.info

PUNK DVDS: UK/EURO/US system. Trade/sale. Thousands of shows/promos/tv clips. 1960s – NOW! Punk rock in all its myriad guises! SAE (UK), 2IRCs (overseas) or decent trades list: Dave, 50a Great King Street, Edinburgh, Scotland. E-mail: gingoblin@easynet.co.uk.

BEER CITY RECORDS Putting out CDs, DVDs and LPs over 14 years. Some of our bands are DRI, Verbal Abuse, MDC, Head On Collision, and many more. Send $5 for catalog, stickers, and our Counter Attack CD comp. Beer City / PO Box 26035 / Milwaukee, WI 53226-0035.

STEP ON IT – STREET FOLKLORE '05 MINI CD STEP ON IT hail from Hungary and destroys every puny being in their path by their uncompromising metallic hardcore attack. Imagine the intense speed and brutality of Backdraft combined with the heaviness and breakdowns of early Strong Intention, and there you will have the perfect combo of Step On It. In this CD, you will also have some impressing demo recordings as well. The CD also includes covers from Citizens Arrest and Government Issue. One of the great potentials in eastern Europe hardcore scene. 19 tracks, and over 19 minutes of music. Get your CD for only six USD or 6 Euros everywhere. www.steponit.org

THIS IS THE END of this issue of *MRR*. If you were disappointed or if you felt that something wasn't included in this issue, do it yourself and send it in to us to make sure it gets covered. This zine is what you make it. Got ideas for features, stories, criticisms, pitch it to us, we don't bite.

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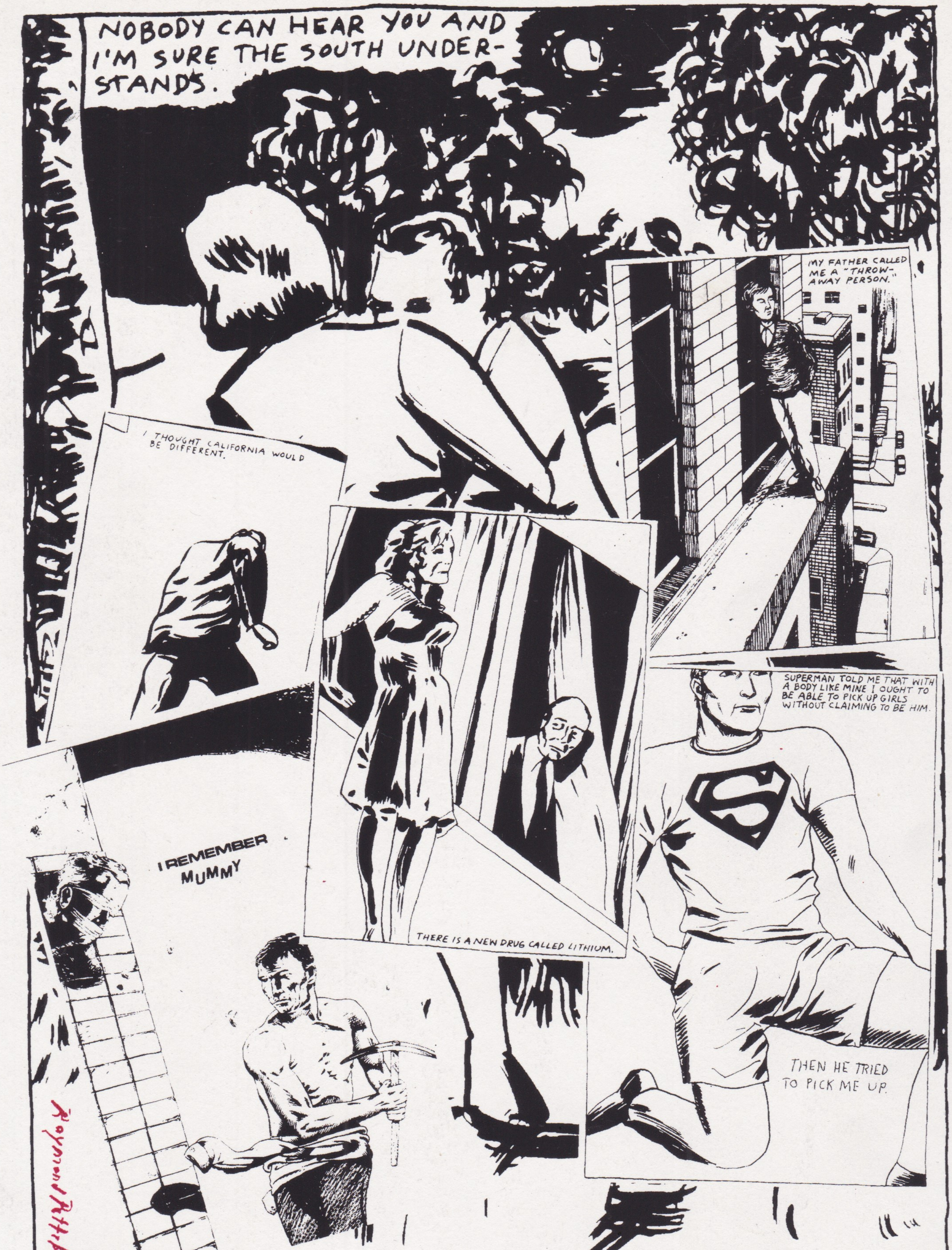
NOBODY CAN HEAR YOU AND I'M SURE THE SOUTH UNDERSTANDS.
MY FATHER CALLED ME A "THROW-AWAY PERSON."
I THOUGHT CALIFORNIA WOULD BE DIFFERENT.
SUPERMAN TOLD ME THAT WITH A BODY LIKE MINE I OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO PICK UP GIRLS WITHOUT CLAIMING TO BE HIM.
I REMEMBER MUMMY
THERE IS A NEW DRUG CALLED LITHIUM.
THEN HE TRIED TO PICK ME UP.
Raymond Pettibon